

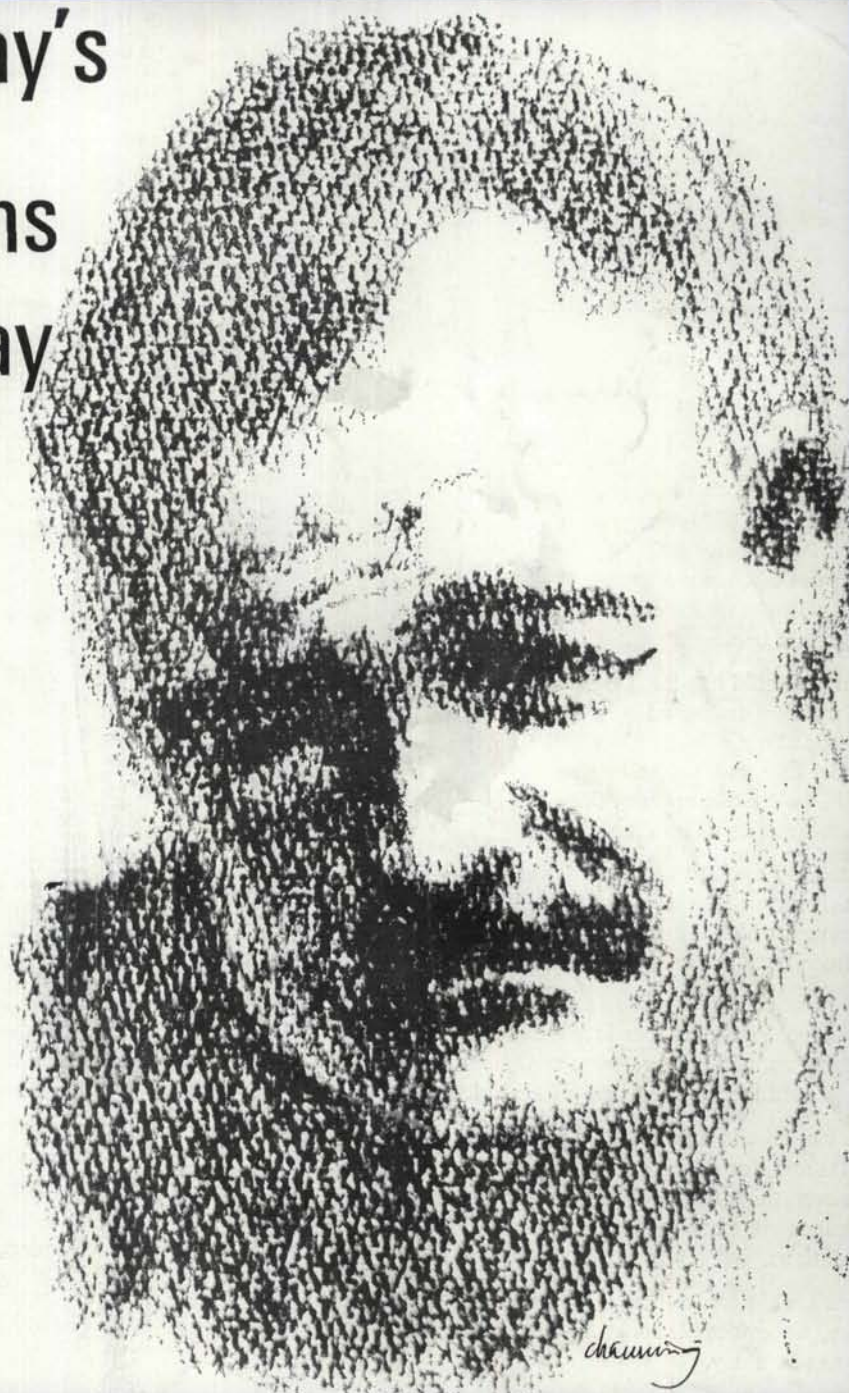
Behind the Magnolia Curtain

THE *Atlantic*

August 1965, 75 cents

Hemingway's
Two
Love Poems

Hemingway
in Cuba
by
Robert
Manning



We thought we'd seen everything.

Then we saw Punta del Este.



We had taken several long looks at the White Cliffs of Dover. We had watched the dawn come up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. And we thought we had seen everything in between.

Then, one cold day last December, a doctor friend embarked on a nonstop travelogue about a warm place called Punta del Este and, before he was through, we'd made up our minds to fly to South America to find it.

Punta del Este is, it turned out, just a short drive from Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, which is a pleasant Pan Am flight from New York.

Like most of the shoreline around Montevideo, Punta del Este is miles of soft, white beaches, with temperatures rarely above 80, and life in general an utter whirl.

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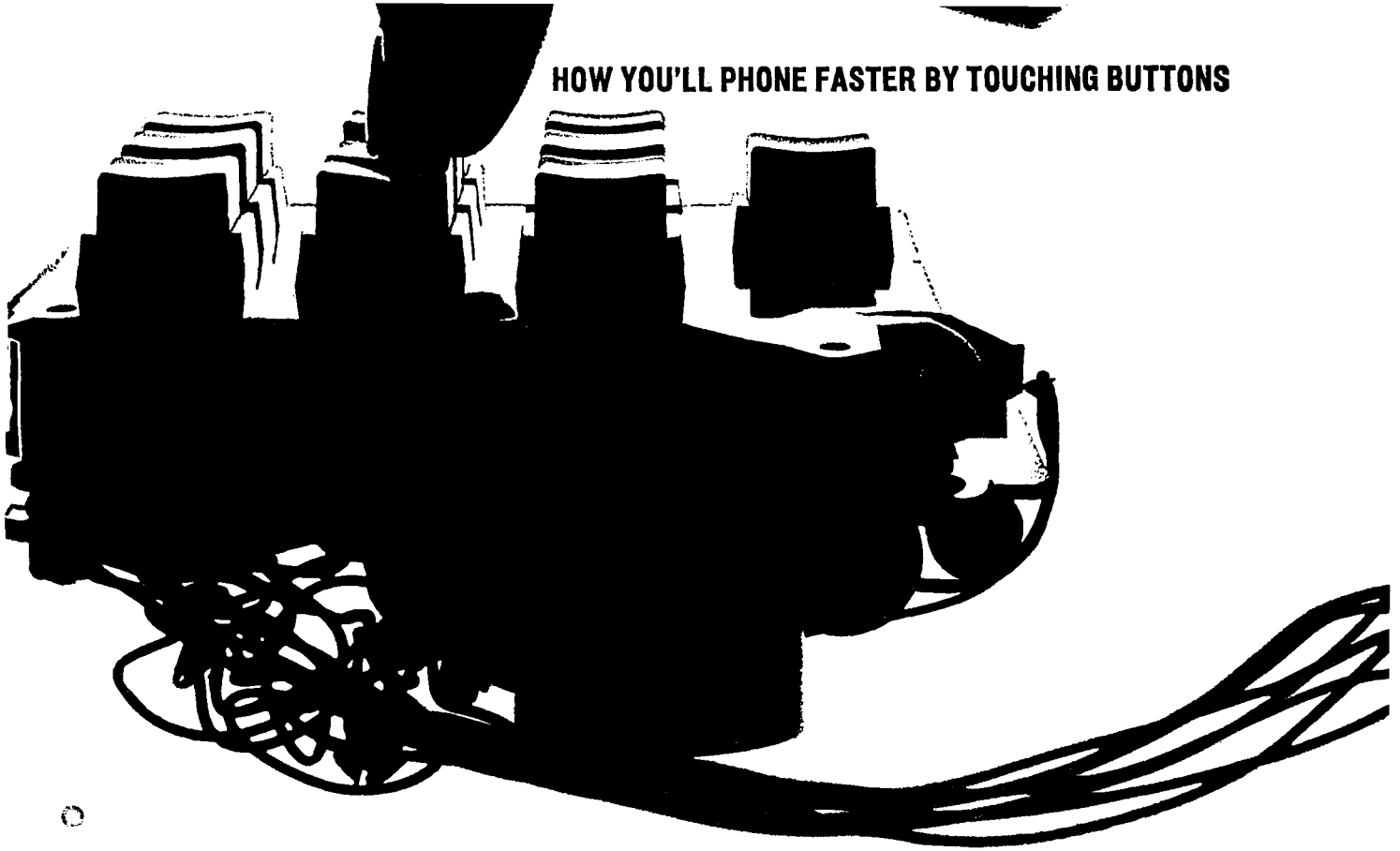
We flew home from there—convinced we'd seen everything.

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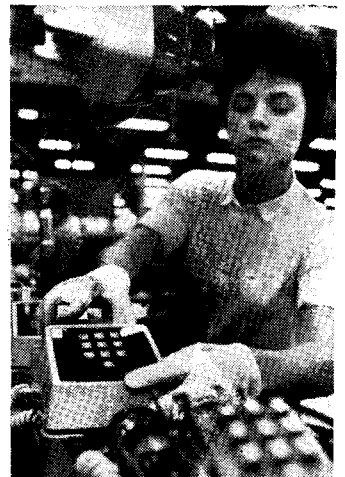
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AUGUST

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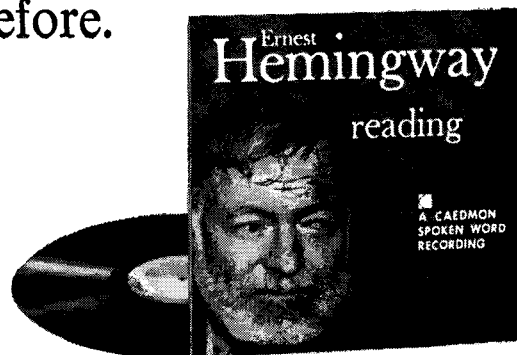
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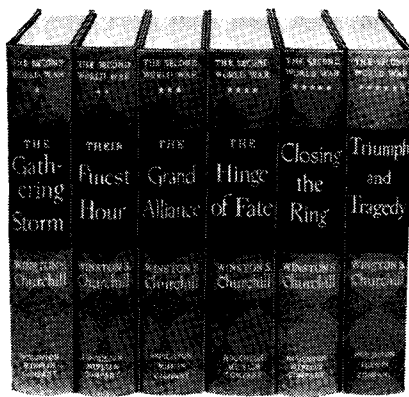
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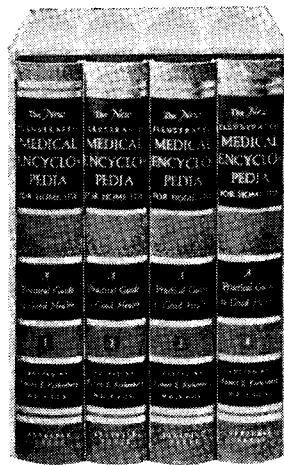
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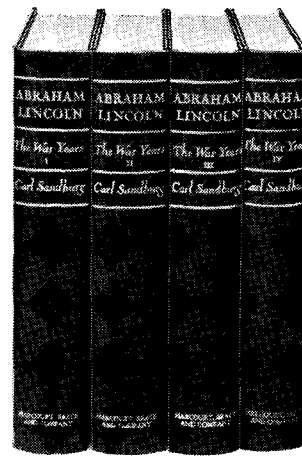
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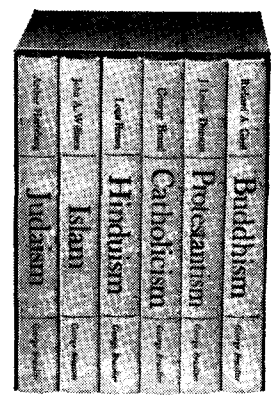
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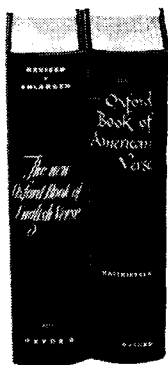
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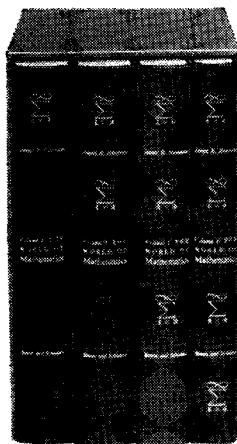
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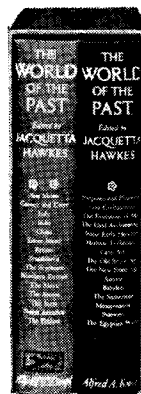
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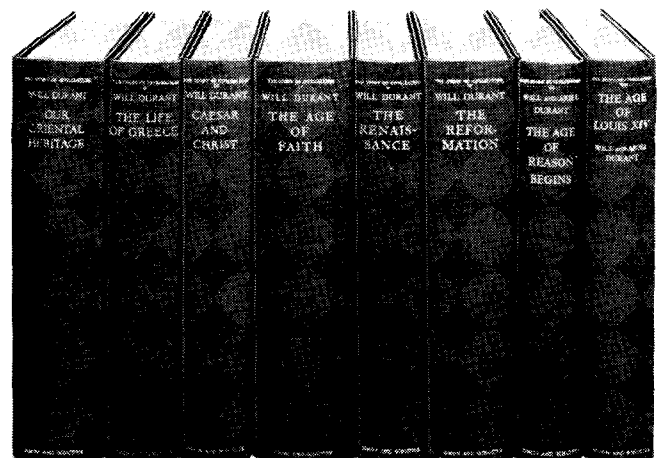


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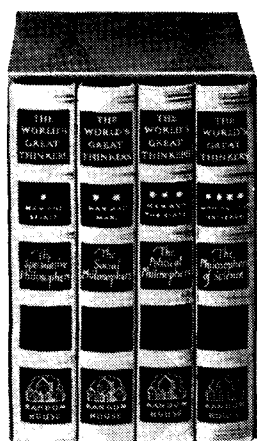
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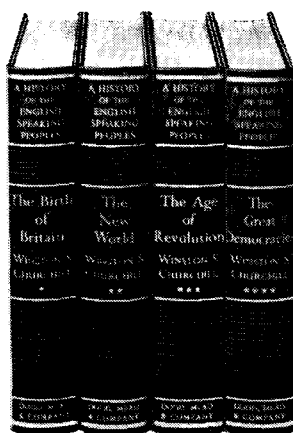
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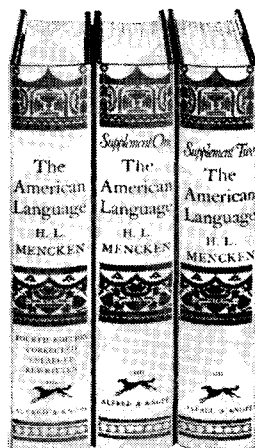
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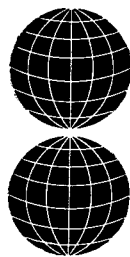
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WASHINGTON

WHEN former French Premier Paul Reynaud was in Washington this summer, he had a conversation with President Johnson, which naturally turned to the subject of Charles de Gaulle. "The trouble with that fellow is that he wants to bean me," Johnson said of the French President. "But every time he throws a curve ball, I just step out of the box." After the meeting, Reynaud, who knows English well, had to have the story explained to him. "Bean" and "box" were outside his vocabulary.

The story distressed a number of high State Department officials, who think that the act of stepping out of the box does not constitute a satisfactory European policy. Ever since Johnson entered the White House, he has been eager to patch up the quarrel with De Gaulle. He has stepped out of the box almost every time De Gaulle has thrown a ball, except when the latter called for a return to the nineteenth-century gold standard. That, the President quickly realized, would mean deflation and depression, and he replied vigorously. Yet his chief supposition has been that if he did not quarrel with De Gaulle, there would be no quarrel. That position has proved false.

Now the President has authorized a group of senior State Department officials, headed by Undersecretary George Ball and the able new Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, John M. Leddy, to undertake a thorough review of our policies toward Europe. The study is overdue. While the President has been absorbed with domestic problems and with Asia and Latin America, our most important allies have been largely neglected.

A major and valid European criticism is that the President has acted quickly and even rashly in

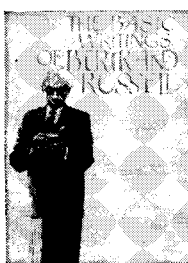
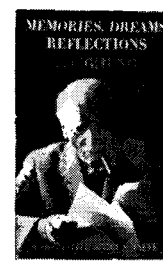
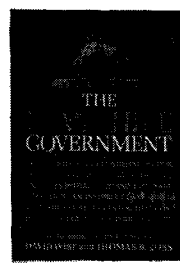
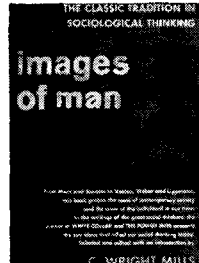
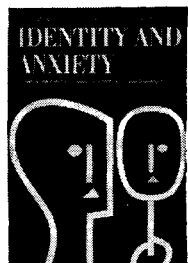
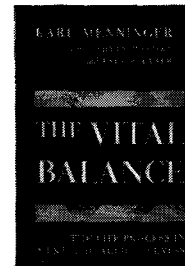
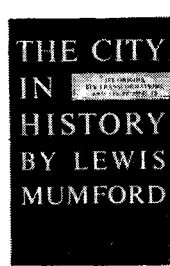
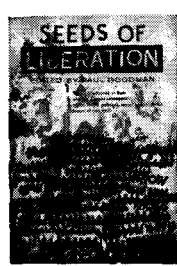
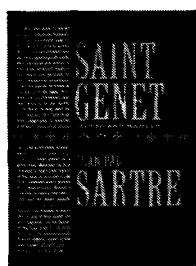
Asia, Africa, and Latin America without an understanding of Europe's involvement. When Europeans complain about American unilateral action, it is because they sense more quickly than the President that their interests are intimately involved. A European policy cannot be viewed in isolation from events elsewhere in the world. The deterioration in Russian-American relations, for example, that has resulted from the war in Vietnam vitally affects the security as well as the economic and political interests of every Western European country.

Events won't wait

In December, President de Gaulle is almost certain to be re-elected to a new seven-year term. We must take him at his word when he threatens to disrupt NATO, to reach a new understanding with Moscow, and to undermine the movement toward European political union. On these matters, the Johnson Administration must have its objectives clearly in mind, as well as the means it intends to use to reach them.

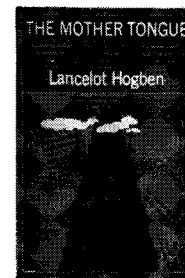
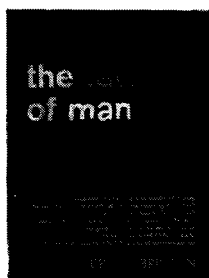
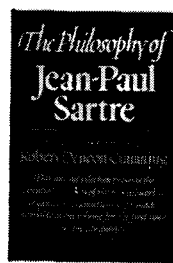
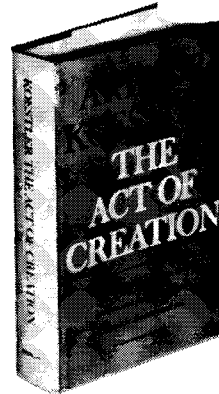
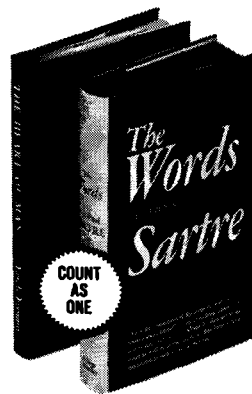
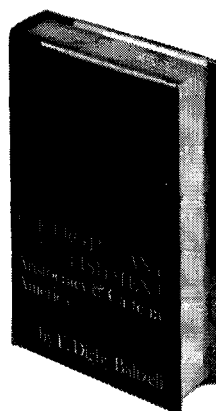
In recent months, the policy has been to muddle through, to try to outwait De Gaulle. But events will no longer wait, because De Gaulle is not idle. One need only read a book like the recent *Is Paris Burning?* to know the hatred and contempt that the French leader can summon up within himself for the United States, or for its policies of the last few decades as he interprets them. He has stated his objectives clearly enough for all to see. But while he is now the one powerful ruler in Europe, he is not invulnerable. Many Europeans, recognizing the political inability of Italy, Germany, or Britain to give decisive leadership at present, are begging for strong American leadership.

The objective is not a Europe without France. On the contrary, the objective is to build a united



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Report on Washington



Europe with France as a key element. Many experts in Washington are convinced that this can be done and that France will not always oppose if the other countries show a clear purpose and a firm will. De Gaulle never liked the Common Market, and France's boycott of its meetings created deep concern among Europeans. But it would be political suicide in France for him to wreck this creation of Europeans which he despises.

Europe can accomplish other objectives if it is not deflected by De Gaulle's opposition, our experts think. They want the United States to establish its goals along the following lines, and to work unremittingly to achieve them: a stronger rather than a weaker NATO, with a full appreciation of Europe's interests in Asia, Africa, and Latin America; more vigorous European political unity; success of the trade negotiations under the Kennedy Round; closer cooperation within the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) in support of aid programs for the underdeveloped countries; a sensible and modern international monetary reform; and a new agreement on nuclear sharing.

The President's appointment of John Leddy has heartened officials here and in Europe who believe that if Washington only knows where it wants to go in its European policy it can succeed with the enthusiastic support of its friends in Europe. Leddy is a clearminded economist with long experience in the State Department and in Europe. For two years he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for International Affairs. Most recently, he was the American representative in Paris on the OECD, where he gained valuable knowledge of all the European countries and their relationships with the underdeveloped world. His task now is to bring together the threads of an affirmative policy that will strengthen and carry forward the concept of the Atlantic community.

Company mergers and the antitrust laws

In the Justice Department as well as in Congress there is much debate on how to bring the antitrust laws up to date and how to apply them equitably and effectively. The most difficult problem in this field is to determine the facts regarding economic concentration. No thorough study has been made since the Temporary National Eco-

nomic Committee completed its work twenty-three years ago. Now Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan, chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, is engaged in a study that will last for many months.

Recently the newspapers reported that the Storer Broadcasting Company, which operates a group of radio and television stations, had obtained an option to purchase the controlling interest in Northeast Airlines and that the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company was proceeding with plans to merge with Penick & Ford, Limited, one of the country's largest producers of cornstarch and cane- and maple-sugar products. The Storer move into the airline business is what the economists call a "conglomerate" acquisition, or trust.

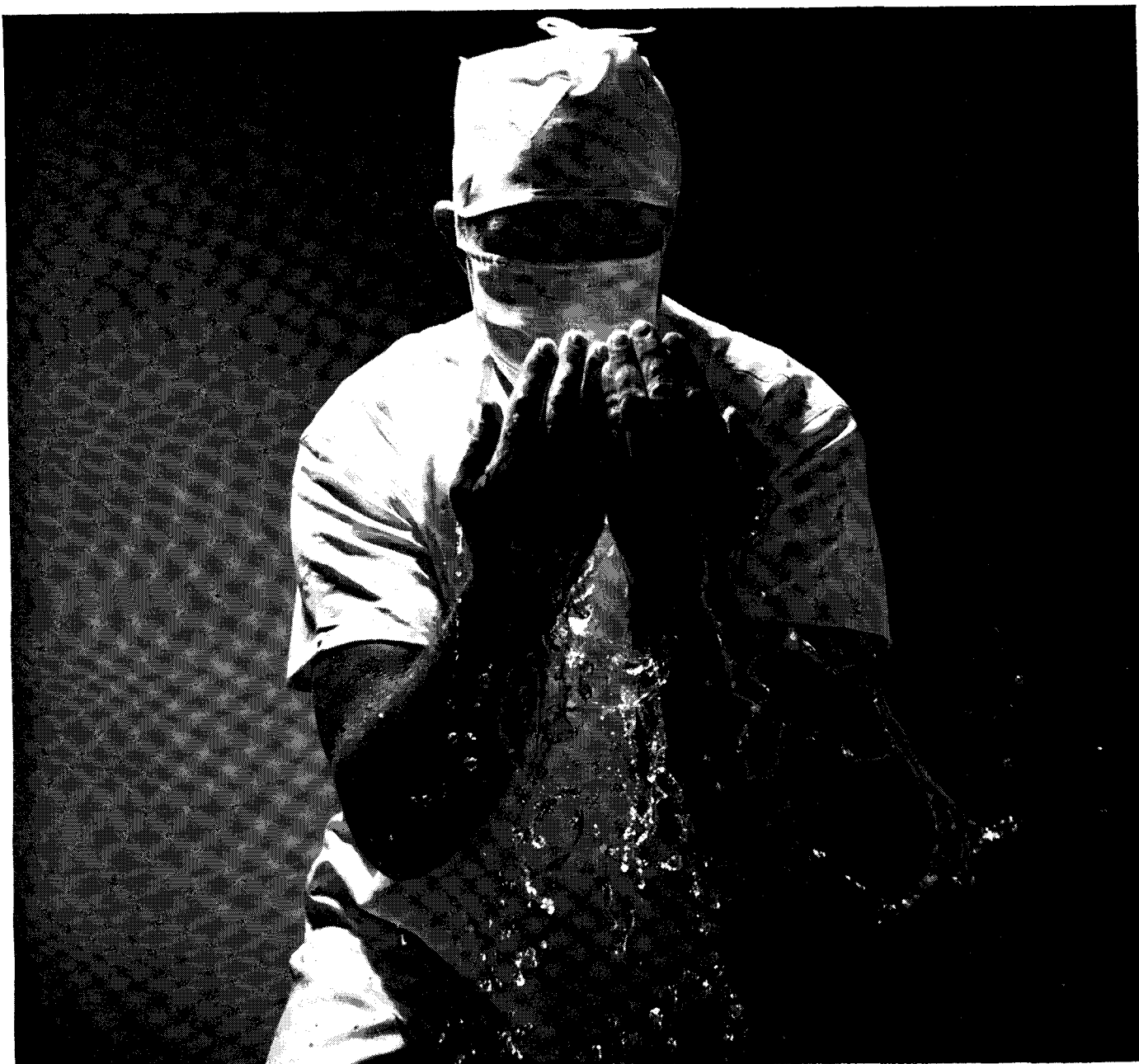
The Reynolds purchase is similar but not identical. There is debate over whether it is a "conglomerate" acquisition or a "vertical" one. The latter would be subject to the antitrust laws; the former would not be. The Justice Department, arguing that it is vertical, tried but failed to obtain an injunction to prevent the purchase. It has announced that it will pursue its lawsuit against the acquisition on the grounds that it would give Reynolds unfair advantage over small producers of cornstarch, a principal ingredient in paper-packaging products, of which Reynolds is a major consumer.

Textron's empire

The antitrust laws forbid certain types of vertical integration — in which one steel company buys another, for example. But according to the courts, the laws are silent or at least unclear on the subject of conglomerate trusts, which since the end of World War II have mushroomed. A pioneer in the field is Textron, Incorporated, which began as a textile manufacturer. Now its most important line is helicopters. It also produces chicken feed, chain saws, outboard motors, optical machinery, men's dress shoes, electric golf carts, fiber-glass boats, aircraft parts, watch bracelets, and other products.

Textron has 27 separate divisions and 113 separate plants. It may be a leader in the field of acquisitions, but it is not alone. The Columbia Broadcasting System has purchased a ball club; Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company is manufacturing movie cameras, electronic equipment, chemicals, and plastics. Hundreds of other companies also are "diversifying."

The antitrust laws were written more than a half century ago to break up the trusts and to prevent one manufacturer from dominating a particular field of production and thus dictating prices. The laws say nothing about the company



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About Pockets

"As a cousin of mine once said about money, money is always there but the pockets change; it is not in the same pockets after a change, and that is all there is to say about money."

Well, perhaps not quite all. That Gertrude Stein put her finger on something central when she wrote those words cannot be disputed. We all know only too well how easily and how often money changes pockets, and no doubt a good many of us wish that more money would come into our pockets and less would go out.

But let's not forget that there are things more valuable than money. Health, friends, honor, of course. But concrete things, too. Good common stocks, for example, are potentially more valuable than money because they are likely to have not only a cash value but also an ability to earn dividends and a capacity for growth that money itself lacks.

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Report on Washington

that wants to manufacture both helicopters and watch bracelets as long as the company does not attempt to corner the market in either field. But Congress is concerned. It wonders whether a manufacturer of tires, radios, cameras, shoes, and toothpaste might unduly influence the price of shoes by taking a loss in that field in order to squeeze out competitors. To find the answer to some of the questions, the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee began its marathon inquiry.

"We are not against size per se," Senator Hart explains. "We are trying to understand the economic consequences of the conglomerate structures, which are increasing all the time." He also is concerned over the effect of new procedures in agriculture. Small farmers complain to him that when a big chain store raises its own chickens, produces the feed for them, manufactures the fertilizer to grow the feed, and conducts its own processing plants, the small farmer is entirely at the mercy of the chain.

Witnesses have told Hart's committee that since 1947 the 100 largest manufacturing corporations increased their share of total assets of all manufacturing firms from 39.3 to 48.1 percent. During the same time, their share of net capital assets rose from 45.8 to 56.9 percent.

New trustbuster

In April, President Johnson named a new assistant attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's antitrust division. He is Professor Donald F. Turner of Harvard University. He succeeds William H. Orrick, Jr., who had the reputation in the business community of being a crusading antitrusteer. When Turner was nominated, Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, who had not always supported Orrick, found it necessary to announce that the new antitrust chief would be neither tougher nor tamer than his predecessor. But Katzenbach said that policy will be made clearer, obviously a desirable aim.

Turner is not so much concerned by some aspects of the monopoly problem as Senator Hart is. In a

recent *Harvard Law Review* article, Turner wrote that while the concentration of assets in the largest business firms "has risen somewhat over the past several decades," there is "little or no indication that any relative decline in the opportunities for small business has occurred." Their number has risen "steadily and substantially over the years," he said,

As for the conglomerate mergers, he said it is wise to "proceed with caution" against them. A broad attack on this kind of business acquisition would force the courts into "an unprecedented reliance on judgments of an essentially political nature," he wrote.

Turner's writings show that he favors a tough policy where large companies acquire "unreasonable market power" or where a small group of large companies exercise excessive power. He wrote some years ago that he would break up such groupings into nine or more moderately large companies. Does this mean that he will attempt to proceed against the automobile companies? It is doubtful that he will be allowed to do so by the consensus Democrat in the White House.

Revising the copyright law

Congress has been examining for two years measures designed to revise the copyright law, and it is far from a decision. A bill before the House Judiciary Committee would give much greater protection than at present to authors and composers. Under present law, a copyright lasts for twenty-eight years with the right to renewal for another twenty-eight years. Any unexpired term goes into the owner's estate. Under the new bill the term of the copyright is the life of the author plus fifty years. Principal objection to the measure comes from educators, who fear that they would not be able, as they are now, to reproduce charts or pages from a book for use in classrooms without paying royalties.

Another bill, now before the House Ways and Means Committee, would remove present tariffs against educational, scientific, and cultural materials produced in other countries, thus permitting a larger import of such materials. English-language books by foreign authors published

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MANITAS DE PLATA ("Silver Hands") was born in a Gypsy caravan near Marseilles. From childhood, he was taught the guitar by his father, and encouraged in his remarkable affinity for the instrument. As the caravan traveled along traditional Gypsy trails, Manitas spent his time practicing or listening to other Gypsy guitarists. Today he is one of the rare performers loved and revered by his own people, who believe that only a true Gypsy can excel in the fiercely emotional music called "flamenco."

For almost ten years, all recording offers were refused by Manitas. When he finally agreed to record, it was thought best to bring him to New York but his response was rather frustrating: He was willing to come if he did not have to travel by boat or plane! As a result, three-quarters of a ton of recording equipment had to be transported to France, and in two intensive sessions lasting 14 hours these remarkable performances were recorded in a tiny medieval chapel near the city of Arles.

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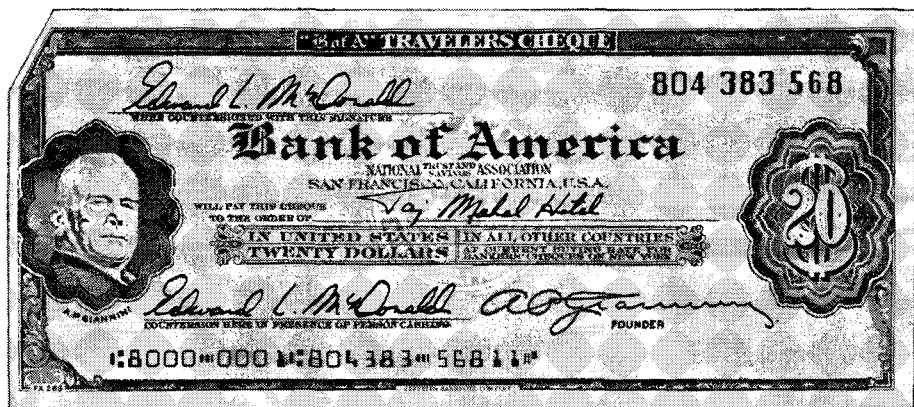
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overseas bear a 3.5 percent tariff when brought into this country. Books in English by American authors published overseas are taxed 7 percent, to protect the American printing industry.

A third issue at stake in the copyright debate concerns what would happen if Russia should sign the Universal Copyright Convention, which American authors and publishers have long urged Soviet authorities to do. American authors and publishers would benefit from the signing because their works could no longer be pirated in the Soviet Union. But if Russia signed the convention, Soviet authorities would be able to censor or prevent the foreign publication of books and articles published in the Soviet Union.

Mood of the Capital

It would be an exaggeration to say that the Democrats are shedding tears over the dilemma of the divided Republican Party. But there is a strong feeling in Washington that LBJ outfoxes the GOP at almost every turn. What is more, Republicans are spending as much time fighting one another as they are opposing Democrats.

The spectacle of Ray Bliss attacking Barry Goldwater, of Senator Dirksen and Representative Ford berating Democrats who criticize the President's foreign policy, of Representative John Lindsay avoiding the Republican label as he seeks the Republican nomination as mayor of New York leaves the Democrats beaming with happiness.

Lindsay could wipe away a part of that Democratic smile if he were to win or come close to winning, for he is the only promising new figure in a party desperately in need of red blood. He is young, attractive, articulate, a relative nonpartisan in the eyes of liberal Democrats, and charmed, some believe, with some of the aura of political luck that surrounded John F. Kennedy. For the more partisan Republicans, though, the question is whether John Lindsay is enough of a Republican to be a strong warrior against LBJ's consensus politics.



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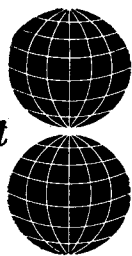
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The Atlantic Report POLAND



THIS spring the people of Poland celebrated the twentieth anniversary of what they termed the “liberation of Poland’s western territories,” meaning the former German provinces of Silesia, Posen, West Prussia, and Pomerania, whose eight million German inhabitants were forced in 1945–1946 to leave their homes and seek refuge in “rump Germany” beyond the river Oder. The celebrations were centered on the former German city of Breslau, today renamed Wroclaw and inhabited by nearly half a million Polish settlers. The city, which was badly bombed during the war, still awakes haunting memories of its origins in the architecture of its Gothic churches, in its surviving clusters of tidily bourgeois villas, and in the tomb of Germany’s great military strategist, General Karl von Clausewitz.

The refrain repeated throughout the celebrations in the political speeches and in the mass displays put on by Polish youth was: the western territories are Polish, will be Polish, and can never be taken away from Poland. Since 1945 Poland has replaced the original German inhabitants with eight million Poles, who make up 25 percent of the country’s labor force and contribute nearly 30 percent of its industrial production. Wroclaw has grown back to greatness, in spite of the tangled ruins which still crowd the city center.

Gdansk and Szczecin — once Danzig and Stettin — are again major seaports. The Pomeranian seaboard is being developed for the tourist trade. Upper Silesia has become the hub of Poland’s economy, with its steadily expanding coal industry, and a steel output of eight million tons a year where practically no pre-war steel industry existed. In Wroclaw there are only about 500 Germans left, out of a former German population of 550,000. There are fewer than 40,000 Germans still living east of the Oder.

Yet the Poles are obsessed by the nagging fear that their western territories — or at least a part of them — could still be taken from them. Of the Great Powers which undertook the post-war reorganization of Germany, the Soviet Union and

France, through the specific statements of General de Gaulle, have recognized the Oder-Neisse Line as Germany’s eastern frontier. So has the East German Republic. The United States, Britain, and the Federal German Government in Bonn have not, on the grounds that Germany’s frontiers can be fixed only by a German peace treaty. This hesitation does not imply any belief that the Oder-Neisse Line can be changed. On the contrary, it is regarded by West Germany’s allies as irrevocable and permanent; but its nonrecognition is held to offer an incentive to the Communist bloc to negotiate a fair and lasting peace treaty.

At the Wroclaw celebrations the Polish Prime Minister, Wladyslaw Gomulka, claimed that West Germany would not accept the Oder-Neisse Line because it is a militaristic and revanchist country determined to destroy the status quo in Central Europe. Nor would Poland subscribe to any sort of German reunification other than that proposed by the Russians, in which the two German states would form a confederation.

Pathological fear of West Germany

Poland’s fear of West Germany is assuming the proportions of a national neurosis. One reason for this is the country’s wartime sufferings. Poland lost more than six million inhabitants between 1939 and 1945, around 95 percent of them murdered in their homes or in the concentration camps. Warsaw and other principal cities were more than 70 percent destroyed. One out of every four homes was destroyed. Two million Poles who survived the war suffered permanent damage to their health.

A second reason for Poland’s fear of the Germans is their fatal habit of wild pronouncements. The West German Minister of Transport, Hans-Christoph Seebohm, has lately demanded the restoration of all those territories occupied by Germany when the Munich Agreement of 1938 was signed. In May, Dr. Adenauer’s former Head of the Chancellery, Hans Globke, stated that the infamous Nuremberg racial decrees against the Jews were really devised in the Jewish interest.

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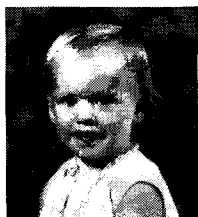
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Report on Poland

In May, too, the West German Bundeswehr named army barracks after General Heinz Guderian, the man who took over leadership of the armed forces after the conspiracy to kill Hitler in July of 1944.

It has been argued by the West Germans that it is only a lunatic fringe which creates bad blood by its activities. But Polish politicians point out that West Germany's leaders attend the sometimes frenzied rallies of German refugee organizations, underwrite the chauvinistic statements of Seeborn and others, and refuse to modify them whenever an election campaign is impending. With a Federal election being held in September, the main West German parties are once again bidding for the refugee vote.

Gomulka's troubles

It is suggested in some quarters that the Oder-Neisse Line provides the Gomulka regime with a useful diversionary scapegoat for its own faults and failures. Certainly the existing regime is far from popular at the moment. There are three reasons for this: there has been a marked tightening of Communist authoritarian control; there are awkward problems which are slowing up economic progress; and there is a national mood of vague, largely unfocused dissatisfaction.

The tightening of Communist control began soon after the "Polish Spring" of 1956, when Stalinism was denounced and the "national-Communist" Gomulka regime was first installed. The Polish Spring brought a spirit of romanticism and a strong demand for greater freedom of speech, assembly, and the written word. Sharp criticism of the practical application of Communist ideology became the prerogative of Polish intellectuals, and there was a call for some sort of legal opposition in the Polish Parliament.

In 1957 Gomulka decided that the Polish Spring had moved too far and too fast. As long as twenty Red Army divisions sat in East Germany between the Oder and the Elbe, he could not visualize his country taking a middle position between East and West politically. It had to

remain closely attached to the Soviet Union. Gomulka therefore reversed his decision to inform public opinion by holding full and regular press conferences. He warned the intellectuals against undue freedom in their expressions of opinion, and in March of last year there was an open breach with a powerful group of thirty leading writers and academicians, who protested against the restrictions imposed on Polish culture.

Polish intellectuals are grumbling today because censorship is ham-handedly applied (one author has just had to cut out many of the references to Khrushchev in a book about to be published), because criticism of the practical implementation of Communist theory cannot any longer be tolerated, because a book like Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* can be published in Moscow but not in Warsaw. In the search for greater freedom of mind among the satellite states, Poland has ceased to be undisputed leader and has dropped into second place behind Hungary.

There are very difficult economic problems also. Because of the almost universally low wages, with a national average of only \$68 a month, millions of Poles have to take a second job, and their wives have to work too. Prices are nearly up to Western European levels; it takes a bank clerk, for instance, a month and a half's work to earn a TV set and a month's work to pay for an overcoat. Rather naturally, men with two jobs do not put their hearts into either of them.

In April of this year there were only 89,000 registered unemployed, 76,000 of them women. There were 132,000 unfilled jobs, but only 15,000 of them for women. The drift away from the small market towns and into big centers of industry creates an acute housing shortage in the cities. Poland is building about 140,000 new homes a year, when something like 200,000 are needed. Young marrieds often wait for a year for a flat of their own.

Stepping up exports

Poland's agricultural output has been lagging for years past. Although the land is mainly in private hands and farmers are anxious to live well and work hard, the average



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Among doctors, “private eyes” are in demand. Your own doctor relies upon a special medical “detective” for more accurate and complete diagnosis. A surgeon needs one to track down and pinpoint a lesion before operation. An orthopedic surgeon needs one to follow the progress of a healing fracture. ■ General practitioners, orthopedists, pediatricians, internists—doctors in nearly every area of medicine—rely upon a skilled, medical “private eye” known as a radiologist . . . a physician specially trained in the medical and therapeutic use of x-ray. ■ Through his specialized knowledge, the radiologist helps other physicians by providing ra-



diographic (x-ray) interpretation of a particular problem. And in so doing, he aids other medical specialists in treating injury or disease. ■ In some cases, it is only through the specially trained eyes of a radiologist that accurate diagnosis can be completed. For some patients, the work of the radiologist includes actual treatment, using therapeutic x-ray to help arrest a cancer. ■ Today, an increasing number of medical students and interns, in considering areas of specialization, are choosing radiology—preparing, through special training, for this highly gratifying and rewarding career as an important member of the modern medical team.

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Report on Poland

holdings of between ten and twenty
acres are not always economically
productive. Farmers are inclined
to concentrate on poultry, livestock,
and root crops. As a result, Poland,
with plenty of living space, is an
importer of grain both for human
consumption and for fodder. Polish
agriculture is undermechanized and
lacks capital; during the present
Five-Year Plan 12 percent of all in-
vestment has been channeled into
agriculture; the target figure for the
1966-1970 Plan is 20 percent.

During the next five years, Poland
wants to double its exports of agri-
cultural produce and at the same
time needs to feed its population
much more efficiently. The quality
of many foodstuffs is poor, and the
cuisine is unimaginative.

Poland wants, also, to step up in-
dustrial exports. Industrial output
has multiplied five times since the
war, and the proportion of the pop-
ulation engaged in industry has
jumped from 37 to 62 percent. Chem-
ical, steel, and engineering indus-
tries have been built up. The
Polish government has been con-
sidering entering into special rela-
tions with Western European firms
for joint production and marketing
projects, and negotiations have been
going on in this field with the Essen
firm of Friedrich Krupp. But selling
Polish goods in a highly competitive
Western European market is not
easy, and the intake of them by the
Eastern European version of the
Common Market, Comecon, is lim-
ited by centralized Russian-directed
planning. Ruble balances built up
by Comecon members are not con-
vertible into gold and therefore re-
main nontransferable. They do
nothing to stimulate trade.

Economic stringency

Overall economic progress con-
tinues, but it has slowed down per-
ceptibly. This fact has heightened
the mood of dissatisfaction, marked
by an increasing demand for ma-
terial benefits. The young Pole, like
his contemporary in Western Europe
or America, wants pop records, a TV
set, a motorbike, even a car. He
wants to travel, but this is possible
only if someone abroad pays his
fare both ways for him and looks

after him financially while he is out
of Poland.

Economic stringency has lately
brought a spate of trade scandals.
There has been a meat scandal, an
egg scandal, two leather-goods scan-
dals, a Rumanian wine scandal,
and — absurd-sounding — a garlic-
and-marjoram scandal. The meat
scandal was a major affair and led
to a death sentence, which was car-
ried out — the first time for twelve
years that anybody has been ex-
ecuted for speculation. The meat
scandal produced, too, one of the
jokes which Poles coin so readily:
“Pre-war we had shops labeled
‘Butcher’ and there was meat inside,
while today the same shops are
labeled ‘Meat’ and inside there is
just the butcher.”

In spite of the joking, there are all
sorts of signs of a mood of national
malaise. The birthrate has dropped
to a startling degree — live births
annually, even with a much larger
population, are down from 760,000
in 1950 to 600,000 last year. The
incidence of divorce has doubled
since 1950. Infant mortality has
decreased but is still about 50 per
1000 — alarmingly high compared
with Czechoslovakia's 22. The sui-
cide rate rises, slowly, for the Poles
have a tenacious hold on life.

From the point of view of the West,
what has to be kept alive in present-
day Poland is an independent spirit
of inquiry and an objective sense of
criticism. Young Poles have become
unpolitical. Mainly, they want to be
left alone and to lead a fuller life.
However efficient he is at consolida-
ting orthodox Communism, Gomulka
will have to reckon increasingly with
the younger generation.

From the point of view of the
West, too, a recognition of the Oder-
Neisse Line by all Germans would
be helpful. The Poles have a healthy
interest in encouraging a relaxation
of tension in Central Europe — wit-
ness the Gomulka Plan for the freez-
ing of nuclear weapons there, and
the more ambitious Rapacki Plan
for creating a nuclear-free zone.
Polish interest in promoting peace
is loudly proclaimed and totally
sincere.

For the time being Poland is
wedded to the Soviet Union in the



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And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge tours and take a year to pay.

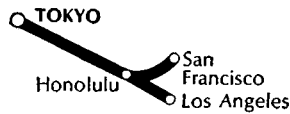
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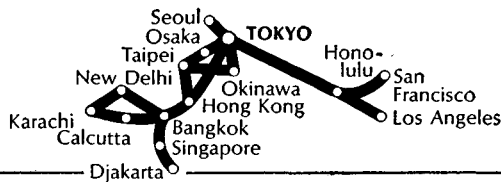


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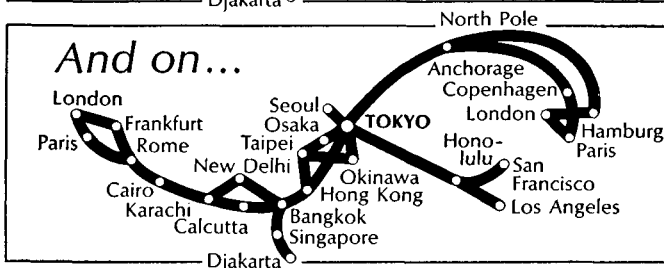
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Report on Poland

field of foreign affairs, although mutual attachment is only skin-deep. Lately there was a widely circulated slogan on view: "This is Soviet-Polish Friendship Month!" Underneath, some Pole had scrawled: "All right, but not a day longer." With their courage and wit, the Poles are surviving. Détente is their hope, and the day should come when they will give to Central Europe much more of their brand of individualism and of their homemade correctives to Marxism.

The American presence

By the standards set by other embassies, the American Embassy in Warsaw is overstaffed, with roughly three times as many personnel as the British Embassy. Polish applicants for visas to the United States have to be politically screened. This is a wearisome process. Figures for the number of visas granted each month are not readily available, but the average runs around sixty to eighty.

The U.S. ambassador in Warsaw is regarded, outside his own embassy, as not more than adequate. An expert on South American affairs, he is always ready to talk about his experience in South America and shows some lack of interest in Poland, its language, culture, people, and politics.

The U.S. minister is regarded by impartial observers as being less well versed in diplomacy but much more interested in Polish affairs than the ambassador. Two members of the embassy staff, William F. Donnelly, outstandingly able and intelligent, and John D. Scanlon, well informed and sound, have productive social contact with Poles.

The U.S. Embassy staff appears to have been most discreet during the very difficult period ensuing since the bombing of North Vietnam began. The ambassador and his staff stayed away from the celebrations of the twentieth anniversary of the freeing of the "western territories" in May, and the British ambassador stayed away too as a gesture of solidarity. There were small-scale demonstrations in front of the U.S. Embassy when the bombings began, but no serious incidents.

ANSWER MA'AM

What are the structural characteristics of organic soaps? What is the minimum daily intake of water needed to sustain the human system? This Research Laboratories librarian at the General Motors Technical Center has the answers . . . or she'll find them. By background and training, she is well qualified to handle the more than 7,000 complex inquiries that come to the Research Laboratories library every year—not only from GM Technical Center personnel but from manufacturing divisions as well. Her credentials include a Master's degree in Library Science and years of practical experience.

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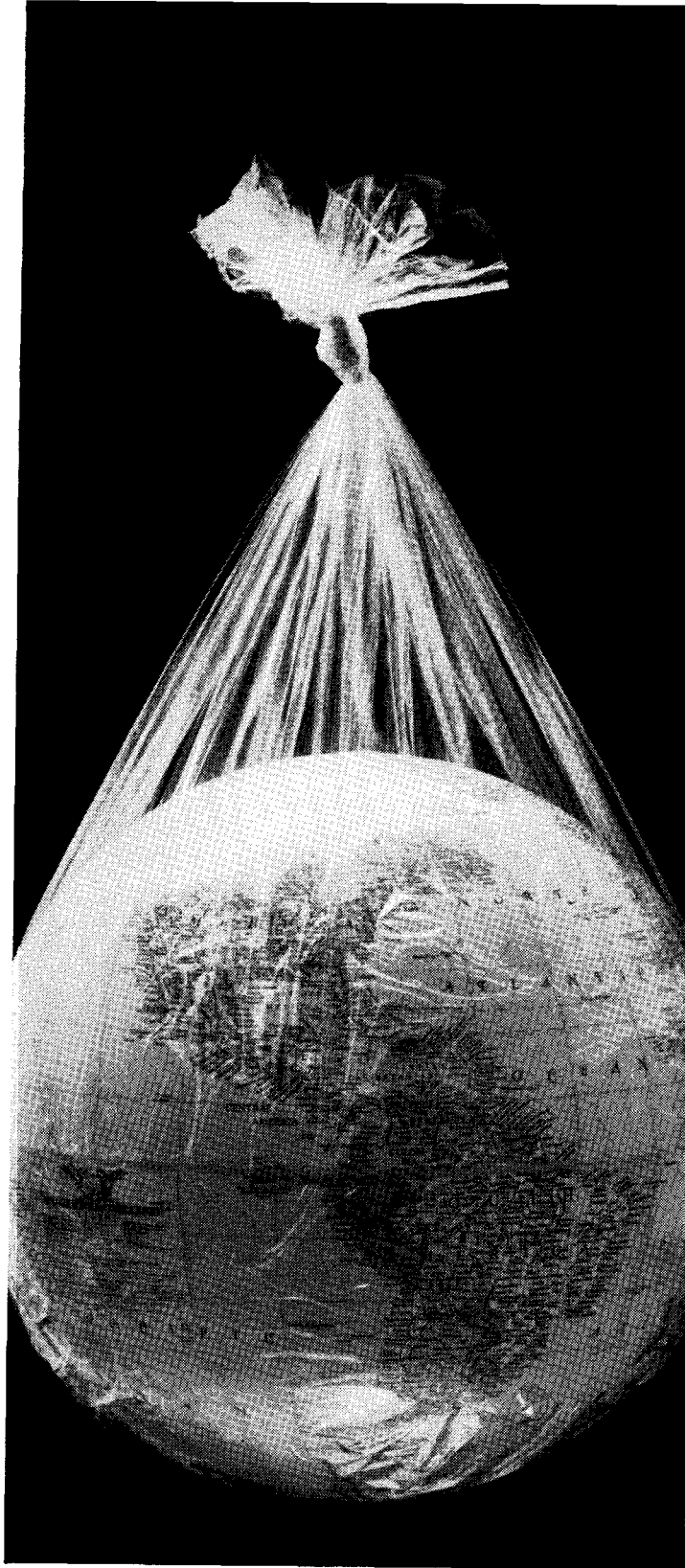
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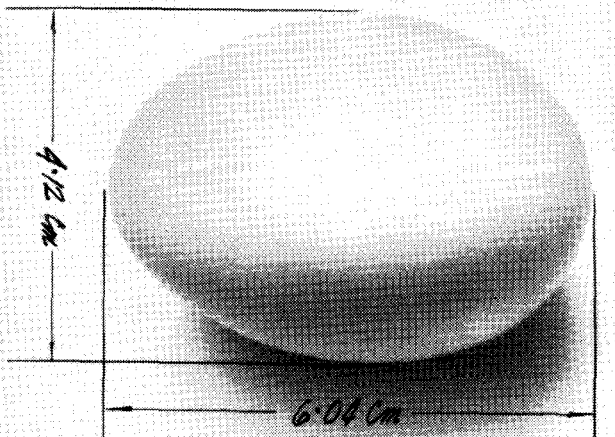
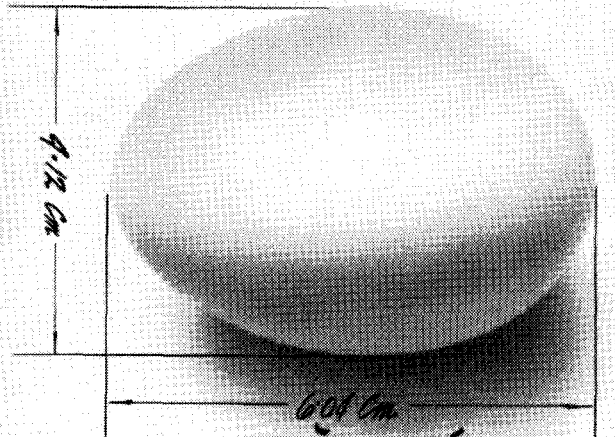
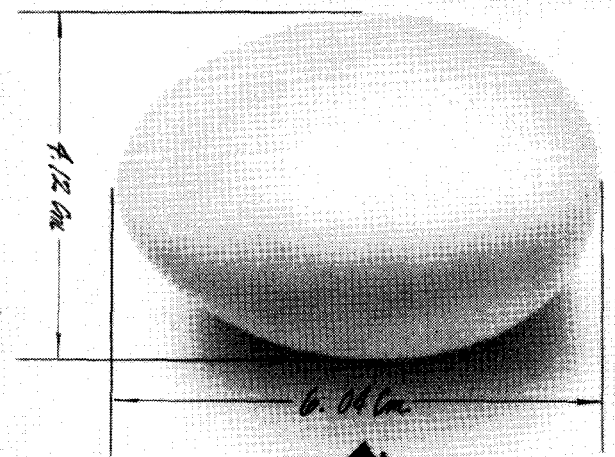
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THE danger of war over the Jordan River is remote. From unexpected quarters, Middle Eastern doves have begun to challenge some traditional hawks. Within the Arab world the great debate between the activists and the moderates has taken on a new note of realism. At the moment, those who want an "Algerian solution" to the Palestine struggle have lost to the gradualists.

Meanwhile, an actual partitioning of the river is taking place in a no-peace—no-war atmosphere. Israel's long-heralded water carrier began nearly a year ago to lift water from Lake Tiberias and pipe it to the coastal plain. By the end of 1965, withdrawals from Tiberias are expected to be at the rate of 250 million cubic meters a year. Nearly all this must be used to replenish lowered water tables along the coast, where seepage from the Mediterranean already threatens this fertile belt. Water for the Negev cannot be spared now.

Across the long, uneasy armistice line, Jordan is taking about 140 million cubic meters a year from the Yarmuk, the Jordan's principal tributary, channeling it southward to irrigate Jordan valley lands. This water moves through the forty-three-mile open East Ghor Canal, built since 1958, almost parallel to the Israeli carrier. Jordan's next stage of withdrawals is centered on construction of a dam on the Yarmuk at Mukeiba, southeast of Tiberias. The new dam will store winter floodwaters and release them into the East Ghor Canal, which is being expanded and lengthened to carry irrigation water down both sides of the potentially fertile Jordan valley within Jordan.

Dividing the waters

The Jordan system's other riparians, Syria and Lebanon, have much-advertised plans to take off shares of the headwater streams which rise in their countries. It is these proposed withdrawals which are most controversial, since any major diversions upstream would eventually reduce the amount of water flowing toward the Jordan in Israel.

Under any rational division of a river system, allocations are agreed on between the countries

concerned. In the Middle East, agreements exist between Egypt and Sudan on sharing the Nile, and between Iraq and Turkey over their uses of the Tigris and Euphrates. The Jordan, however, remains freighted with the heavy emotional cargo of the whole Palestine struggle. All efforts to rationalize its use have failed. United Nations and United States negotiations carried on ten years ago by the late Eric Johnston aimed at agreement on regional development. Political objections blocked the plan, but the negotiations did establish a pattern of sharing based on the right of the upstream countries, the Arabs, to all the water they could actually use, with the remainder, about 39 percent, to go to Israel.

Without any formal agreement, Israel has based its recent water program on this so-called Johnston formula. Its plans call for taking eventually about 39 percent of the waters of the river. It is only on this basis that Israel has had political support in Washington for its carrier.

Jordan, with its equally great need of irrigation water, has not proclaimed openly its apparently tacit observance of the Johnston formula. But on this basis it has received considerable United States financial aid in building the East Ghor Canal. Its next project, the Mukeiba Dam, is to be financed with Arab League money, much of it from Kuwait. Jordan's right to build a dam on the Yarmuk is not today challenged by Israel (as it was in the 1950s). It is accepted for what it is—a part of the partitioning process along the river. As a riparian along eight miles of the Yarmuk, Israel does claim a disputed share from it. This point is still at issue.

Much of the tension which threatened to explode into a water war has been dissipated as the actual limitations of the Jordan have become evident. These are quantitative and qualitative. Israel's use of Tiberias as its main reservoir turns out to be less rewarding than was expected. The lake's salinity exceeds all previous calculations. As a result all the water being pumped southward through the carrier must be diluted with scarce

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The Middle East

well water before farmers can use it. At the same time, great effort is being made to cap or divert the salt springs under and around the edge of Tiberias. Both measures are expensive. And Israel has had to face the fact that it must seek alternatives to the Jordan for future water needs.

Seawater desalinization appears today as the obvious answer. The American-Israeli joint studies which are now going on envision a nuclear desalting plant for Israel to cost about \$200 million and go into production in the 1970s. To produce water at a price which is economic for agriculture, this plant will have to achieve a breakthrough below the estimated cost of 35 cents to 50 cents per thousand gallons. Such a price is more than double the cost of water now available in Israel. Even so, Israel's economic future depends on developing this plant.

Alternatives to war

While Israel has been having long second thoughts about the Jordan, the Arabs have begun to face the implications of headwaters diversions. The stages by which this phase of the water contest has been defused are instructive. The process began with the Arab "summit" meetings in January, 1964, called by Gamal Abdel Nasser to deal with the river question. He outlined the alternatives to war over the headwaters. The facts were, he said, that the Arabs were not prepared to meet Israeli attacks on headwaters projects and that they therefore must not overbid. They must prepare, first by agreeing on a plan for water appropriations in Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan, and second by forming a unified defense system.

At the same time, the political activists, the would-be hawks, were given a role in setting up a Palestine Liberation Organization to mobilize the Palestine political entity. In all these measures, Nasser was challenging the Arabs to unite (under Egyptian leadership) and prepare before plunging into hopeless encounters with Israel.

By the spring of 1965 the inherent difficulties in setting up a unified force had become apparent. Leb-

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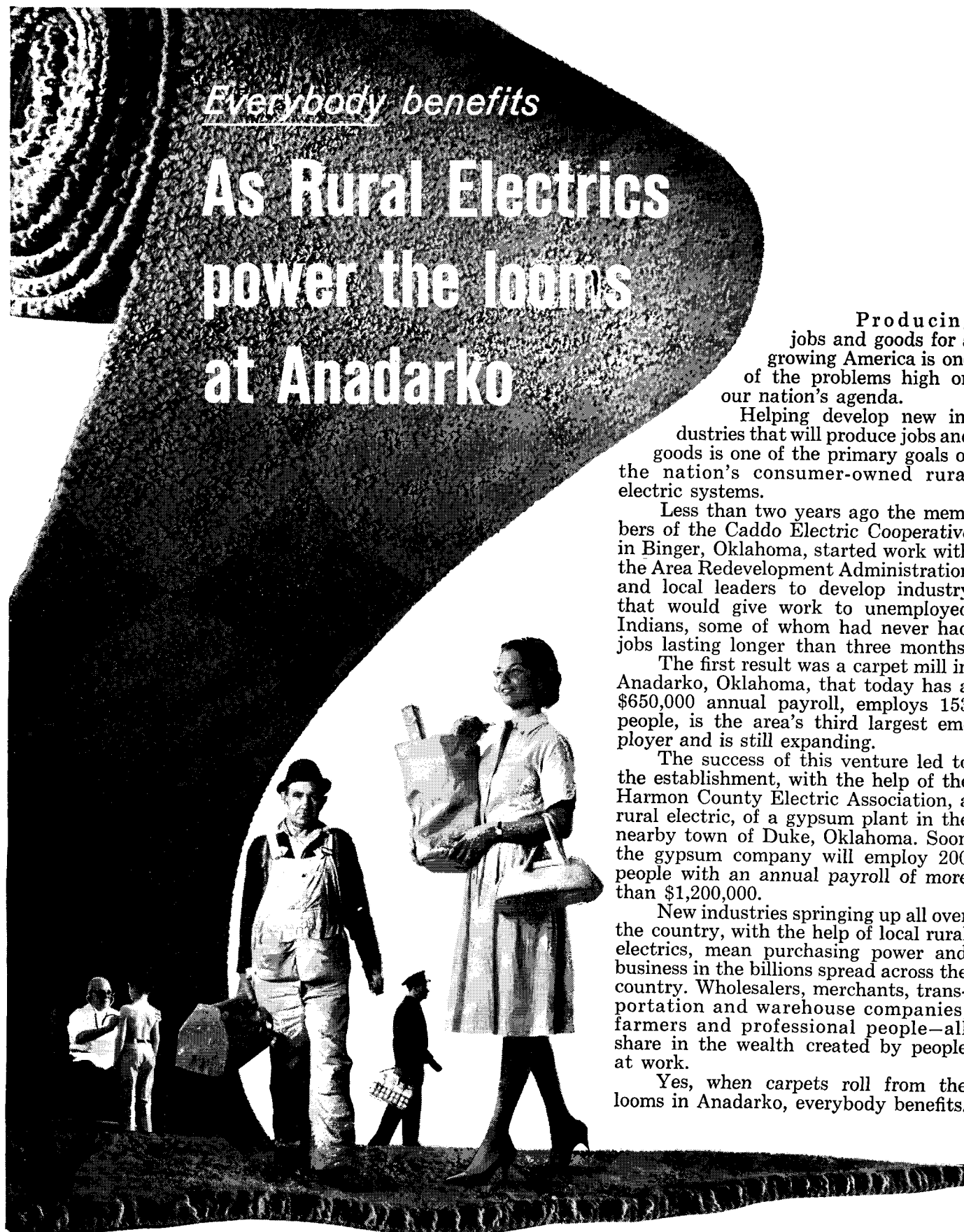
Less than two years ago the members of the Caddo Electric Cooperative in Binger, Oklahoma, started work with the Area Redevelopment Administration and local leaders to develop industry that would give work to unemployed Indians, some of whom had never had jobs lasting longer than three months.

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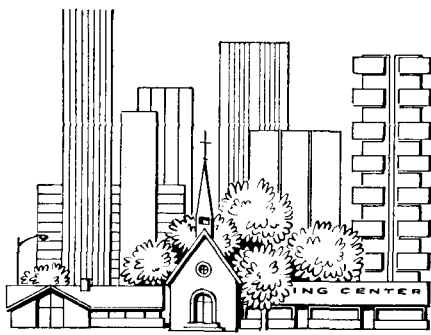
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The Middle East

anon, Syria, and Jordan still rejected the idea of deploying Egyptian-led troops within their countries except in dire emergencies. Not all the pledges of financial support through the Arab League materialized. Moreover, a subversive notion of possible eventual accommodation instead of war with Israel began to emanate from several capitals.

President Habib Bourguiba sent up the first balloon, suggesting that seventeen years of Arab passive resistance to Israel had not helped the Palestinian exiles, and that there should be a settlement on the basis of the 1947 UN partition plan. From Beirut, Pierre Gemayel, Minister of Public Works, proposed the idea of a binational Palestinian state. In Israel, General Moshe Dayan, a representative of the younger generation of activists in Israel, remarked in public that he could envisage a confederation between Israel and "those regions of Jordan that were formerly part of Palestine."

It remained for Gamal Abdel Nasser to say again in public what had been said more often in private. In an interview with *Réalités* he said in April that if Israel would observe the UN Resolution of 1948 calling for repatriation and compensation to Palestine refugees, peace could be established. A few weeks later Nasser went further to damp down talk of war with Israel.

Speaking to a meeting of the Palestine Liberation Organization in Cairo, he suggested that since there was no real progress toward a unified Arab army or its free movement, the Arabs were in no position to defend themselves, let alone attack Israel. The Palestine entity is useful, he said, to maintain the political claims of the exiles, but the Arabs must not overbid; they must choose the time for any confrontation. Today it is impossible. There are big differences between local engagements — such as those on the Syrian and Jordan frontiers — and comprehensive war, with the enemy fixing the date.

Therefore, since the Arabs cannot now protect any headwater diver-

sions, it is better to postpone these works too. What is needed, Gamal Abdel Nasser said, is to carry on the socialist revolution, maintain the Palestine entity, and build for the future.

Arab turning point

No one else could have said so bluntly these home truths of the Arab situation in 1965. Nasser's open rejection of any Algerian-style war and his advocacy of gradualism mark a significant turning point in Arab affairs.

Behind this decision to answer the contradictions between policy and performance in relation to Israel are several assumptions. One is the belief among Arab leaders in Israel's deterrent power and its ability to make nuclear weapons. The secret Israeli nuclear plant at Dimona, known to operate with European scientific help, haunts Arab defense ministries. Egypt's prompt signing of the nuclear-test-ban treaty in 1963 indicated a preoccupation in Cairo with this potential danger from Israel.

A more immediate reason for postponing a confrontation with Israel is the knowledge gained by intensive study of the headwaters diversion schemes. The porosity of the soil in southern Lebanon and northern Israel makes the containment of any floodwaters there extremely difficult.

In Syria there are other technical difficulties to dam- and canal-building. Yet the flow of the headwaters in both countries is from floods in winter rather than in constant quantities. Thus any diversion works would be expensive and only partly effective in keeping water from flowing into Israel.

Aside from all this is the prospect that Israel will achieve a supply of desalinated seawater by the time any Arab diversions could be built. Thus the effort would probably be wasted. For these reasons it has been necessary to halt the projects while the Arabs take stock of their actual position vis-à-vis Israel. This is what the blunt policy statements by Gamal Abdel Nasser have achieved.

The pressures on Egypt

The exigencies of Egypt's own internal situation must also have had a

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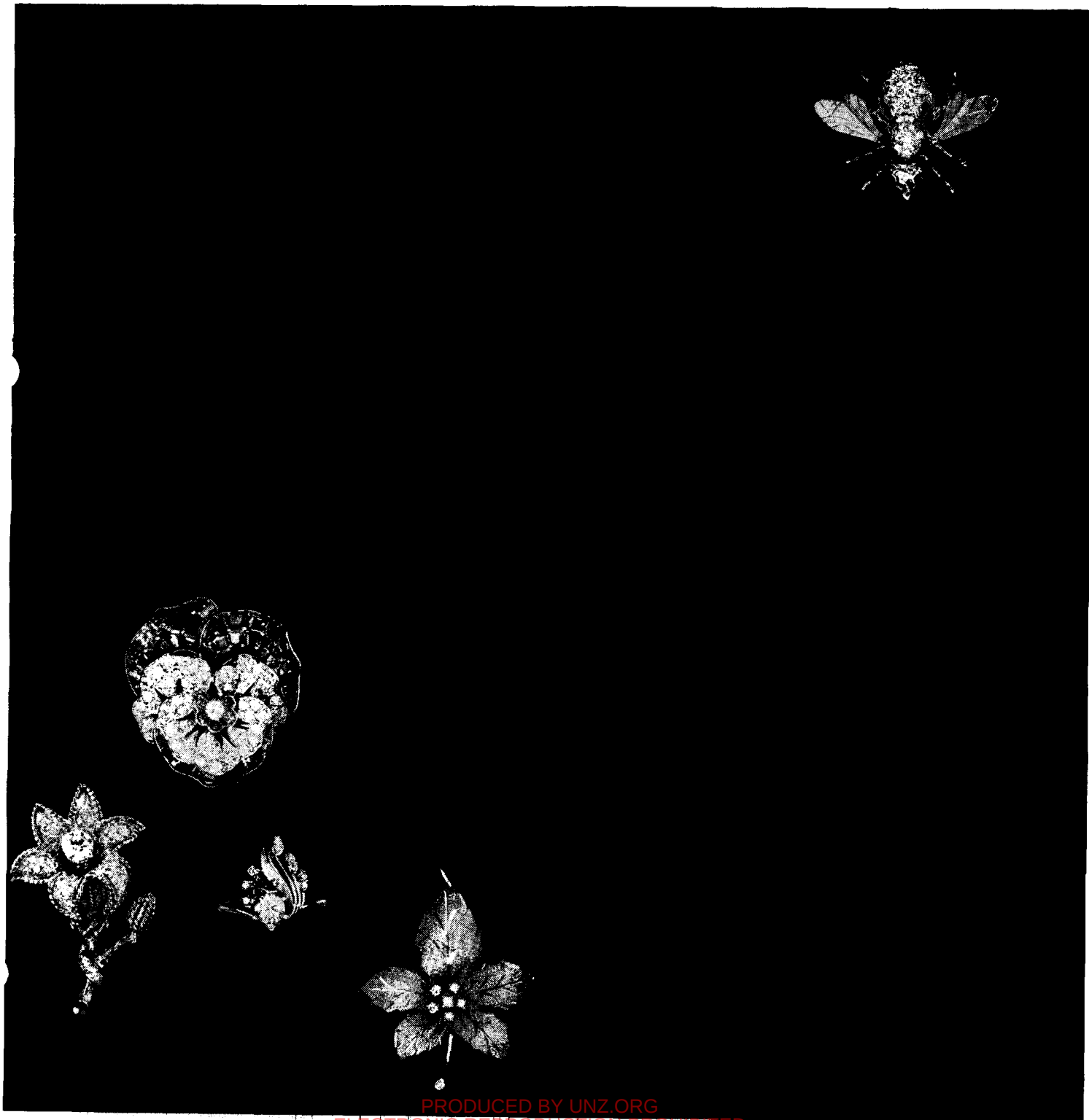
And its value, like its beauty, grows with each passing year.

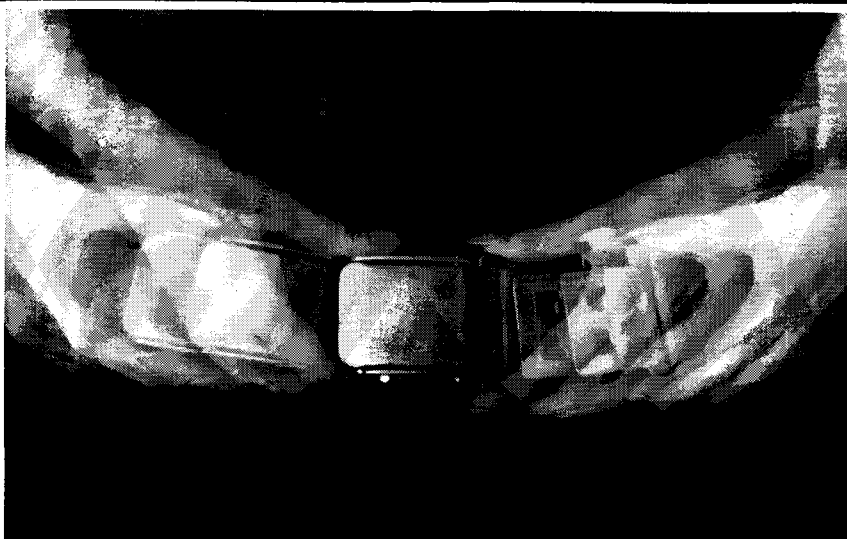
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The Middle East

strong moderating effect on Nasser. The momentum of the revolution is slowing down in its second decade. Egypt's problem of overpopulation is as great as ever, with an increase of nearly 800,000 a year. Even though construction is well ahead of schedule, the Aswan Dam cannot irrigate enough lands to feed this swelling population.

Food therefore remains an acute problem. Since 1962 about half of Egypt's grain supply has come from PL 480 agreements with Washington — sales of surplus grain for Egyptian pounds. Political tension between Washington and Cairo has been high, however, since the burning of the USIS library in Cairo and the arms-running to the Congo from Egypt last winter. Even though the Egyptian government has offered a substitute building for the library and arms have ceased to go to the Congo, the unhappy memory of these episodes lingers on, particularly in the U.S. Congress.

Meanwhile, Egypt's sources of credit have been cut off at a time when the country needs between \$400 million and \$500 million a year to become a going concern. Rupture of relations with Bonn, after the latter's recognition of Israel last spring, came at a poor time for Egypt's economy. Even though Nasser refrained from carrying out his threat to recognize East Germany, it will take time to restore Egypt as a credit-worthy state in Bonn's view.

French assistance and wheat are available, but in limited quantities. U.S. economic aid has not been forthcoming for two years. Nasser's great problem of avoiding total dependence on Moscow and Peking — his best cotton customers — is more acute than ever.

The American stance

The United States position in this summer of Middle Eastern discontent is equivocal. Several pending decisions can set the tone for our relations in the area. One is the kind of arms made available to Israel. If Washington becomes for the first time a supplier of significant arms to Israel, it will be taken as a signal for the Arabs to turn to the East.

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Come to the Middle East—this land of religious birth and revolution, this restless land of change that strangely cherishes permanence, this wonderland of mystery and magic.



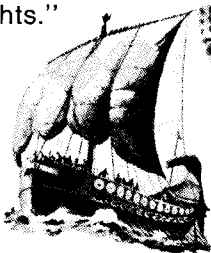
Here is the ancient, first frontier, where East and West meet—and part.

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You may stand on the very spot of Creation itself—where in Hebron God talked to Abraham, where Noah's dove found an olive branch on the very hill you pause on to rest.

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The muezzin sounds, a hush falls, and the greatness of Allah endures. An aged Bedouin recounts the tale of a hero of old as his listeners sit in breathless silence. A chill wind blows off the desert, and in the starlight you see the ghosts of long-vanished nomads.



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And where a stable once stood in Bethlehem, where a cross once stood on a hill called Calvary, you stand in trembling wonder. Somehow your world will never be the same again.

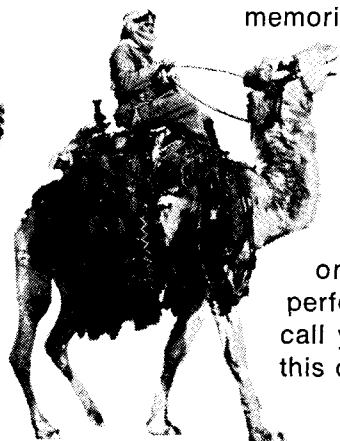


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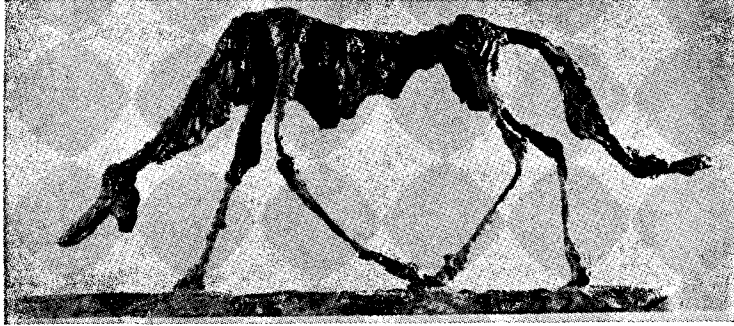
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COMING IN THE ATLANTIC



GIACOMETTI AT WORK

In his Paris studio, the renowned Swiss sculptor sits for a portrait by Carlton Lake. The picture shows not just the man but his thoughts about life, about space and reality, and about his art.

BIG BUSINESS: Where Has All The Power Gone?

Reflecting on the contrast between the men at the top then and now, Robert L. Heilbroner defines the differing nature of big business leaders and the inhibitions imposed on their power by their own cautions and the rise of the military, social, and scientific technicians.

THE BALD PRIMAQUEERA

Sean O'Casey's last essay, written just before his death last year, is a ripping attack on the theater of decay and a rollicking affirmation of life.

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER

Who suffers when the constitutional right of a free trial collides with the constitutional right of a free press? This perplexing problem of a free society is discussed with depth and balance by author and journalist Irwin Ross.

IN DEFENSE OF BIRD BRAINS

Can animals do man's work? Richard J. Herrnstein, director of Harvard's Psychological Laboratories, describes a few recent experiments demonstrating that pigeons can accurately interpret reconnaissance photos or steer explosive missiles, pigs can operate a vacuum cleaner, and chickens can play tunes on a five-note piano.

The Administration's recent decision to supply arms in the area on a case-by-case basis to help certain countries modernize their forces has obvious dangers. Yet the policy offers an alternative to Sovietization of all Arab armies.

A second crucial Washington decision involves continuance of food for Egypt. Even Egypt's rivals in the area are watching to see whether the lessons of Suez have been forgotten. It is pointed out by those who do remember that the attempt to starve Nasser out by withholding food and medicine failed. But it did drive him further to the East.

The United States is heavily involved in a third issue, due to arise at the UN this year. This is the question of Arab refugees. The U.S. position is clear. It supports genuine refugees in need of relief, but it asks that a head count be taken to determine actual status.

The Arab host governments continue to resist a census of refugees. They suggest, however, that refugee owners of properties now held by the Israeli government be paid incomes from those properties. It is just possible that this demand may offer a way to break the present stalemate, for payments of income to former holders of property would help them to become self-supporting. This would automatically remove them from UNRWA relief rolls. The preservation of the recipients' political status could be assured by issuance of United Nations identity cards in place of the ration cards to which so many cling. They would then remain political refugees but cease to be UNRWA dependents.

The United States, as a member of the Conciliation Commission for Palestine, charged with helping to further peaceful settlement, has chosen recently to avoid the political difficulties of innovation in this bitter dispute. If, however, the commission's French or Turkish members should move to break the stalemate, Washington's reaction would be decisive for the future of this intractable issue, and for its own relationships with all the governments involved.

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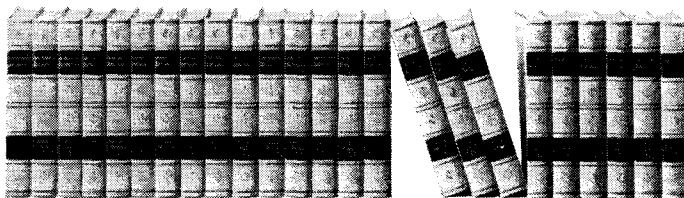
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Slaves for rent

SIR:

Where is proof of Truman Moore's estimate ("Slaves for Rent," May *Atlantic*) of two million migrant farm workers?

The U.S. Department of Labor, in a January, 1965, report, shows that the average number of migrants employed on U.S. farms in 1964 totaled 116,900. This is down from 139,500 in 1960.

Mr. Moore may have been misled, as other writers before him have, by adding together the number of migrants counted in each state. Such a figure would be far too high, because then you would be counting each migrant several times as he moved from one state to another.

It is obvious that Mr. Moore approached his task with a set of biased opinions, and then conducted a search to find the very worst cases upon which to generalize against farmers.

Permit us to cite just a few examples:

1. The only wage rate he refers to is \$.35 per hour in Arkansas. A reader, therefore, must conclude that such a rate is typical. Actually, it isn't even typical in Arkansas, where, according to government figures, the average farm worker earned \$.85 per hour in 1964. In California, farm workers earned an average of \$1.40 per hour in 1964. Mr. Moore said Arkansas used forty thousand foreign workers, but the latest Department of Labor report placed the number at four thousand.

2. The author quotes an unidentified "Mexican worker in California" to support his unsupported

generalization that "migrant workers are often housed with the livestock." We cannot honestly say that somewhere, at some time, workers were not housed in a barn. But to try to make the public believe that this is typical is little less than libel. Dozens of well-kept, regularly inspected farm workers' camps throughout California offer proof that Moore is grossly unfair. We could also show you grower-owned free trailer parks, filled with the sleek, modern trailers of their migrant-farm-worker owners, earning up to \$7500 per year, but we would be just as guilty of flimflamming the public as Mr. Moore is if we sought to picture these migrants as typical. But we do think it is significant that migrants can, and do, earn enough to own expensive trailers. Not all migrants are poverty-stricken, as Mr. Moore seeks to make people believe.

3. Contrary to what Mr. Moore attempts to convey, by far the larger number of employers of seasonal farm labor do *not* receive government price supports. Growers of fruits and vegetables are the major employers of seasonal labor in California — yet none of these crops is under any government price-support program.

4. Since Mr. Moore seemed to take special delight in criticizing California growers, we wish to point out that not only do they pay the highest wages in the nation, but they also provide more protective benefits than any other growers in the United States. In California, farm workers are covered by nine of the ten major state and federal laws protecting

farm workers, including workmen's compensation and disability insurance, according to the Department of Labor. Pennsylvania is second with six.

5. The author's attempt to recreate a *Grapes of Wrath* picture of thousands upon thousands of homeless, destitute migrants swarming over the countryside is far from objective reporting. The California Department of Employment's report for 1963 shows that out of a total agricultural work force of 312,900, approximately 15,500 migrants were listed as residents of the state, while 7400 migrants were out of state. It would be far from the truth to list all these as homeless and destitute just because they travel from their homes to one area or another to harvest the crops. . . .

O. W. FILLERUP
Executive Vice President
Council of California Growers
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

The estimate of two million migrants is based on the following:

In 1960, Bryant Page, the head of farm-labor recruiting for the Florida Employment Service, stated that there are some three million migrant workers and their dependents, divided into three main streams that operate out of Florida, Texas, and California.

In the *Harvest of Shame*, it was estimated that there were from two to three million migrants. But this figure included about a half million foreign workers.

The New York *Times* has put the figure at two million. Other pub-

lished reports have put the figure at 1,725,000 to 1,975,000.

The President's Commission in 1951 said there were one million *workers*. This excluded nonworking members of the family.

The exact number is unknown, there being no way of making an accurate count. Senator Harrison Williams says there are 150,000 migrant children.

The figures Mr. Fillerup quotes are the numbers of migrant workers who obtained jobs through the Farm Placement Service. No one, least of all the Labor Department, considers this to be the whole migrant population.

The migrant population is certainly not decreasing. The report which Mr. Fillerup has quoted concludes that "migratory workers may be more numerous in 1965 if they are needed to fill the gap left by departing foreign workers." If these figures prove anything, they prove the condition of chronic unemployment. While the 1964 average was 116,900, the July peak was 264,000.

And for his four points:

1. The wage in Arkansas I found in 1963 was \$3.50 for ten hours. I checked this with Bill Becker at the AFL-CIO in Little Rock. Only recently, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a story about farm workers in Arkansas getting \$3.00 for a ten-hour day.

The figure which Mr. Fillerup cites — \$.85 an hour — is the adverse-effect wage established by the Labor Department. Shortly before I visited the state in 1963, the adverse-effect wage had been set at \$.60 an hour. Where Arkansas had been using as many as forty thousand braceros a year, the number now fell to about four thousand. (The adverse-effect wage is what the grower must offer before he can apply for foreign workers. He is not obligated to pay this wage to domestic workers unless he is trying to import braceros.)

The wage Mr. Fillerup cites as the average wage in California — \$1.40 an hour — is likewise the adverse-effect wage determined by the Labor Department. A researcher for the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor, returning from California, told me that women and children in Ventura County are earning as little as \$.50 an hour. He also found a piece-rate system in use that beat anything he or I had

Lighter than the step of a bluetick hound

Tennesseans are mighty partial to their hunting dogs. Lots of folks claim there's nothing lighter on its feet than a bluetick hound. So, naturally, they got in the habit of describing their favorite whisky, George Dickel, as "lighter than the step of a bluetick hound." Always was. Still is.

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ever heard of. A handbill given to workers explained it: "Because of the fact that the piece rate per box is dependent on fruit size, number of trees picked per day and height of trees it is impossible for the foreman to tell at what exact rate a certain grove will be picked. *It is not until the following day, after the picking sheets have been computed, that the rate for the previous day can be established* [italics mine]." Workers in the groves said this device was used to reduce earnings if they were high.

Mr. Fillcrup said I mentioned only one wage in the article. Did he not read the next five paragraphs after the one he referred to?

2. The Council of California Growers may take pride in housing, but Secretary of Labor Wirtz was unimpressed. After a tour of camps in the Fresno area on March 26, 1965, he said he was "ashamed anything like this exists in this country." After visiting one camp, a reporter asked him how he liked it. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, "Wirtz strode angrily from the camp with the remark, 'Do you want it in one syllable or two?'"

3. The government has subsidized growers in a far more important way than with simple price supports. It has supplied them for decades with cheap imported labor at the expense of domestic labor.

4. These laws were passed over the most strenuous protests of the big growers who predicted the imminent ruin of California agriculture. The viewers with alarm have become the pointers with pride.

I don't believe the Council of California Growers is in a very strong position to talk about exaggeration and half-truths.

TRUMAN MOORE
New York City

SIR:

I was deeply moved by the article in your May issue by Truman Moore. This situation has long been a sore spot with me. Thank you for an excellent article.

VIRGINIA MILNE
Fresno, Calif.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is to be congratulated for "Slaves for Rent." Citizens now have an excellent opportunity to contribute to the improvement of these conditions. Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr. (Democrat, New

Jersey), has introduced several farm labor bills, among them measures which would extend to farm workers the protections of minimum wages and collective bargaining, and one which would further restrict child labor in commercial agriculture.

FAY BENNETT
*Executive Secretary
National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor
New York City*

The librarians speak up

SIR:

How marvelous of you to print such an article as "Don't Give Us Your Tired, Your Poor," by Margaret Bennett, in the May *Atlantic*! We librarians have known for some time that we are a "swinging" group, and it's high time that the secret was let out. (Confidentially, I don't know how to fix my hair in a bun at all.)

MARY K. CHELTON
New Brunswick, N. J.

SIR:

As a former librarian, I must honestly state that the "challenges" offered me by the profession during three years employment were little more than card-filing, book-stamping, and compiling an occasional reading list. With challenges such as these encountered daily, is it any wonder that over ten thousand jobs go begging annually?

MRS. HUGH B. MCINTYRE, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Congratulations to the two librarians who spoke out for their profession. The days of the lonely spinster who tended the library desk have long gone, and it's time the public realized it.

ELLEN FULKS
Hutchinson, Kansas

SIR:

Very few librarians are money-mad, but many would like to be able to raise families and send their kids to college. The pay for top administrative positions is above the subsistence level, but there is limited room at the top. Not only that, but a good cataloguer, children's librarian, or rare-book specialist should not have to become chief librarian any more than a professor should have to become college president to have a place in the sun.

The modern public library is

really an American invention. We can be proud to have developed modern library service, but we must not stand still. There is so much to be done.

JOHN NEUFELD
East Lansing, Mich.

Communism in Latin America

SIR:

Ernst Halperin's article, "The Decline of Communism in Latin America" (May *Atlantic*), is highly reassuring — to citizens of the United States. To Latin Americans, however, the pressing question is not of party labels but of political deeds.

One must keep in mind two fundamental issues: the strength of organized groups espousing Marxist-Leninist doctrines or adaptations thereof, and the discontent with existing conditions in Latin America which gave birth to the leftist factions. The Communist forces per se may be languishing, but inequalities of life to the south continue.

The United States is in danger of seeing Communist phantoms in every popular Latin uprising. A pitfall to be avoided by U.S. policy makers — if the United States is not to embark on a never-ending series of friend-alienating interventions in Latin America — is that of identifying the dedicated nationalists with the organized Communists.

HELEN K. MCILIN
Mexico City

Have the undertakers reformed?

SIR:

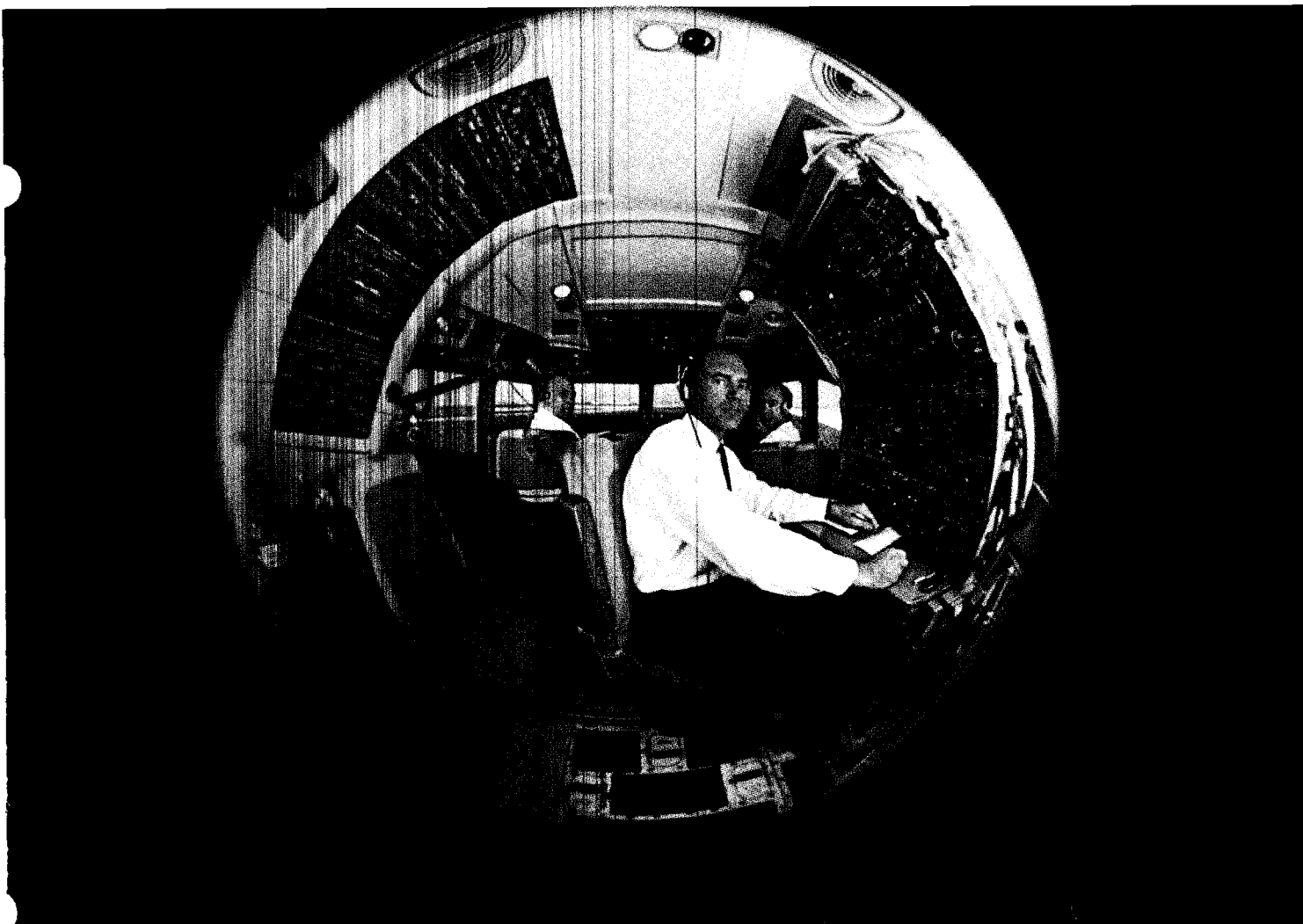
I was very much interested in reading Jessica Mitford's article in the June *Atlantic*, "Have the Undertakers Reformed?" The purpose of my writing is to commend you for it and to indicate also that the United Synagogue of America has gone beyond "the process of codifying burial practices" and developed a Guide to Funeral Practices, which was adopted, and since then widely disseminated, on October 4, 1964.

HENRY N. RAPAPORT
*Vice President, United Synagogue of America
New York City*

Correction

George La Branche is one of the Olympians in the world of anglers, and I am properly repentant for having misspelled his name in my column in the June issue. One might as well have referred to Abraham Linkhorn.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER



Captain Frank Boque, Jr.; 1st Officer, Wesley Chadwick; 2nd Officer, Justin Campbell.

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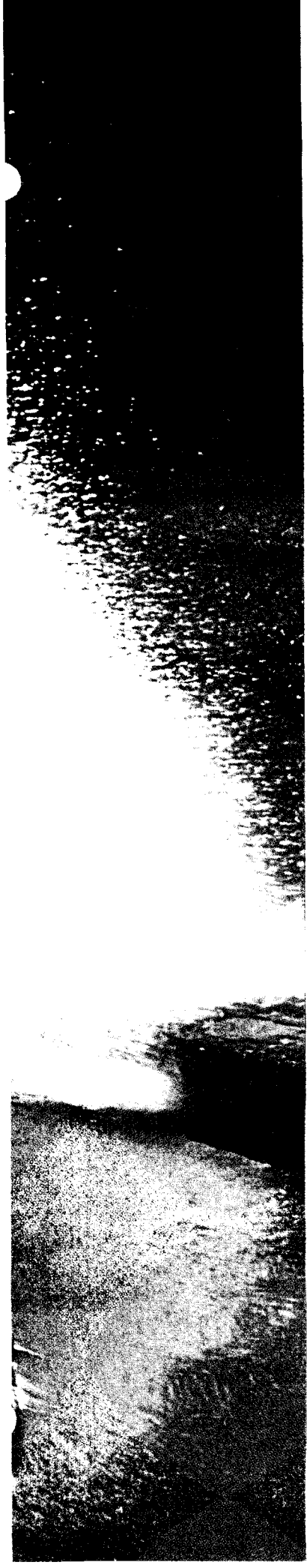


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AUTOMOTIVE engineers have come a long way in designing better cars. But even they admit that one old problem still plagues them—

It's the annoying little "bugs" that can crop up in a car as it is being assembled.

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Formerly, even the best inspection system could not report on more than a thousand steps in the making of an automobile.

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to the final setting of the carburetor.

Suppose, for example, there are recurring incidents of a door not fitting. The computer records this information, so that engineers can track down the source of trouble—out of dozens of possibilities—and correct it at once.

Every car, moreover, has its computer card checked at the end of the assembly line, to call attention to any remedial work necessary.

The result: *car makers using IBM computers on assembly lines report they have cut their problems of quality control in half.*

Computer checks your order

Actually, in many factories, an IBM computer helps keep track of a new car from the time it is ordered. The car is given an identifying number which is banked in the computer's "memory" at the factory.

That code number insures that the car is delivered exactly as ordered.

In many such ways, IBM computers help automotive engineers set their sights on even *better-built* cars for the future.

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THE BIG MONEY AND HIGH POLITICS OF SCIENCE

BY DONALD R. FLEMING

The prospects for excellence in American life, says Harvard historian Donald R. Fleming, depend on the outcome of a struggle to achieve both quality and equality through the distribution of more than \$15 billion a year in federal funds for scientific research in the universities. He explains the dilemma and holds out hope that those who solve it will achieve one of the most beneficent revolutions in American history.

FRANCIS BACON said that science is power. Today science is politics. Scientific institutions, plus an impalpable essence thought to emanate from them, "scientific excellence," are in the process of becoming one of the main things that American politics will be about for as far into the future as one can imagine. The domestic power struggle is rapidly coming to a new focus upon the location of federal scientific installations and the allocation of federal contracts for research and development. That is the new definition of pork barrel.

Pork barrel, though the only recognizable name for the phenomenon in question, is an unnecessarily invidious term for the inevitable process of deciding how the economy is going to be energized by federal projects. If there is little reason to despise the general process, there is still less occasion for assuming that the particular projects are unworthy. The improvement of rivers and harbors and the construction of dams were socially useful under the old dispensation. The seeding of the country with scientific installations is nothing to be ashamed of today.

Potentially, there is a great deal of scientific pork to be divided, for the federal science budget is approaching \$15.5 billion a year. In 1940 the figure was \$74 million. As the old forms of pork are phased out by the Great Annihilator, McNa-

mara, there will be no dearth of new projects for resilient communities. In Boston, there are lamentations about the imminent demise of the old Watertown Arsenal; but Cambridge is going to have a new NASA Electronics Research Center, with an ultimate spillover of some \$40 million a year in subcontracts. The people who are let out at the arsenal will probably not be hired by NASA, but Boston as a community has successfully negotiated the perilous transition from old-style pork to new. Every American city and region must do the same.

The historical backdrop for this new kind of politics is the long process of continentalizing American science and culture. To populate the entire continent was one thing; to curb the financial dominance of the Northeast over the rest of the country was another and more difficult; but the most difficult of all has been to level the cultural gradient from Boston and New York to the Pacific. For one thing, the stakes were always being raised. By the time the Midwest had constructed a network of vigorous liberal arts colleges on the old New England model, the idea of the graduate school was ready to explode, and the leveling upward had to begin all over again.

So far as the Midwest was concerned, the balance was amply redressed by the founding of the

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University of Chicago. From 1895 to 1920, the University of Chicago was the most important American center of research in physics, not only holding its own with the Eastern universities but outstripping them. Albert A. Michelson at Chicago was subverting classical physics by his measurements of the speed of light. Robert A. Millikan at Chicago was measuring the charge of the electron and quashing the residual doubts about the atomic theory. In one field, chemistry, the leading institutions in the period up to 1920 were Harvard and M.I.T. One man, Arthur A. Noyes, was the pivot of the M.I.T. school of chemists.

It was a major divide in American cultural history when Noyes was induced to abandon M.I.T. for Cal Tech in 1919. George Ellery Hale, the promoter of giant telescopes and destined to be the architect of the 200-inch instrument at Palomar, was already at Cal Tech. (He had moved to Los Angeles to get the benefit of the pellucid night air, little suspecting that it would develop into the greatest smog belt in the world.) When in 1921 Hale and Noyes induced Millikan to leave Chicago for Cal Tech, the foundation was laid for making Cal Tech what it clearly became in the 1930s, the greatest technical university in the world. When the physical sciences experienced an almost simultaneous upsurge at the University of California at Berkeley, the center of gravity of American science and in some degree of American culture had shifted to California.

In the last generation, the principal countervailing forces to Cal Tech and Berkeley, the Eastern end of a seesaw that still tilts to the Pacific, have been Columbia in physics and Harvard in chemistry and biology and medicine. The greatest single focus of strength in between has been the tradition in physiology at Washington University, St. Louis. The overwhelming majority of American Nobel Prize winners in science — a fallible index — have been divided among these five institutions: Berkeley, Cal Tech, Columbia, Harvard, and Washington.

UP TO 1940, the continentalizing of American science, the shifting incidence of basic research, seemed to be merely a matter of institutional prestige and vague regional pride, and for anybody except an academic scientist, a marginal form of psychological gratification or chagrin. The situation began to change radically with the coming of the Second World War and the creation by the federal government of major research facilities in leading universities: the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T., the nuclear pile at the University of Chicago, the Applied Physics Laboratory at Johns Hopkins, the laboratory for chemical separation

of uranium isotopes at Berkeley. At the point where the cost of scientific research was soaring to astronomical heights, the universities saw an opportunity to unload an ever increasing part of their scientific budget onto the federal government. The scientific prestige that would attract federal grants became a ponderable asset on the books of a university.

Even this, however, did not turn the incidence of research into a political issue. For almost twenty years there was a surprising acquiescence by Congress in the unargued proposition that the federal research dollar should go to the best men at the best institutions, that the only appropriate test was their reputation for "excellence" in the eyes of their peers. This inevitably entailed a heavy concentration of grants upon a small number of towering institutions, with a conspicuous geographical imbalance. But congressmen did not bestir themselves about it.

This self-restraint — or, more realistically, failure to grasp the political implications of what was happening — has begun to break down in the last five years. The question is, why this sudden awareness? Part of the answer is evident. The loudly trumpeted rationalization of the Defense Department by liquidating arsenals and navy yards has hit the politicians where they live — under the steely gaze of their constituents. For the record, congressmen duly squawk about the closings, but they know that the only real solution is to get a new grip on the federal budget. Pragmatically speaking, that means a big scientific installation or major research and development contracts for local industry, preferably both.

Only one further element was required to perfect the logic of the new politics: the rising conviction that a vigorous scientific program at a major university is an irresistible magnet for the location of government research facilities that have no direct academic affiliation, and more than this, for the location of industrial plants with a scientific or engineering orientation — industrial "spin-off." University science is increasingly perceived as the great catalyst for the whole economy of a metropolitan district or geographical region.

Once it was generally accepted that great universities inevitably attract independent federal installations, that became an argument for putting new facilities near the greatest universities. This was the clinching factor in awarding the NASA Electronics Center to Cambridge, Massachusetts. Senator Edward Kennedy was first elected on the slogan "He Can Do More for Massachusetts," but even he could not have delivered NASA unless he had had Harvard and M.I.T. to throw onto the scales.

No politician could fail to read the omens. In

the years to come, the raw power grab among cities and regions will have to be camouflaged by persuasive invocations of the towering strength of the local university. There is the rub. If the local university is Harvard or M.I.T. — let alone both, a daily double on the Charles — or Chicago or Berkeley, the case is made to begin with. Yet the prospect of seeing the research dollar virtually monopolized by about two dozen universities (38 percent of federal grants to ten universities in 1964, 59 percent to twenty-five universities) became politically intolerable once the distribution of university science was seen as affecting the ultimate distribution of wealth and power in American society. It will be a matter of economic survival for less favored cities and regions to get federal grants for their universities, to build them up on the scientific side by the only possible means, a gigantic infusion of federal money.

THE circle appears to be vicious. How can a university that is not already supremely prestigious ever break into the big money? One answer is to federate with neighboring institutions, either formally or psychologically, to make a whole greater than the sum of the parts. The University of North Carolina, North Carolina State College, and Duke University have acquired a collective identity as the "Research Triangle," and the union has just been blessed by the award of a \$25 million installation of the United States Public Health Service: the National Center of Environmental Sciences. One of the things that took John F. Kennedy to Dallas on the last day of his life was to lend his countenance to the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest, a new federation of five universities with an adjoining "Research Park" for "science-oriented industry and research facilities."

Even universities which have already been doing well with the government by objective standards have banded together to banish feelings of deprivation at not receiving more. Consider the story of MURA, an acronym for Midwestern Universities Research Association. The universities in question include Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. At the beginning of the 1960s, they felt aggrieved at not having a giant accelerator — atom smasher to the popular press — among them. All grants for this purpose are included in the budget of the Atomic Energy Commission. MURA was a planning and lobbying organization to get \$170 million from the AEC to build a high-intensity accelerator in Wisconsin.

In May, 1963, an advisory panel headed by a Harvard physicist recommended construction of

the MURA accelerator but only on the condition that it not interfere with higher-intensity machines for the East and West coasts. This was exactly the kind of report that Midwestern scientists, however unfairly, had come to expect from a committee with a Harvard chairman. The view has hardened into the orthodoxy in the Midwest that the East and West coasts are conspiring to arrogate all major projects to themselves. One might say that Midwestern scientists have taken up a kind of nuclear Populism, but this time facing both ways.

The advisory report left the White House understandably confused, but by mid-November, 1963, Senator Hubert Humphrey, already the most conspicuous figure in public life from the MURA country, felt optimistic that the President was about to commit himself irrevocably to the MURA accelerator.

A week later that President was dead. A new President was reopening the budget and looking for economies. In the end, Johnson asked his principal scientific adviser, inherited from Kennedy, Jerome B. Wiesner, on leave from M.I.T., to prepare a memorandum stating the case against MURA. It does not follow that this was Wiesner's own position. When, just before Christmas, the President met with a group from MURA, he read from this hostile memorandum prepared by Wiesner's office on his own instructions and told the dumbfounded MURA people where it had come from. Then the President dismissed them without any opportunity for rebuttals. The MURA accelerator was dead. The MURA people stamped out of the White House denouncing Wiesner as an agent of the bloated East and vowing in retaliation to block any accelerators on the East or West coasts.

Senator Humphrey let the President know how strong the feelings were running. Johnson did not retreat from his basic decision, the MURA accelerator was out, but he did make what appeared at first to be the empty gesture of saying that henceforth MURA should have a bigger role at the Argonne National Laboratory, on the outskirts of Chicago, operated for the AEC by the University of Chicago but intended to cooperate with other universities in the Midwest. It was notorious that the great state universities had never hit it off very well with Argonne. By the end of 1964, however, the President's pledge had taken on real substance, for Argonne was reorganized under the joint direction of the AEC, the University of Chicago — and MURA.

What was far more important, Johnson in his correspondence with Humphrey endorsed, a trifle patronizingly, "the development of centers of scientific strength in the midwest," called for "fairness" in the distribution of federal research funds,

and implied that the best test of fairness would be direct correlation of research grants to a region with its population. The implication seemed to be that funds for research ought to be distributed more or less on the same principle as money for highways or public schools.

It is now clear that he meant what he said and did what he meant. With the hearty cooperation of Congress, he has embarked upon a drastic remedy for inequality among universities in the receipt of research grants, a deliberate policy of equalization imposed from Washington by reducing the proportion of federal funds going to major academic powers. The catchphrase, openly avowed by the National Science Foundation, is to build up "the second 20 centers of excellence." Why "20" is mysterious, except as a round figure commensurate with the size of the country and promising shares for all. The National Defense Education Act, as amended and expanded in 1964, is frankly biased in favor of helping the needy institutions to catch up. To this end the additional graduate fellowships authorized by the amended legislation, rising to 7500 per year by 1967, are to be assigned to graduate schools rather than students. Most prospective graduate students, in order to benefit from these fellowships, will have to go to institutions they would not have chosen in a free market.

IT is no derogation from President Johnson's sincerity about public health to point out that his proposal for thirty-two regional centers for medical research and treatment, correlated where possible with existing institutions, would have the identical effect of spreading the federal bounty evenly through the country, to the advantage of struggling universities. Johnson was here acting upon a recommendation from a distinguished commission dominated by medical scientists. The principle of regional equalization of medical research did not originate with the politicians. Yet no billion-dollar program of this kind would have a chance in Congress without a built-in guarantee that the centers would be evenly distributed through the country.

Disadvantaged universities, like disadvantaged individuals, races, and regions, are to be given a leg up in the Great Society. Whether by design or unerring instinct for political opportunities, Lyndon Johnson is speedily implementing the most coherent program of leveling upward that the United States has ever seen.

The historical implications of this development are tremendous. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the main stuff of American history has been the recurring sense of regional deprivation

as a deliberate infliction by favored regions upon the rest of the country. That was the point of the armed risings of the backcountry against the tide-water in the colonial South, of the infuriated assault upon Eastern bastions of privilege by the Populists of the South and West at the end of the nineteenth century; the point, above all, of the great constant in American history, the steady unappeased grievance of the South against the North. To compare great things with small, it was the point only yesterday of the new Populism of MURA. To take regional equalization as a national purpose will not miraculously iron out existing inequalities or prevent the emergence of new ones. It might, however, divest them of their single most galling aspect in past generations, of appearing to flow from the absence of a national commitment to appropriate remedies. Fierce combats will continue to be fought over the allocation of individual projects but in the mitigating context of a general recognition that all parts of the country are entitled by explicit national policy to share equally in the largesse from Washington.

In one sense, we are witnessing the absolutely definitive triumph of regionalism — the adoption of regional equalization as an undisputed national goal. At the same time, we are witnessing the death of regionalism as the political expression of distinctive ways of life generated in the matrix of distinctive natural environments. Today the regions are speedily becoming interchangeable units for participation in the federal bounty; they are no longer independent focuses of vitality expressing regional personalities but units to be plugged into the national grid for receipt of an energizing current from Washington. Regions survive and flourish, but increasingly in the character of a mere administrative convenience to the federal government, a means of breaking down the total lump to be distributed.

Many factors operating over many generations have been pushing the country in this direction. If, however, we are now prepared to acknowledge that the redefinition of regionalism has been desirable as well as inexorable, a consummation to be deliberately hastened in our own time, one of the principal factors has been the current anxiety about the distribution of science. In the end, the distribution of science is the distribution of scientists, and in a free society they will not distribute themselves evenly over the country if the country is unevenly attractive. By the same token, no region in pursuit of scientific facilities can afford to displease them. Yet the scientific and technical classes are radically antiprovincial and devastatingly implacable in demanding an end to social strife and social anachronisms as disturbing elements in their own environment. Wherever they

go, they seal the doom of regional idiosyncrasies.

This is part of the logic that is painfully liquidating the peculiarities of the South, the great American exception and the one surviving pocket of the old regionalism. The state of Alabama has been publicly warned by an official of NASA that the big rocket and space-research installations at Huntsville could be lost if Alabama does not provide a congenial society for scientific and technical personnel to raise their families in. Threats of this kind, either express or tacit, put a price tag on Wallacism. The price is too high. The South is discovering the paradox that a region must surrender its distinctive identity to reap the benefits of the new regionalism.

IN THE context of civil rights, most Americans would feel that the old regionalism was well lost as a refuge for social inequities. The more difficult question remains of the impact of regional equalization upon the quality of American intellectual life. One thing is certain. The catchword of this generation of Americans, in and out of Washington, is "excellence." There is little reason to think that the politicians, and still less the President, are out to induce the reign of mediocrity. The "second 20" universities are supposed to be raised to the level of the first twenty, rather than the latter reduced to the present condition of the second group. The leveling is to be upward.

Yet grave perils remain. All these revolve about the problem of "critical mass" in graduate education. The great danger in all other forms of instruction is that classes will be too large. The problem in graduate training is that the number of students in any given field may be too small to create the shared excitement and mutual criticism by which graduate students educate one another fully as much as the professors educate them. For this purpose, the relevant definition of "field" is not chemistry or physics but inorganic chemistry or solid state physics. Two doctoral candidates in solid state physics in each of four universities do not equal six candidates in a single university. Even if the sheer numbers materialized to enable all universities to achieve critical mass in all major fields, the question would still remain whether there were enough truly "excellent" people in the same field at any one place to keep each other up to snuff, or whether they would be fatally dispersed among forty universities and seldom attain critical mass among themselves.

Another aspect of the same problem is that the

whole strategy of leveling upward presupposes the invulnerable excellence of the first twenty universities. It is virtually certain, however, that by any conceivable specification of the first twenty, some of these are operating on an insufficient margin of excellence and glamour to sustain the new, artificially stimulated competition of the second twenty. They might find the first twenty contracting to ten and the rest plummeting into the second category. Even if the average level of the second group did rise, that might still entail a net loss in excellence.

Whatever consequences one may envision, is there anything to stop the Johnsonian Revolution? Probably not. Any favored regions or entrenched academic powers would find themselves in an inherently false position if they tried to resist the logic of regional and institutional equalization. They would inevitably appear to be cloaking their selfish interests with a specious concern for the general good.

One practical factor may still operate as a check upon the Johnsonian Revolution: the tendency of private industry to concentrate on a few already supreme localities. If electronic firms think that Route 128 around Boston is an ideal place to locate because Harvard and M.I.T. are in the offing, the buildup of other universities in other regions by federal policy will not necessarily produce the full economic benefits intended for the surrounding communities. Yet here too the government is in a position to apply substantial pressures. Scientifically oriented industry is dependent in considerable degree upon government contracts. Firms that pile up too densely in regions that the government regards as already receiving a "fair share" might find themselves silently passed over in favor of others that spread themselves out in keeping with the new politics. Nevertheless, the preferences of private industry will probably remain the greatest single brake upon regional equalization. It does not follow that this or any other brake will keep the motor from accelerating in that direction.

Even the endeavor to move in that direction as a primary national purpose is enough to constitute a new epoch in American history. The President undoubtedly hopes to achieve a definitive continentalizing of science and high culture with no sacrifice of quality. If he can make quality and equality march together in this fashion, he will have brought off one of the greatest and most beneficent revolutions in American history. It is a big if. The prospects of excellence in American life are riding on the outcome.

Behind the Magnolia Curtain

A Yankee in Mississippi

by Richard Boeth

Born in England thirty-two years ago of a British mother and American father, Mr. Boeth grew up in New York, studied at Andover Academy and Princeton, and entered journalism, first as a reporter for TIME, later as a free-lance writer and as TV critic and a book reviewer for NEWSWEEK. In the spring of 1964 he went to Mississippi to write, and experienced the sensations recounted here.

PSYCHIATRY has been notoriously, if wisely, averse to providing precise definitions of the various categories of mental illness, but I think I can give an exact description of a schizophrenic. A schizophrenic is a certain kind of New Yorker — a liberal Democrat, an Ivy Leaguer, a bookworm, an atheist, and a warm supporter of civil rights — who goes to live in a tiny Mississippi town called Rosedale in the Year One of Our COFO, having sometime previously married into the oldest and most powerful family in the town. I used to know the guy very well, and I still see him now and then. His name is Richard Boeth.

It was just over fifteen months ago that my wife and I, with the tacit consent of our year-old son, began this madness. We had both been working for some time for newsmagazines, she for *Time*, I for *Newsweek* — which led to a certain mendacity at the breakfast table — and we concluded that perhaps we might disappear for a while to find out if I was a Writer or only office help. Where to go? One friend, with a house to sell in northern Vermont, suggested northern Vermont; another,

who had successfully completed an unsuccessful novel on a mountaintop in Guatemala, extolled Guatemalan mountaintops. Sissy, my wife, remembered the three empty bedrooms in her grandmother's huge old house in Rosedale. "And you won't have to worry about your friends distracting you," she said persuasively. "You won't have any."

And thus, on May Day, 1964, I began my career as the village freak. The town and I were not entirely strangers to each other. On several previous visits in the five years of our marriage, I had perched on a multitude of rosewood settees and bellowed rudely about Mississippi's racial idiocies. This alone, or a combination of any two of my other alien qualities, would ordinarily have been enough for the cops to escort me to the county limits. But there was this business of family. The antediluvian Speaker of the Mississippi House lives in Rosedale, and when Sissy passes him on the street, she says, "Hello, Cousin Walter." Her father, who lives twenty miles away in Cleveland, is a judge on Mississippi's second highest court; her late mother had a highway and a junior high school named after her; and her grandmother, a laughing, tinkling eighty-eight-year-old marvel known to all as Miss Fanny, is quite simply the best-loved woman in the county. I may have been poison, and Sissy at least suspect, but we were in no immediate danger of being shot.

Nor did we wish to provoke a shooting. We knew that there was no avoiding the racial issue (as the late Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas once remarked, "Those people in Mississippi don't wanna talk about anything but niggers"), but we hoped to keep it tamped down to a kind of wary banter, as between trustees and prison guards. I nurtured a second hope, which I don't think my wife shared.

I hoped that after I had lived here a few months the citizens would at least spare me the Con. The Con is a litany of lies that all Mississippians intone automatically to all Yankees, its main themes being that the Negroes are given every educational, legal, voting, and job opportunity on an equal basis, and that anyone who says different is a Commie or a Northern journalist or both. If you start waving evidence at them, they say, with a reassuring seasick smile, "But you just can't understand the nigra unless you've *lived* with him like we have." Well, by God, now I was going to live with him like they have, and I presumed to imagine that after a while, as they saw that I was there and I *knew*, they would cut out the nonsense.

On these two hopes rested our prospects of peaceful coexistence in Mississippi. The first crashed in two days; the second took somewhat longer. On our first Saturday night, we were invited to a party at which the conversation eventually turned to the position of the churches in the face of the coming "invasion." (From the vocabulary used by the whites all summer, you would have thought that Mississippi was being visited by Grant's Army of the West instead of five hundred scruffy, unarmed, not overly gifted college kids. The blame for provoking the hysteria goes to the state's politicians and newspapers, with an assist to NAACP leader Aaron Henry, who promised in a speech that there would be ten thousand COFO workers in the state. This is the most transparently ridiculous statement Henry ever made, but the only one that the racist Jackson *Daily News* ever pretended to believe.) The Episcopalians and the Baptists had already made up their minds about what to do if a Negro appeared at a service — okay and nokay, respectively — but the Methodists and Presbyterians were in a tizzy of indecision. Finally, a pillar of the local Methodist church — a large middle-aged lady with a vast ignorance of Methodist church law and a most un-Wesleyan snootful — reared back and declaimed: "If God had meant me to sit in the same pew with my cook, He would have made us the same color." That did it. Sissy hit her high, and I hit her low, and our first resolution died a noisy death on the living room rug.

THERE is a danger here that I might seem to be presenting myself as some worthy champion of civil rights. The truth is that a Negro friend in New York called me the worst kind of comfortable, ineffective parlor liberal, and I suspect he was right. He said further that he preferred to talk to a red-neck seg, with whom the battle lines were at least clearly defined. But this preference for clean

battle lines works from the other end too. If I had been an anonymous field worker for COFO, the doyens of Rosedale would never have known of my existence. (The cops would have, but they do a good job of protecting the citizens from unsettling information.) But there I was, driving Miss Fanny around town, doing the Charleston at the country club, teaching tennis to their kids, and entertaining the state regent of the D.A.R. and the founder of the Women for Constitutional Government at cocktails every once in a while. To cap matters, Sissy and I, in a moment when G. J. Mendel was dozing, had spawned an extremely beautiful child, and in a town full of widows you can ask for no greater asset.

I thought, in short, that I was softening up the citizens, and they thought they were softening me up, at least to the point where a dialogue becomes possible. Certainly if such a dialogue were possible in rural Mississippi, it would require some such bizarre circumstances as mine, and few Yankees have ever found themselves in them — not the civil rights worker, not the reporter on the wing, not the manufacturer's agent looking for a plant site. If this saga of anger, frustration, and dark hilarity has any significance, it is that the better Rosedale and I got to know each other, the less we had to say to each other. This expands into a hypothesis: the better any liberal gets to know Mississippi, the less Mississippi likes him. Editors such as Ralph McGill and Hodding Carter II and III, and journalists such as William Bradford Huie — knowledgeable Southerners all — are reviled here to an extent that innocent babes like Murray Kempton would no doubt envy.

Not that there were very many who read *anything* from outside the state except the *Reader's Digest* and (with increasing dyspepsia) the *Saturday Evening Post*. The Carters' *Delta Democrat-Times*, one of the few reasonable voices in the wilderness, is published forty miles from Rosedale, but it is neither delivered in the town nor sold on the newsstand. Nobody will buy it. Instead, the pussy-footing *Commercial-Appeal* is imported from Memphis, one hundred miles to the north, and the vulgar, incompetent *Daily News* from Jackson, one hundred miles to the southeast. Rosedale fed on the *Daily News*, and the *Daily News* fed on the likes of Rosedale, until there was nothing too gross for the paper to print or its readers to swallow. The full extent of the paper's culpability, and that of its sister, the *Clarion-Ledger*, for the state's racial and legal chaos will be documented soon enough in somebody's Ph.D. thesis. For now, it's enough to say that as the FBI and the Navy were combing Neshoba County for the bodies of the three murdered COFO workers, the *Daily News* was printing pigsty wisecracks almost every day implying that

the missing boys were undoubtedly laughing it up in New York, Miami, or Havana. Rosedale echoed the laughter.

I continue to brood about this more than about any of the wide variety of other depressing aspects of Mississippi society. The citizens have stopped reading because they wanted to stop reading, not because they don't know how to read. Rosedale is a wealthy town by Mississippi standards, with a rather elegant white residential community tucked in beside the levee and the richest cotton and rice farms in the state stretching away to the north, east, and south. Almost everyone I know there has a college degree of one sort or another (although rarely from out of state) and regards himself as clearly a more rational and sensible person than his unlettered cousin in the piney woods. Rosedale's scorn of the red-neck is as great as that of any Northern editorial writer, and several people in Rosedale told me at the beginning of the summer that they were far more worried about red-necks getting out of hand than COFO workers or Negroes. "Hell," said one, "we can handle them kids and the niggers too, don't care how many there is. But I'm scared that they gonna start gettin' ideas down at the domino parlor that they wanna put a few notches on their rifles."

This sounded promising. The nice folks were pledged, however informally, to keeping the thugs in line, and the sheriff's office shared this goal, at least to the extent that there were no public fights, beatings, or hosings in Bolivar County all summer long. But it took only the disappearance of the three COFO kids, with the attendant national publicity, for the nice folks to close ranks ideologically with the red-necks and take off on a paranoid binge. Right after the COFO murders, for example, the FBI released its yearly crime figures, which seemed to show that Mississippi had the lowest crime rate in the country, lower by half than the second-best state. Mississippi newspapers chortled, and the citizens went back with renewed faith to their claims that brutality and injustice in the state were only "isolated incidents." One day I mentioned to a friend that those crime statistics were a bit suspect, since half of the state's eighty-two counties — including 78 percent of the rural counties — hadn't sent in any statistics at all.

"Where did you read that?" she said.

"*Time*."

"Yeah," she said, turning away, "I figured."

And off she marched, with her vision of crimeless Mississippi intact. Now, *Time* is as capable as any publication of bending a straightforward factual bagel into an interpretive pretzel, but it doesn't play skip-to-my-Lou with simple FBI statistics. I had hoped my friend would see this; it was one of many disappointments. Of course, before leaving New

York we *had* signed on as *Time* stringers, an arrangement that would let us take a look now and then at what was going on elsewhere around the state. I suppose it was natural that some of the citizens thought we had traveled a thousand miles just to libel them.

IT SEEMS, from this vantage point, to have been a time of some innocence. Terror and hysteria were in the air, to be sure, but I assumed that they would yield to knowledge and reason, and I proceeded very airily indeed. In May of 1964, Sissy and I drove to Jackson to cover a story for *Time* concerning the arrival of two representatives of the National Council of Churches. In the black night on a black road south of Yazoo City, we came on a Negro boy and girl standing beside a stalled car. I passed them by and went on for a quarter of a mile; then Sissy and I exchanged meaningful glances, and I turned back. Their car was kaput, so I offered them a lift to Jackson. Then we discovered that our car wouldn't start either, and I had to poke my lily-white face out into the occasional traffic and cadge a push before we could continue. The Negro kids sat in stark silence all the way to Jackson while I made jokes and small talk. I would pick them up again today, I hope, but I wouldn't joke much, and I'd be sure the kids were on the floor whenever we went through a town.

At the Jackson airport, where the press conference was held, an elderly man in white linen suit and black string tie called me a white nigger, and I thought of how envious Norman Mailer would be. Then this same old-school gentleman launched into a florid denunciation of the "nigger-Jew-Oriental conspiracy," a triumvirate that was new to me. With many hearty chuckles, I related the story later in the day to an aunt of Sissy's who lives in Jackson. She paused thoughtfully. "I hadn't heard about the Orientals," she said, "but I'm told it's true about the Jews and niggers."

It was along in here that I began to sense that rapport, if not communication, between me and Mississippi still lay concealed just over the horizon. Very well, then, these people did not consider any aspect of segregation amusing under any circumstances, and I would approach the subject with calm, judicious solemnity. I admit to occasional failure to keep a straight face, as when word came in that Martin Luther King had won the Nobel Peace Prize. Most of the time, though, I *tried* to take the townspeople seriously, to adopt their own premises, even, and follow them through to some sort of consistent conclusion, if only to find out just what they are so terrified of. This is the biggest mystery in the Deep South, and I am not much

closer to an answer now than when I got here. Let me accept, for example, the Southerner's argument that segregation is engraved in the very bones of the whites and that no amount of legislation or legal decrees is going to change it. Fine, I buy that. Then in the next sentence he's telling me that if his daughter is forced to go to school with Negroes, she's going to be copulating with them in the school yard and mongrelizing the race. Well, you can't have it both ways — Southern womanhood is either determined to remain separate from the Negro or determined to go to bed with him at the first opportunity — and Mississippians would clear the air quite a bit if they could make up their minds which is true.

The amount of fantasy indulged in is astonishing. One bright, alert young mother of two put it to me this way: "I'm not worried right off about my daughter sleeping with a colored boy — less than I am about her sleeping with a white boy. But tell me this. If white and colored go to school together, and play there together, what's to prevent my daughter from saying one day, 'Mom, I made this new friend at school, and she's colored, and I'm bringing her home to lunch.' Well I won't *have* it, but what do I say to my child when she asks me?"

You say glory hallelujah, friend, if you have any sense, but the sad, obvious, and wholly uncomprehended truth is that the problem won't exist, and Rosedale ought to know this better than most towns. In Rosedale, segregation rages even among the whites; there is the nice part of town, and there is something called the Pasture, where the poor whites live in squalor and poverty no different from the blacks'. The Pasture kids go to school with the nice kids, and play there with them, but they *never* get invited home to lunch. It is not clear outside Mississippi how you break down the barriers of snobbery by adding the curse of a black skin to the curse of poverty, but here it is argued that the social miracle will somehow take place automatically.

A major part of the chaos in the state is caused by the white Mississippian's failure to believe even what he claims to believe. Let me ignore the hypocrisy of his Christianity and stay with socio-legal matters. The whites here claim that the Mississippi Negro is an inferior human being; on this the whites are right. For seventy-five years, every Negro with two ounces of education, brains, and ambition has got the hell out of the state as soon as he could raise bus fare. The resulting downbreeding, along with poverty, filthy living conditions, twelfth-rate schools, and the boot on the throat, has made the Mississippi Negroes, by whatever standard you want to judge them, the sorriest single group of people in the nation. It is a genetic puzzlement that so many bright Negro

kids are born in each generation, but of course they get out too. The COFO volunteers found out last summer that education here is not simply a matter of opening a volume of Bertrand Russell and watching the parched minds bloom. The whole process of educating the Negro here is, in the words of SNCC's Robert Moses, "so slow, so slow," and one must begin from scratch or a little behind scratch.

Okay then, white folks, you're superior. Agreed and agreed. But why in the name of all you believe in are you afraid to give the Negro a fair voting test? Make it as tough as you like, but administer it equally. Why not? "Because they'd just take over." But they *can't* take over, not in any fair contest with the whites, because they're not only outnumbered (57 percent to 43 percent) but inferior. Why do you have to lie and cheat, neighbors, when the house odds are already stacked overwhelmingly in your favor? What is it that scares you, neighbors?

At first I ran up against the bland denial that there was any discrimination in voter registration, but that myth, which some people seemed really to believe, has been exploded in the past year. One red-letter day came when my father-in-law reported that three whites in a single group of veniremen, registered voters all, had confessed they couldn't read or write. Others came as various idiot cops around the state began banging heads together when the Negroes appeared at the courthouse. The whites now prefer not to discuss voter discrimination at all, and if the subject comes up, they dismiss it as a cliché, as last year's movie, as a simple harassment. A few months ago a young mother asked me patiently, "Just tell me why you're all picking on Mississippi."

I decided to keep it simple. "Because for seventy-five years you have systematically robbed the Negro of his right to vote."

"Oh, that again!" she said, as if repetition had made the matter unworthy of any further consideration.

The white's sense of superiority falters again when you ask him serious questions about school integration. The segs argue that integration will mean the wholesale degradation of the school system, because the Negro is so far behind hereditarily and environmentally. Once again, friends, let us agree. But it would certainly be no startling educational innovation to run a fast section and a slow section in each grade. According to everything that Mississippi holds holy, the Negroes would by their very nature populate the slow section, and the whites the fast. Right? Well, not quite. You see, there's my nephew Johnny who was a breech birth, and the doctor was very clumsy with the forceps, and Johnny has trouble tying his shoelaces. He's really a lot smarter than any nigger, you see, but he has trouble

showing it, and if he got put in a slow section with the niggers, we'd have to leave town, the shame of it all. All right-thinking Mississippians would rather destroy education entirely than go through that kind of humiliation.

This cringing self-doubt shows itself most clearly when the neighbors start talking about intermarriage. The Negro, let us not forget, is backward, childlike, dirty, and diseased, but the neighbors are worried about their daughters marrying him. I find this puzzling. I have a bright, charming little cutie of a daughter, named Jennifer, aged eleven, and I spend almost no time brooding about the possibility of her marrying anybody, of any race, who is backward, childlike, dirty, and diseased. I have quite enough confidence in my own superiority and in hers. I would like to share this confidence with the local folk, but they will have none of it. Sometimes I reach the point where I think that the first step toward racial justice in this state is for the whites really to start believing their slogans about the Negro, and to act upon them with absolute rigor. What *are* you afraid of, neighbors?

DOUBT became paranoia when the COFO kids hit the state, even though they never got within twenty miles of Rosedale. (A few Negroes from other Mississippi towns came in to recruit fellow Negroes, but the cops quietly threw them out. And two volunteer beards appeared on Rosedale's main street one hot August afternoon, causing a sensation.) I noticed that my neighbors' resentment increased geometrically as it became apparent that the volunteers were going to make nonviolence stick and that the Negroes were not going to rise in armed rebellion. The whites were desperately eager for someone to start fighting back, but through the long devastating summer the whites managed to earn credit for every bombing, every knifing, every clubbing, every murder. Not one seg hair on one seg's head was so much as mussed by anybody connected with the Movement, and the neighbors were beside themselves with rage.

In addition to the frustration of being swamped in nonviolence, the whites were also discovering that they had been played for fools. Whatever else may have been Con, the neighbors were genuinely convinced that they knew the Mississippi Negro, his thought patterns and aspirations. Maybe they did, once upon a time; I just don't know. But they are almost totally in the dark today. Except for a few men whose farms are so large that they can still carry a few Negro tenants, no Mississippian has any meaningful contact with *any* Negro other than the cook-nurse. The whites' whole estimation of the Negro's drive in this state was de-

rived, in thousands of homes, from the lady of the house asking, "Lulubelle, tell me honestly, do you want this integration of the races?" And Lulubelle ducked her head and said dutifully, "Tell you the truth, Miss Linda, ah don't want nothin' to do with it. Ah happy as ah is. Seems to me all these people doin' is stirrin' up trouble for everbody." And the lady of the house nodded smugly, and believed it, and between hands at the bridge club discovered that everybody else's cook had said the same thing.

When the truth began to come out, the shock was so great that the whites were left with nothing but a few irrelevant slogans, which they now began to repeat with the shrill insistence of the played-out sucker. I believe the shock was real. That is, if the whites had known all along that the Negro was waiting eagerly for the vote, for school integration, for the forms of social equality, they wouldn't have reacted with the kind of hysteria they showed last summer. They would have resisted, grimly and no doubt brutally, but that threnody of betrayal wouldn't have floated over the land.

As it was, the whites had to find some excuse for their gross misestimation of the Negro, and the scraggly bunch of five hundred COFO kids was the only thing in sight. It is comical really, this vision of a few hundred untutored youths overturning the cherished Mississippi Way of Life, but it was the only out the neighbors had, and they weren't laughing. Instead, they invented the meaningless but loaded epithet of "outside agitator" and ascribed to him a power at once diabolic and inexplicable. They couldn't get it down their craw that their niggers — *their* niggers! — were being led off to the courthouse by a ragtag band of teenagers. Their rage took some curious forms. I remember on several occasions being given a harangue on propriety that went like this: "Those outside agitators are just a disgrace. Why, they don't even dress or smell as good as the nigras they're supposed to be helping. Just look at them. How are you gonna raise a man up when you look worse than he does?"

"You mean you're angry because COFO isn't as effective as it might be?"

"It's a disgrace, that's all. My cook told me she wouldn't have one of them beatniks in her house for ten seconds."

EARLY in the fall we solidified our position in Rosedale by bringing a beatnik home for the weekend. He was an eighteen-year-old friend, a graduate of Andover and a student at Berkeley, who had spent the summer working at COFO headquarters in Jackson. Tommy was not only clean-shaven and well mannered, but he also wore a sport coat

made of excellent tweed. We threw a party for him. The neighbors said that he was certainly a fine boy, and wasn't it a disgrace about all those beatniks coming in here? Nobody in Rosedale — and very few whites in Mississippi, from what I gathered — ever came to understand anything about the COFO workers' motives (which were for the most part above reproach), their power (which was extremely diffuse), or their tactics. The neighbors denounced the workers incessantly as "just a bunch of publicity seekers" without realizing the deadly truth of the accusation. It was like an eighteenth-century colonial general scornfully dismissing Indian guerrilla tactics as "so many savages fighting from the trees," his very scorn blinding him to the fact that the Indians were winning all the battles. Publicity was COFO's single largest goal in the Mississippi project, and the segs, cursing and crying defiance, fell all over themselves helping COFO to attain that goal. The workers cared sincerely about education and about voter registration, but both these objectives could be (and were) attained a great deal more speedily if the segs would only behave according to stereotype. And the segs did, saying with exquisitely unwitting irony, "You gotta admit that these kids came in here just looking for trouble."

By the end of the summer, despite the continuance of outward pleasantries between us and the town, the bloom had left the magnolia. One can live with one's neighbor's prejudices, but one cannot live with his stupidity. The issue in Mississippi is presented, to gullible citizens as well as gullible outlanders, as being one of preserving a cherished Southern way of life, even if it means defiance of federal courts, national laws, and a bleeding-heart liberal press. But in not one case, not one incident, in the past decade has Mississippi done, or, through its public figures, said, anything that didn't help to destroy what it was trying to preserve. They abandoned their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to keep the nigger in line — and failed ignominiously. You don't very often come across a society that dumb.

The election campaign in the fall was a time of desperation for the neighbors and much jollity for me, since LBJ was a shoo-in. I had to send away to New York for an LBJ sticker for the car, as there were none to be had in Bolivar County. Our political radicalism was treated gently. Sissy was at a tea one morning at which one of the ladies said firmly, "You know, I don't know a *single* person who's going to vote for Johnson."

Sissy said, "I am."

"Oh, but you're voting in New York," said the lady with a sigh of relief.

Another time, another lady came by to collect dues from Miss Fanny for the Women for Consti-

tutional Government, founded by Rosedale's own Florence Ogden (a cousin, naturally). The collector explained that each of ten volunteers had been given a list of names to canvass. Suddenly she stopped and looked sheepishly at Sissy. "I'm sorry, dear," she said, "but you're not on anyone's list."

On election night we did the only decent thing: we went over to Cleveland to watch the returns with a couple of Democrats we knew there. When the neighbors take a pasting like that, it is best not to sit at their side and gloat.

There was even some comedy attached to my reporting for *Time*. I journeyed to Philadelphia, Mississippi, when Sheriff Rainey and the others were arrested, and spent a miserable three days. The town was tense, the hotel unspeakable, and I went sleepless for two nights without being able to find out much more than that "Sheriff Rainey is really a very kindly man." The whole venture was god-awful from every possible point of view. In the Rosedale paper the following week, sandwiched in the social notes between news of shopping trips to Memphis, returning vacationers, and a tea for somebody's engaged daughter, was the indomitable item: "Mr. Dick Boeth spent a couple of days last week in Philadelphia, Miss."

Mostly, our function was to supply the town with juicy rumors. As Mississippians are too polite to put a direct question, the ladies never came to us directly with them but simply debated their probable truth or falsity among themselves. One of my favorite rumors had us on the federal payroll, assigned to integrate Rosedale. Another had Sissy addressing a COFO rally on the very night that a dozen of the town's leading citizens were getting pleasantly smashed with us at our farewell party. (We observed all the amenities.) The sad part was that the intelligence came from the aunt of a woman who had been one of the last to leave the party; our guest told her aunt that she couldn't remember which night the party had been on.

At times I was called on to witness the fair-mindedness of all, as when a matron cried one day, "Dick, you've been vindicated!"

"Of what?"

"Of trying to integrate the café."

"What?"

"Yes. They were saying yesterday at my bridge club that you had led three nigras into the café. Well, one of the ladies — I won't tell you who — said, 'I don't know about that, but I've been hearing so much about Dick Boeth that I decided to ask the police. I went up to Mr. Baker and said, "Mr. Baker, you know everything that goes on in this town. Is Dick Boeth spending his nights down there stirrin' up the nigras?"' And Mr. Baker said, "I don't know where Dick Boeth spends his nights, ma'am. I assume he spends them at home. But I

can assure you we have the nigras under surveillance, and Dick Boeth isn't with them." ' So you see, you're cleared!"

One must fight at such moments to hold back the tears. Our contact with the local Negroes was, like everyone else's, limited almost exclusively to those who worked for us. We paid wages rather higher than the going rate of fifteen dollars for a six-day week, and got along amiably with one and all, but my few ventures into active uplift were ludicrous. One girl who had baby-sat for us told us that she was going to get married, but hoped to finish school without getting pregnant. I told her I'd do my part by getting her a diaphragm for a wedding present. The local doctor refused, however, to fit her for one, and only after some bullying by me explained that the state of Mississippi has a free birth-control program using the Pill. I sent the bride-to-be scurrying off for a signed slip from the doctor. I then ran into a couple of shocks. One was that not one of the neighbors, for all their bitching about the nigger birthrate and the burden of relief payments, had even heard of the contraception program, much less tried to educate the Negroes to it. The second, perhaps inevitably, came four weeks later when I found the authorization for pills jammed in a corner of the baby buggy, unused and forgotten.

I wasn't any help to COFO either, although I think I could have been. Sissy's father, for all his traditionalism, has a happy habit of regarding the law as the law, even to the extent of abiding by the rulings of the U.S. Supreme Court. And I, for my part, carried with me the threat of national publicity. With both factors working, I have a certain leverage, if no real power, and I gave COFO my number to call if ever one of their kids got himself in a jam here. To be sure, the cops have played it extremely gently in this county, at least by Mississippi standards. The kids are subject to constant harassment—they are tailed everywhere, their phones may be tapped, they suspect their mail is being opened—but they have not been given the ultradeluxe Mississippi treatment. I did find out, after the fact, about a quaint custom of picking up COFO workers for spurious traffic offenses and trying and sentencing them in one telephone call to the local justice of the peace. I called the county attorney about it. He expressed surprise and mortification, and promised to call me back. Two months later I saw him at a Little Theater performance, and he shuffled his feet and looked at the ground and said the practice was only a matter of "isolated incidents."

None of the workers has ever called me, and it is easy enough to understand why. Unless he's in danger of a bad beating, a COFO worker

does more for the Movement, and more for his own reputation within the Movement, by going to jail on a phony charge than by pulling influence to stay out. On one occasion, though, my invisible protective shield was of real help. I was driving a Negro girl, a COFO worker, to the town of Mound Bayou, where her sister, also a COFO worker, was in the hospital trying to find out the cause of the severe headaches that had been coming on her ever since she got hit with a policeman's billy last summer. We hadn't been on the highway two minutes when a cop hit my tail and hung there like a white banner. He stayed there for two miles, babbling intently into his radio, before he zoomed his car around mine and sped off down the road. Poor officer! I mean, when you've got a couple of race-mixing outside agitators right under the gun, so to speak, and you radio headquarters for a check on the license plates, and you find out that the car belongs to the presiding judge of Mississippi's Eleventh District, it can befoul your whole afternoon.

I also rather enjoyed leading a gang of Rosedale children, plus their Negro nurses, plus my own two older children visiting from New York, in a march down the main street of Rosedale, all of us singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." I hadn't intended anything subversive. The children wanted a parade, and had made some paper hats and American flags. As we trooped toward the drugstore to forage for Cokes, it became apparent to me that we needed a marching song. My singing voice is uncertain at best and unbearable at worst, and I knew that I could never manage the complexities of "Dixie." So I broke into "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the children joined in, and traffic stopped for blocks around. Rosedale may never see its like again.

I hold to the hypothesis that it is possible for a writer to work anywhere, but I wasn't proving it in Rosedale. Two months ago my family and I left Rosedale and moved twenty miles east to Cleveland, a town of some 10,000 population versus Rosedale's 2300. The difference would not seem to be great, but in a town the size of Rosedale you can't walk to the post office without meeting three people you know, and in Cleveland you are permitted a certain sense of privacy and anonymity. An illusory sense of privacy and anonymity, of course. Our best friend here owns a clothing store. Two weeks after we moved to town, his salesgirls requested an audience with him, at which they solemnly told him that he was endangering business, home, and reputation by being seen with us. I keep thinking back to Sissy's reassurance that I wouldn't have to worry about friends distracting me, because I wouldn't have any. Quite right, my dear, but with enemies like these, who needs friends.

The Burning

An Atlantic "First" by Jack Cady

Jack Cady is a truck gypsy now operating his own rig out of Louisville, Kentucky. He tells us that he hauls his loads to earn enough money to have time for his writing, and if this story is a fair promise, we think he is going places. "I'm a little wacked on safety," he writes. "I've seen enough dead people. . . ."

SUNLIGHT gleamed as Singleton and I walked down the hill to the charred wreckage of what had been a truck. Gates was dead, and the breeze lifted sooty material that mixed with the valley smells of weeds, flowers, and diesel stink. Manny was in jail. Nothing more could be done for Gates, but now Manny was sitting in his own fire, burning because he was kind, because he was gentle.

Traffic was moving as usual on the long slopes; only an occasional car slowed, its occupants looking over the scene of last night's fire. The truck drivers would know all about the trouble, and they did not want to see. Besides, there was a hill to climb on either side of the valley. They could not afford to lose speed. I knew that by now the word of the burning had spread at least a hundred miles. As far as Lexington, drivers would be leaning against counters listening, with wildness spreading in them. Singleton and I had not slept through the long night. We revisited the scene because we felt it was the final thing we could do for both men.

Close up the sunlight played on bright runs of metal where someone had pulled the cab apart hoping to recover enough of Gates's remains for burial. An oil fire, when the oil is pouring on a man, doesn't leave much. Only the frame and

other heavy structural members of the truck remained.

"If he had only been knocked out or killed before the fire got to him. . . ." We were both thinking the words. Either might have said them.

"His company's sending an investigator," Singleton told me. "But since we're here, let's go over it. They'll be sure to ask."

"Are you going to pull?"

"No." He shook his head and ran his hand across his face. "No. Next week maybe or the week after. I'm not steady. I called for three drivers. That's one for your rig too."

"Thanks. I've got vacation coming. I'm taking it."

The road surface along the wreck was blackened, and the asphalt waved and sagged. It was a bad spot. The state should have put up signs. Forty-seven feet of power and payload; now it seemed little there in the ditch, its unimportance turning my stomach. I wanted to retch. I felt lonely and useless.

We walked to the far hill to look at the tire marks. Narrow little lines which swung wide across the other lane and then back in, suddenly breaking and spinning up the roadway. Heavy black lines were laid beside them where the driver of the car being passed had ridden his brakes and then gone on up the hill. Coming down were the marks Gates made, and they showed that he had done

what a trucker is supposed to do. He had avoided at all costs. The marks ran off the road.

I never knew him. Manny, tall, sandy-haired, and laughing, was my good friend, but I did not know Gates. I did not know until later that Singleton knew him.

WE HAD picked Gates up twenty miles back on the narrow two-lane that ran through the Kentucky hills. We rode behind him figuring to pass when he got a chance to let us around. It was early, around 3 A.M., but there was still heavy vacation-season traffic. Manny was out front behind Gates. My rig was second behind him, and Singleton was behind me. Our three freights were grossing less than fifty thousand so we could go.

Gates's tanker must have scaled at around sixty thousand. Even with that weight you can usually go, but his gas-powered tractor was too light.

It slowed us to be laying back, but there was no reason to dog it. He was making the best time he could. He topped the hill by June's Stop and ran fast after he crested on the long slope down. He had Manny by maybe two hundred yards because Manny had signaled into June's.

When he signaled I checked my mirrors. Singleton kept pulling so I kept pulling. When he saw us coming on, Manny canceled the signal and went over the top behind Gates. It allowed enough of a lag for Gates to get out front, and it kept Manny from being killed.

We took the hill fast. You have to climb out the other side. I was a quarter mile back, running at forty-five and gaining speed, when I saw the headlights of the little car swing into the lane ahead of Gates's tanker. The driver had incorrectly estimated the truck's speed or the car's passing power.

It was quick and not bad at first. The tanker went into the ditch. The car cut back in, broke traction, and spun directly up the roadway. It came to a stop next to Manny's rig, almost brushing against his drive axle and not even bending sheet metal, a fluke. The car it had passed went onto the shoulder and recovered. The driver took it on up the hill to get away from the wreck and involvement.

Manny was closer. He had perhaps a second more to anticipate the wreck. He had stopped quicker than I believed possible. It was about a minute before the fire started. I was running with my extinguisher when I saw it, and knew I would be too late.

"I wish he'd exploded," Singleton said. He kicked up dust along the roadway. He was too old for this, and he was beat-out and shaken. The calmness of resignation was trying to take him, and I hoped it would. I wondered to myself if those clear

eyes that had looked down a million and a half miles of road had ever looked at anything like this.

"Exploded? Yes, either that or got out."

"He was hurt. I think he was hurt bad." He looked at me almost helplessly. "No sense wishing; let's go back up."

After the wreck Singleton had backed his rig over the narrow two-lane, following the gradual bend of the road in the dark. He had taken the two girls from the small car into his cab.

I had stayed a little longer until Gates's burning got really bad. Then I brought the little car in, feeling the way I feel in any car: naked, unprotected, and nearly blind. I was shaking from weakness. The road was blocked above. There was no oncoming beyond the pot flares. The cop with the flashlight had arrived ten or fifteen minutes after the wreck. Behind me the fire rose against the summer blackness and blanketed the valley with the acrid smell of number-two diesel. Because of the distance, Manny's rig seemed almost in the middle of the fire and silhouetted against the burning, though I knew he had stopped nearly fifty yards up the roadway. My own rig was pulled in behind him; its markers stood pale beside the bigger glow. As I was about to go past the cop, he waved me over.

"Where you taking it?"

"Just to the top," I told him. "The girls were pretty shaken up. Don't worry, they won't go anywhere."

"Think they need an ambulance?" He paused, uncertain. "Christ," he said. "Will that other cruiser ever get here?"

"What about Manny?" I asked.

"In there." He nodded to where Manny sat in the cruiser. The lights were out inside. He could not be seen. "I'll take a statement at the top. You'll see him at the top."

I wanted to call to Manny, but there was nothing I could do. I took the car on to June's Stop. Rigs were starting to pile in, even stacking up along the roadway. Cars were parked around and between them, blacked out and gleaming small and dull in the lights from the truck markers. Most of the guys had cut their engines. It would be a long wait.

Singleton's truck was down by the restaurant. Inside around the counter, which formed a kind of box, drivers were sitting and talking. A few were standing around. They were excited and walked back and forth. I wanted coffee, needed it, but I could not go in. At least not then. A driver came up behind me.

"You Wakefield?" he asked. He meant did I drive for Wakefield. My name is Arnold.

I told him yes.

"Your buddy took the girls to Number Twelve. He said to come."

"As if we didn't have enough trouble. . ."

"He's got the door open." The guy grinned. He was short with a light build and was in too good a mood. I disliked him right away. "Listen," he said. "They say there's going to be a shakedown."

"Who says?"

"Who knows? That's just the word. If you left anything back there, you'd better get it out. Check it with June."

He meant guns and pills. A lot of companies require them in spite of the law. A lot of guys carry them on their own, the guns I mean. Pills are Benzedrine, Bennies, or a stronger kind called foot-balls. Only drivers who don't know any better use them to stay awake or get high on.

"I've got it right here," I told him, and patted my side pocket. "I'll hang onto it myself."

"Your funeral," he said, grinning. He gave me a sick feeling. He was a guy with nose trouble, one who spreads his manure up and down the road, a show-off to impress waitresses. "Thanks," I said, and turned to go to the motel room.

"Hey," he yelled, "what do you think will happen to him?"

"You figure it out." I went over to the motel, found Twelve, and went inside.

THE room had twin beds. Singleton was sitting on one, facing the two girls on the other. One was kind of curled up. The other was leaning forward still crying. Vassar, I thought. No, nothing like that on 25 South; University of Kentucky likely, but the same sorry type. I edged down beside Singleton. "Why do you bother?" I asked him. "To hell with them." The girl bawling looked up hard for a moment and started bawling worse.

"I had room," she bawled.

We were all under a strain. The diesel smell was bad, but the other smell that I would never forget had been worse. Even away from the fire I seemed still to smell it.

"You thought you had room!" I yelled at her.

"No, really. I was all right. I had room." She was convinced, almost righteous. At some other time she might have been pretty. Both were twenty or twenty-one. The curled-up one was sort of mousy-looking. The one who was bawling was tall with long hair. I thought of her as a thing.

"No — really," I yelled at her; "you had no room, but keep lying to yourself. Pretty soon that'll make everything OK."

"Leave it, Arn," Singleton told me. "You're not doing any good."

He went to the sink to wet a towel, bringing it to the girl. "Wipe your face," he told her. Then he turned to me. "Did you bring their car?"

"I brought it — just a minute. You can have them in just a minute." I was still blind angry. "Old, young, men, women, we've seen too many of their kind. I just want to say it once." I looked directly at her. "How much have you driven?"

For a moment it didn't take; then she understood.

"Five years."

"Not years. Miles."

"Why — I guess — I don't know. Five years."

"Five thousand a year? Ten thousand? That would be plenty; you haven't driven that much. Five years times ten is fifty thousand. That's six to eight months' work for those guys down there. *You had no room!*" I bit it out at her. She just looked confused, and I felt weak. "I'm ready to leave it now," I told Singleton. "I should have known. Remember, we've got a friend down there."

"I've got two."

He looked different than ever before. He sat slouched on the bed and leaned forward a little. His hands were in his lap, and the lines and creases in his face were shadowed in the half-light from the floor lamp.

"Who was he?" I asked.

He looked at me. I realized with a shock that he had been fighting back tears, but his eyes were gray and clear as always. The silver hair that had been crossed with dark streaks as long as I had known him now seemed a dull gray. The hands in his lap were steady. He reached into a pocket.

"Get coffee." He looked at the girls. "Get two apiece for everybody."

"Who was it, Singleton?"

"Get the coffee. We'll talk later." He looked at the girl who was curled up. "She's not good."

"Shock?"

"Real light. If it was going to get worse, I think it would have. Maybe you'd better bring June." He got up again and tried to straighten the curled-up girl. He asked her to turn on her back. She looked OK. She tried to fight him. "Help him," I told the one who had been bawling.

The restaurant was better than a hundred yards off. A hillbilly voice was deviling a truck song. June was in the kitchen. I told her I needed help, and she came right away. Business is one thing, people are another. She has always been that way. She brought a Silex with her, and we walked back across the lot. In the distance there was the sound of two sirens crossing against each other.

"The other police car."

"That and a fire truck," she told me.

June is a fine woman, once very pretty but now careless of her appearance and too heavy. It is always sad and a little strange to see a nice-looking woman allow herself to slide. There must be reasons, but not the kind that bear thinking about. She

had a good hand with people, a good way. She ran a straight business. When we came to the room, she asked us to leave and started mothering the girls. We went outside with the coffee and sat on the step.

"I'm sorry," I told him. "I shouldn't have blown up, but for a minute I could have killed them. I hate every fool like them."

"It's their road too."

"I know."

"Everybody makes mistakes. You — me — nobody has perfect judgment."

"But not like that."

"No. No, we're not like that, but she won't ever be again either. She has to live with that."

I understood a little more about him. He was good in his judgments. It was suddenly not a matter for us to forgive. There was the law. It had nothing to do with us.

"Manny never held those brakes against you," he told me.

Once I had checked his truck for him, and he had a failure. I wanted to say that it was different.

We sat listening to the muffled sounds from the room behind us. Soon, off at the downhill corner of the lot, headlights appeared coming from the wreck. The state car cruised across the lot. It stopped at the end of the motel row. Singleton stood up and motioned to him. The car moved toward us, rolling in gently. The cop got out. Manny was sitting in the back seat. He was slumped over and quiet. When the cop slammed the door, he did not look up.

He was an older cop, too old to be riding a cruiser. In the darkness and excitement there had been no way to tell much about him. He was tired and walked to us unofficially. We made room for him on the step. He sat between us, letdown, his hands shaking with either fatigue or nervousness.

"Charles," he said to Singleton, "who was he?"

"You'd better have some coffee," Singleton told him. He reached over and put his hand on the cop's shoulder. I poured coffee from the Silex, and he drank it fast.

"Gates," said Singleton. "Island Oil. When Haber went broke, I pulled tanks for two years." He stopped as if reflecting. "He was pretty good. I broke him in."

The cop pointed to the car. "Him?"

"Manley, Johnny Manley."

"You're taking him in," I said. "What's the charge?"

"I don't know," the cop told me. "I wouldn't even know what would stick. His rig's half out in one lane. If you're going to say I need a charge, then I'll take him in for obstructing the road."

"I didn't mean that. I'm not trying to push you. I just wanted to see how you felt."

"Then ask straight out. I don't know what I think myself till I get the whole story."

Singleton walked to the car. He leaned through the window to call softly to Manny. Manny did not move, and Singleton leaned against the car for a little while as the cop and I sat and watched. A couple of drivers came by, curious but respectfully silent, and the cop ran them off. June came out with a chair and sat beside the steps. The two girls came out and stood quietly. I looked at them. They were both young, pretty, and in the present circumstances useless and destructively ignorant. I could no longer hate them.

"Is that him?" one of them whispered.

"Yes." I felt like whispering myself. It seemed wrong to be talking about him when he was no more than ten yards off, but I doubted that he was listening to anyone. He was looking down, his long body slumped forward and his hair astray. His face, which was never very good-looking, was drawn tight around his fixed eyes, and his hands were not visible. Perhaps he held them in his lap.

"They can't prove nothing," the cop said. "I bet he gets off." He stood up. "Let's get it over with; we've wasted time."

Singleton came back then. "Tell me," the cop said to him.

"He won't be driving again. I don't know what the law will do, but I know what Manny can't do. He won't take another one out. You can take her statement on the accident" — he pointed at one of the girls — "and his" — he pointed at me. "I was just over the crest — couldn't see it very well. What I can tell you about is afterward, but" — he turned to the girls — "I want to tell you something first because maybe you ought to know. I've known that man yonder seven, eight years. He's a quiet guy. Doesn't say much; really not hard to get to know. He likes people, has patience with them. Sometimes you think he'd be more sociable if he just knew how to start." He hesitated as if searching for words.

"I don't know exactly how to tell it. Instead of talking, he does nice things. Always has extra equipment to spare if the scales are open and the ICC's checking, or maybe puts a bag of apples in your cab before you leave out. Kid stuff — yes, that's it, kid stuff a lot of the time. Sometimes guys don't understand and joke him."

"When he finally got married, it was to a girl who started the whole thing, not him. She was wild. Silly, you know, not especially bad but not the best either. She worked at a stop in Tennessee and quit work after she married instead of going back like she planned. The guy has something. He did good for that girl. I don't know what's going to happen to them now, and it's none of our business I guess, but I just thought you ought to know."

He turned back to the cop. "I came over the crest and saw Manny's and Arnie's stoplights and saw Arnie's trailer jump and pitch sideways till he

corrected and got it stopped. I pulled in behind them, and they were both already out and running. Before I got there, I saw the fire. He could tell you more about how it started." He looked at me. I was thinking about it. I nodded for him to go on because it was very real to me, still happening. I wondered if maybe I could get out of having to describe it. I knew there would have to be a corroborative statement, so as Singleton told it I thought along with him.

He did a good job of the telling. He had gotten there only a minute or so after Manny and I were on the scene. Manny jumped from his cab, dodged around the car with the girls in it, and ran to the wreck. I took only enough time to grab my extinguisher. When I got there, Manny was on top of the wreck trying to pull Gates out and holding the door up at the same time.

The tanker had gone in hitting the ditch fast but stretching out the way you want to try to hit a ditch. It had made no motion to jackknife. The ditch had been too deep, and instead it had lain over on its side. All along there — for that matter, all through those hills — the roadside is usually an outcropping of limestone, slate, and coal. In the cuts and even in the valleys there is rock. Until the truck was pulled off, there would be no way to know. It was likely that the tank and maybe his saddle tank had been opened up on an outcrop of rock. There was a little flicker of fire forward of the cab. Gasoline, I had thought, but it did not grow quick like gasoline. The diesel from his tank was running down the ditch and muffled it some at first.

I went for it with the extinguisher, but it was growing and the extinguisher was a popgun. Manny started yelling to come help him, and I whirled and climbed up over the jutting wheel. Singleton was suddenly there, grabbing me, boosting me up. I took the cab door and held it up, and Gates started to yell.

Manny had him under the shoulders pulling hard, had him about halfway out, but he was hung up. I believe Gates's leg was pinched or held by the wheel. Otherwise Manny would not have gotten him out that far. Manny knew though. He knelt down beside him staring into the wrecked cab.

The fire was getting big behind me, building with a roar. It was flowing down the ditch but gaining backward over the surface rapidly. I gave Manny a little shove and closed the door over Gates's head so we could both reach him through the window. He was a small chunky man — hard to grasp. We got him under the arms and pulled hard, and he screamed again. The heat was close now. I was terrified, confused. We could not pull harder. There was no way to get him out.

Then I was suddenly alone. Manny jumped down, stumbling against Singleton, who tried to climb up and was driven back, his face lined and desperate in the fire glow. Manny disappeared running into the darkness. Where I was above the cab, the air was getting unbearably hot. The fire had not yet worked in under the wreck. I tugged hopelessly until I could no longer bear the heat and jumped down and rolled away. Singleton helped me up and pulled me back just as the screams changed from hurt to fear; high weeping, desperate and unbelieving cries as the heat but not the fire got to him.

I was held in horrified disbelief of what was happening. Outside the cab and in front of it were heavy oil flames. Gates, his head and neck and one hand outside the window, was leaning back away from them, screaming another kind of cry because the fire that had been getting close had arrived. The muscles of his neck and face were cast bronze in the fire glow, and his mouth was a wide black circle issuing cries. His eyes were closed tight, and his straining hand tried to pull himself away.

Then there was a noise, and he fell back and disappeared into the fire, quietly sinking to cremation with no further sound, and we turned to look behind us. Manny was standing helplessly, his pistol dropping from his shaking hand to the ground, and then he too was falling to the ground, covering his eyes with his hands and rolling on his side away from us.

"If I'd known, I wouldn't have stopped him," Singleton told the cop. "Of all the men I know, he's the only one who could have done that much."

He hesitated, running his hand through his gray-haired hair. "I didn't help, you understand — didn't help." He looked pleading. "Nothing I could do, no use — Arn didn't help. Only Manny."

The girls and June were sobbing. The sky to the eastward was coming alive with light. The cop who was too old to be riding a cruiser looked blanched and even older in the beginning dawn. I felt as I had once felt at sea after battling an all-night storm. Only Singleton seemed capable of further speech, his almost ancient features passive but alive.

He looked at the patrol car where Manny still slumped. "They can't prove he killed a man. There's nothing to prove it with. They can't even prove the bullet didn't miss, and in a way that's the worst thing that can happen. You see, I know him. You think maybe he'll change after a while — maybe it will dull down and let him live normal. It won't. I sat with him before you came and did what I could, and it was nothing. Do they electrocute in this state or use gas? If they were kind, the way he is kind, they'd do one or the other."

Dr. Zhivago: The Making of a Movie

by R. S. Stewart

Filming of MGM's DR. ZHIVAGO is currently under way in Spain, where director David Lean and actor Omar Sharif, playing the title role, are at work together putting into pictures the screenplay of writer Robert Bolt. In a series of on-location interviews with these principals, ATLANTIC editor R. S. Stewart focuses close up on the anatomy of a big movie and its lavish production.

GUADALAJARA: The set is a flat stretch of terrain, eaten dry by the wind, the road to Mesones running clear up the center and dead level to the horizon. It is warm; the sun defies the script: Russia — the war winter of 1914. (There is no longer any snow; acres of ground have been covered with marble dust.) Shooting here today is the last sequence of a big scene, the meeting near the front lines of Yuri Andreievich Zhivago and Larisa Feodorovna.

The scenario, adapted by Robert Bolt from the Boris Pasternak novel, indicates a large sweep of action: *Extreme long shot*: a flank of soldiers, straight back on the road to the farthest possible point in the field of vision. (The costume for these reinforcements is elaborate: storm coats, caps, fur boots, heavy packs, guns.) *Close-up*: a Red Cross wagon in the foreground of the troops, young Zhivago seated next to the driver. *Long shot*: head on, from the other direction up the road, a herd of men, deserters, battle-brown like buffalo. *Foreground close-up*: a Red Cross wagon of wounded men. Lara, a nurse, on the left side of the wagon behind a team of white horses.

The sides move toward each other, the road

becoming a hotbed of bolshevism. (Extras are recruited from the regular Spanish Army and from the nearby pueblo at El Molar, where the inhabitants have built up a booming business out of being in the movies. Franco, who enjoys the economic windfall of Hollywood film production in Spain, willingly grants permission for the military to be used.) At the site of confrontation: the camera zone. From this point of focus the approach of Zhivago and the troops will be filmed first, that of Lara and the deserters next in sequence.

Preparation for the first take is a feverish procedure. It is as much a scene in itself as the lineup swarming on the road. Working out of a caravan of dozens of trailers and trucks, twenty feet from the shooting site, is a crew of several hundred — Spanish, English, and American. The caravan, like an oasis in the desert, is the source of supply: wardrobe, makeup, props, sound equipment, spotlights, power cables.

The crew shuttles between the caravan and the camera zone. At the wagon, a makeup team works over Omar Sharif, who plays Zhivago. In the foreground, more snow is needed — a unit of men rush from the trucks to the road with a wheel-

barrow of marble dust. It begins to look more like winter. (The first sections of this sequence were shot earlier in the village of Soria, where there was real snow. Matching up shots from one location to another is one of the peculiar techniques of film production.) Cries go up and down the road for the soldiers to button their coats and look cold; they prefer sunbathing to standing straight and bearing arms. The cameramen meter the light. The camera rolls back on its track: the shot will be close in on the wagon, eye-level with Zhivago, the troops stretched out behind.

To the left of the troops is the director, David Lean, architect of all this activity. He moves slowly, but decisively — indifferent to the sun. It is the same sort of fortitude that he brought to his last picture, *Lawrence of Arabia*. Despite temperatures of over one hundred and thirty degrees, Lean kept up the shooting on *Lawrence* in the middle of the desert for weeks on end.

He in fact likes this kind of combat with the natural elements — it is a source of great gratification. He is known, too, for letting no detail of a film elude him, from the first stages of the screenplay to the final editing in the studios. Since the start of shooting here in Spain, a single vision has been fixed in his mind, that of Pasternak's revolutionary Russia and the love story of Yuri and Lara.

At the moment, after two hours of rehearsal, he is ready for the first take. The camera rolls back on the track. The wagon starts forward — left, right, left — up the road. The soldiers advance, sending up dust. Lean moves back with the camera. He watches with steady eyes: the sky, the light, the troops, the wagon, Zhivago. The deserters approach. Zhivago rises from his seat. Lean motions to him with a braking action of the hands to do it more slowly. The wagon lurches forward a few more feet. The camera rolls back to the end of the track and stops grinding. Lean talks with Zhivago. He jumps up onto the wagon to show him how he wants him to take the rise. It is a movement from the knees. The wagon is dragged back to the starting position for the second take. The makeup crew mops the sweat from Zhivago's brow.

IT WAS cooler back at the big studio in Madrid where I spoke with Lean later that day. "Making movies is a kind of falling in love," he said. "It's almost entirely emotional. For instance, when I read *Zhivago* my common sense told me that it was a terribly difficult thing to undertake, but I was so moved by the book that I thought all this must make a marvelous movie. I've done two films now with no women in them [*Lawrence of Arabia* and *Bridge on the River Kwai*], and I like love stories

very much. I found this a superb love story. God knows how I'm going to do it, but if we're clever enough, it'll come out.

"The one stipulation I made was that I'd do it if Robert Bolt wrote the script. I have done quite a bit of scriptwriting myself, but this was completely beyond me — far too difficult. It requires somebody with a certain classical background and a real expert. I think Robert is that.

"The script is the most important thing in the film. If you haven't got a good script, you cannot make a good film. You can mess up a good script and make a bad film, but I don't think you can make a good film out of a bad script.

"I remember when I first worked with Robert on *Lawrence of Arabia*. I said to him that he was the person I most wanted to please. He didn't believe me. I think he does now. I have an enormous respect for the writer. He's the man who gives the actors their words; he gives them their characters; he gives them really everything. He also gives me what I have to interpret from the visual point of view.

"In the case of *Zhivago*, Robert and I spent a couple of months, ten weeks, doing an outline of the screenplay. We changed certain things from the book, you know, but at least we had a beginning, a middle, and an end. We knew what characters were going to be in, what scenes were going to be in, what was going to be cut — which was more difficult still — and the points we were trying to make en route. Then Robert started writing, and he wrote a complete script with dialogue. Then we started again, and went through that with revision after revision after revision until we were, both of us, I think, pleased.

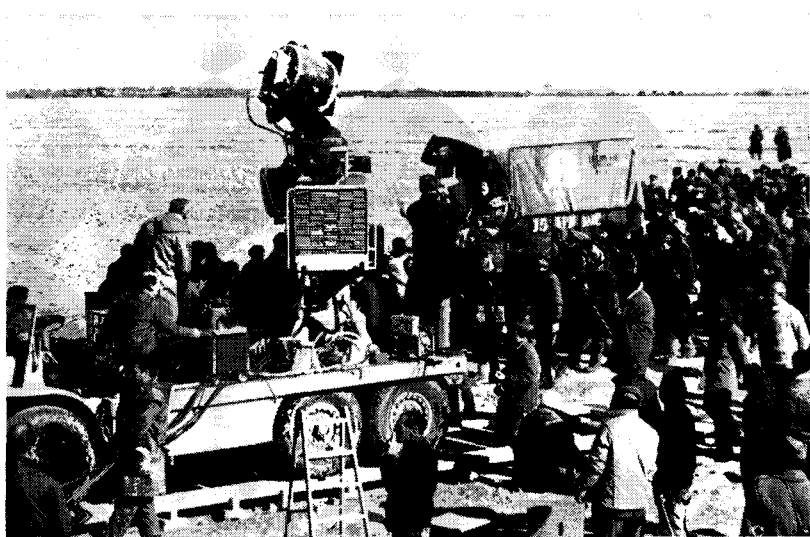
"After all that is finished, I do myself what's called a shooting script. I type it all out on two fingers, the whole script, and I sit down and try to imagine how I would like to see it appear on the screen — when to cut the close-ups, when to have long shots; if it's to be a low angle, if it's to be a high angle, and so forth and so on. I sit there and I try to translate the script into pictures, very definite pictures. There are seventeen hundred and thirty-nine shots in the picture, and so this takes quite a long time.

"What I do is prepare, as it were, a blueprint. Then I go to the set, having this behind me, and I feel at perfect liberty to alter it. I don't mean the dialogue or the intention of a scene, but the way I shoot it. In action scenes I follow the script very closely. I copy the shots as I've written them in the shooting script. In a dialogue scene I won't take as much notice of the script. I'll get the actors on the set, and we'll rehearse the scene, and when the scene seems pretty good to me, I try to think of how to photograph it. If the scene is well rehearsed and

it's a good scene and it's played well, the curious thing is that it falls automatically into camera angles. If I can't photograph a scene, I very often suspect that there is something wrong with the rehearsing or even something wrong with the writing. If the scene is well conceived, it acts well and it photographs well. It's one of those little mysteries I don't quite understand, but it is the case."

Lean stopped for a moment and then went on: "It's all rather a dreamlike imagination. I could tell you that I imagine Zhivago walking into a room and sitting down in a chair, and if you said to me, 'Where is the window?' I'd say, 'Oh, my goodness, I hadn't thought of any, of there being a window.' But of course there must be a window. And so that's why I call it dreamlike, because there are certain parts of it that are absolutely blank. But I have — how should I say it? — a smell of what a scene should be like.

"Let me put it another way: It's as if I've got a negative, talking of negatives and positives in a photographic sense. I've got an imaginary negative in my mind, and when I get on the set, I try to make a positive which will match that negative. I'll find myself very often saying to an actor, 'No, not that, do it softer.' And if he said to me, 'Why?' I wouldn't be able to tell him. I just know it wasn't as I felt it should be in my original feelings about the scene. It's a kind of mood thing, I suppose. I don't know if that makes any sense at all.



On location in Guadalajara

"Other times I won't say a word, and we'll shoot right away and that's it. And I just haven't got anything to say, because it works well, you know. It seems to fit in with my imagination of the thing. I'm really, I suppose, trying to please Robert — and better him, as a matter of fact.

"I have a sort of game. Take a long shot: Zhivago

leaves the front door of the house, runs across the street, and jumps onto a tram; then cut, interior tram. Now, if I can make that long shot of him running across the street better than Robert and I visualized it in the first place by having a little bit of something extra, something in the composition perhaps or another bit of action in the street, I'm absolutely delighted. And I have a kind of game like that. I call it 'beating the script.' And if I beat the script, I'm very lucky. Most of the time I'm quite a way behind our dreams of scenes.

"One of the most difficult things in *Zhivago* is the character of Zhivago himself, because he's not a typical screen hero. He is an observer. He doesn't do anything, really; events happen around him, and this doesn't happen on the screen. The hero's always the doer. It's a very, very difficult part because one's got to resist the temptation to make him heroic in the ordinary sense. Of course, the risk is that one makes him dull.

"And so one's got to keep one's nerve and say, 'Now, that's not so, don't glamorize it, don't glamorize it, play it down, play it straight — that sort of thing. The other great difficulty is that it's a love story about a very, very good man who has two women in his life, and he loves both of them. Now, this obviously can happen in real life, but in the movies it doesn't. Generally, a man's got a good wife and he's in love with a bitch whom he can't resist, or he's got a bitchy wife and he's in love with the good girl round the corner. This isn't the case in *Zhivago*. Both women are marvelous, you know, and I don't know how film audiences will take it.

"I hope I'm doing it right, actually. I hope it's wild enough, primitive enough. It's one of the reasons that I'm very glad Omar Sharif is playing Zhivago, because he'll give a certain foreignness to it. I think the film would be a failure if it were a story of a lot of polite English ladies and gentlemen in Russian clothing. I think Omar has a certain Oriental something which should be in *Zhivago*.

"Everybody asks me why I make large movies. I love traveling. On *Bridge on the River Kwai* I spent a year in Ceylon, which was fascinat-

ing. On *Lawrence* I spent the same time in the desert living in a caravan, seeing things that very few people are privileged to see. On *Zhivago*, for instance, I've just come back from Finland having seen a completely different part of the world. We're doing most of the movie in Spain, which I like very much. Now, when you compare that with working down

the mine in London somewhere, I don't think you'd be surprised at why I choose these large movies. I mean the idea of doing a studio picture now — a completely studio picture — is horrible to me. I don't mind doing certain scenes in the studio, but it's a thing I'd rather like to do in about ten years' time if I'm still at it.

"You see, when I was young I used to go to the movies a lot, and movies used to show me a world that I thought I'd never be able to see. I think this went out the window when the talkies came. They moved into the drawing room, as it were, and the films were interesting enough, some of them, but I lost a lot of my keenness for the cinema. What I'm really trying to say is that I think the wonderful thing about the movie medium is that it can show people various parts of the world that they've never seen. They can't be seen in any other medium.

"The only thing that ever interested me as much as directing is cutting. I was fortunate enough to be a cutter for many years. I started off on feature films, and then I went to newsreels. I cut newsreels for three or four years and then went back and did feature films again. You learn more in the cutting room, I think, than in any other department of a studio because you see all that's being done. You see it there on the screen. When I was a cutter, people always used to say to me, 'Oh, you're a cutter. You're the one who cuts out the naughty bits, are you?' Everybody thinks that a cutter is somebody who cuts out stuff. That is not the case, of course.

"When one sits in a movie theater, half the effects, whether the audience knows it or not, are caused by the juxtaposition of pictures, and as a cutter you select what the audience will look at and when. The film is, as it were, the material from which you make the finished picture. You've got yards and yards of cloth — like making a suit. The exact shape it will have depends on how you cut it.

"For instance, take a very simple scene of me talking to you. I would do a shot which showed both of us talking all the way through the scene. I'd also do a close-up of you and a close-up of me. Now what are you going to start the scene with — on your close-up, my close-up, or the two-shot? Three choices. Now, you probably haven't got the nerve to start on a close-up, so you start on the two-shot, and the audience knows exactly where they are. It might be effective to start on a close-up of you asking me a question and then cut to my close-up answering it. But if I use a two-shot, as I said, at the beginning, obviously your close-up is being cut out and my close-up is being cut out at that point because the scene was done, as it were, three times in the two-shot and the two close-ups. To that extent the cutter is cutting out stuff, but he's not throwing the material of the scene away.



Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago

"Still, it's incredible the various misconceptions people have about cutting and about the making of movies. No doubt they always will. Let me tell you a story about *Lawrence of Arabia*. When I was in America in a certain town, a lady came up to me and said, 'You know, Mr. Lean, I've seen your picture, and I think it's just beautiful. What beautiful scenery.' Then she said, 'I want to ask you a question. Were you there?'"

OMAR SHARIF is a dark-eyed Egyptian. His eyes are, in fact, so big and restless that for his part as Yuri Andreievich Zhivago they have been pulled back with tape to make them less startling and more broodingly Russian. We talked about his work in the picture.

"I must do nothing. This is the great difficulty of Zhivago," he said. "If I do something, it's all wrong. That's why I've paid a lot of attention to my physical appearance in this film. I want to look striking so that even if I do nothing, my presence will be felt. I'm hoping that what will happen is that no one will be greatly impressed by any one scene of Zhivago's, but when the film is all finished and the lights come on in the theater, everyone will say, 'God, wasn't he a wonderful man.'"

"The Russian aspect is tremendously familiar to me really. I have been to Russia, but that's not the



Director David Lean talking with Sharif

determining factor. It is that all the Russian people I know and also the people I met there are very much like the people I was brought up with. They're more literate, if you like, but emotionally they are exactly the same. It's amazing how Oriental they are emotionally.

"Physical details are extremely helpful. Suppose I am preparing for the scene we did today: I get out my script and read the few scenes that are before it and the few scenes that are after it to see exactly where it comes in the picture. Then I make up my mind what the physical condition of Zhivago is at this moment in the film — tired, shaved, unshaved. Then I try to understand why the scene was written altogether, what it brings to the film, what it adds, what it links with, why we have this scene in the film.

"I know that David Lean will talk to me about it and say what he thinks. The rest is sitting there on the wagon and really trying to feel as Zhivago would feel, knowing him so well, you know. What would he be thinking of sitting there in that cart? He sees the deserters coming. Obviously he's going to watch these people in quite ragged condition and coming back from being in the war. First of all, I think Zhivago disapproves of war anywhere and of killings, and he would sympathize with them. And at the same time he would be sympathetic to the soldiers he is with who are going to the front. I think there would be quite a lot of interesting thoughts along those lines going on in his mind. Absolutely fascinating things are happening there, so that he would have blocked off all his past sitting on that wagon, and he would be living that moment intensely.

"The main thing is to watch and listen carefully all the time while you are acting. The moment the camera rolls you've got to imagine that you are Zhivago and think as he does, all sorts of thoughts. You see that he might be attracted by one man in this crowd, and that's what you can do, you know. I just decide that I'm going to be taken up with this person at this particular moment, and it helps.

"There's also your own physical thing which you invariably bring, because every person has got a physical thing that he brings to a character — his own qualities, his own magnetism or not magnetism or intelligence or lack of it. When I'm young in the film, I try to think as a young man and try to feel in good physical condition. You feel that you are healthy and athletic and can run and can

jump, and so it gives you a gait, a whole different thing. If you think that way, then you are young.

"Now, when I play the older part I don't feel all that good, which is very easy to do because I don't. You don't feel you could jump these eight feet really if you had to. You think more maturely; you've got more weight, and you're less quick to notice something. And it's by these things that I think the part is achieved in the best way.

"There's something in the eye also. It comes from thought, I think. In the movies you can't fake any expressions. I think you can put over quite a lot of fakery in the theater because people aren't close enough to see what you're thinking. But in a close shot you cannot put on an expression; you've got to be thinking right because each of your eyes is about fifteen feet large and the audience can see what's inside, behind the eye. You cannot *look* sad, you know; you've got to *be* sad. And that's the part of it that is the actor. That's the actor."

ROBERT BOLT was in London. I met him there at his flat on the embankment in Chelsea. He talked about his work on the screenplay: "I did a certain amount of preliminary work on the political background," he said. "I read all the obvious Russian classics in order to try and get into my mind that very special flavor which they have and which the dialogue has. I find that if I read a lot of one poet or one novelist I begin writing in a kind of pale pastiche of that man's style.

"That was how I started. Then came the actual

writing. Of course the first thing you do if you're working with someone like David Lean is to go and talk to him, and talk to him in great detail. After that you prepare a treatment, which is, as it were, a précis of the finished thing. Now this again I thrashed out with David in some detail. It took us about six or seven weeks, I think. Then I went away and prepared a screenplay, which you have to do more or less on your own because it is a matter of detail — new ideas, actual lines of dialogue. Then I went back to David again. There are things that you're not satisfied with, and there are things that you are satisfied with but the director is not, and then the arguments and the discussions begin, the sheer hard day-by-day grind, and you go backwards and forwards over it.

"You then almost certainly find that you're over-length, which we did this time, and you think, well, there's nothing that we can cut out of this, it's all pure gold, and of course you find that there's lots of it that can go, not only without harm but beneficially, and so you gradually arrive at your final screenplay.

"I know this is open to all kinds of rather romantic misinterpretations, but in dramatic work the characters do exist for you, independent of yourself. That is to say, you have to imagine them so intensely that when you put them in the situation, in your mind they do begin to speak. I don't mean that it's some kind of automatic writing, but they must speak the dialogue. If you have got to arrange the dialogue coldly and logically, you can see it dying as you write it on the page. The characters must speak for you.

"What fascinated me about Yuri was that his actions are in fact very reprehensible. He has sins of omission and commission, mostly omission, and yet you feel not merely that he could do no other but that in some way he was right and that the only thing under these circumstances that a man of his supercultivated sensibilities could have done was go with the tide wherever it took him. All the characters are peccable, and yet there is the strong feeling not merely that they could have done no other but that they reacted in these very ordinary and unheroic ways with a kind of special intensity. They were ordinary people raised several notches, and this, of course, is difficult to get across dramatically.

"The way to make a man have stature dramatically is to make him do things which have great stature. The whole point about this book is that Yuri does nothing that has great stature except write poetry; and how to make the writing of a poem, particularly if the poems are like Pasternak's, seem to a cinema audience a heroic justification of what looks like a rather useless sort of life was a very considerable problem.

"We did it," Bolt explained, "by calculating as

carefully as we could the climax of his relationship with Lara. Everything is knotted together in the desperate situation at Varykino, where the revolution is closing in on them, where the natural conditions, the fearful cold, are closing in on them. What they are doing is in practical terms nonsense, if not indeed highly irresponsible. The only justification of it is the intensity of their love for each other. We hope we have shown by this time in the film that they are unusually mature people. We are hoping that the audience will now assume that this is a kind of Tristan and Iseult situation, a great grand passion. And then we have tried to arrange the actual sequence so that the climax of it shall be the writing of Zhivago's poetry. And in that way we hope to make the poetry the crown of the film.

"I don't use a word of Pasternak's dialogue. Not a word. You see, you don't refer to the book that closely. You don't sort of flip over the pages and write a scene. You simply have to have faith that the woman in your mind is the right woman, is the woman that Pasternak wanted. You're a bit in love with her yourself; you are passionately interested in Yuri; and you put them together in a difficult situation, and they just have to begin to talk, that's all. The dialogue in the book is unusable for dramatic purposes; but in any case, quite apart from that, you are committed to telling the story in one fifteenth of the length. This means that you are distorting wildly just by mere compression, and therefore you've got to take a very high hand.

"It's very different when you're working on the



Scriptwriter Robert Bolt

stage. The difficulty there is to be sufficiently conscious of the visual because the visual is so limited; and yet my own feeling is that it's not used sufficiently on the stage, so I'm always trying to remem-

ber that these people are on the stage with lights and things that can be brought on, carried off, and so on. On the stage, of course, your dialogue does proceed very logically, and you cannot let a gap exist between one line and the next from the start of the play to the end. It must be continuous in thought or emotion, mood, rhythm. This is not the case with a film. In fact, the dialogue in the film is really a last resort.

"It's a terribly lonely job, writing for the stage. It's alarmingly lonely just sitting month after month writing away with nobody to egg you on or bully you or encourage you — just yourself. But on the other hand, there's the feeling that it's entirely yours, which you can't, of course, have in a film. By far and away the most important contribution is made by a director in a film, if he's a good director. You see, David contributes to the screenplay, to the camera work, to the art department. In addition to having made a very big contribution to everybody else's work, he then makes the enormous contribution of bringing it all together and actualizing it when he gets behind a camera.

"I don't enjoy writing now as much as I used to, except occasionally. I don't know why. I suppose when I was first writing, the chances of success seemed so remote for so many years that it was obviously something which I was doing for myself. Now it's become my profession among other things. It's still a compulsion. I still wouldn't know what to do with myself if I weren't writing, but some sort of innocence has gone out of it. Partly, of course, it is that you get to know so many more ways of going wrong that it becomes alarming and a bit of a chore, like walking through a minefield. But it's something deeper and simpler than that which takes the sheer enjoyment out of it, some kind of loss of innocence, I think."

He went back to *Zhivago*: "I don't, you see, think that Pasternak was a very accomplished novelist. I don't think that this is so much a novel as it is an enormous disguised poem. He's either amateur or else indifferent to narrative development and even, here and there, psychological plausibility. You will come upon an obligatory scene, and if Pasternak is not interested in that scene he simply leaves it out. For example — there are many examples — Yuri is passionately devoted to his wife and family and passionately in love with Lara. This dichotomy builds and builds, and you want to know how he is going to resolve it, how he is going to hop from one to the other, since that is clearly what he is going to do, and you are simply not told. In fact, the very start of the actual love affair with Lara takes place in the blank space between two chapter headings. In a dramatic form, of course, you can't do that. You

have to show it, and so we had to close up the gaps. Of course my heart was in my mouth doing it because I felt that perhaps Pasternak would simply go mad if he read this, and say, 'Good God, no, it wasn't like that at all!'

"But what can one do? You just try to get the characters as he drew them, and then you must go forward. Far and away the hardest thing was at the end when they go back to Varykino. The police are closing in on them, and so Yuri and Lara go to Varykino for a final climactic lovemaking. They come back in a sleigh with Katia, the little girl. We're told in the book that it's winter, that wolves have been seen about. The wolves are not a physical threat; it isn't to be the wolves rushing the stockade or anything like that. They're a symbol of the inhumanity of the landscape, one takes it, and the feeling is that it's a kind of mad fairy tale which they're going to use the last fortnight of their lives for.

"This we've attempted to do in the film simply by very vivid tracking shots of them in the sleigh all laughing — nothing to laugh about, the situation's desperate, but they're all laughing — and the snow is flying and the sun is shining and it's magnificent and it has this febrile excited quality. Then there is a panning shot from the sleigh as they come to the house, and the house itself is absolutely buried in snow in the sunshine with icicles ten feet long hanging off it, so that it is exceedingly beautiful, fanciful, fairylike.

"The house is clearly uninhabitable. It's clearly madness to go into it and try to set up house there. So that with this one vision we try to say all that about the nature of what is happening and what they're doing. By the sudden change of mood — this is a thing you can do without dialogue, you see — we take them into the house, and the laughter dies as they bash open the door and see a sort of subaqueous light filtering in through the frozen-up windows, the empty rooms with their odd objects. Then they start laughing at one another again and getting a bit spooked and then encouraging one another, lighting the little fire so that the spirits begin to rise.

"Pasternak rarely describes things in that way. You may get some hints from the novel, but he tells you only the overall effect of the landscape and the feelings it inspires in the people. Then you have to dream up what kind of landscape you think this is specifically and hand it over to the art department, who then say, 'Well, look, we've got a better idea; we've found a place over here that looks like this and we think that photographed in such and such a light will give an effect of so and so,' and so you say, 'Yes, that's even better.'"

EURYDICE IN DARKNESS

BY PETER DAVISON

Here far underground I can hear the trees
Still moving overhead where he, the poet,
Mourns. Let him stir stumps if he chooses.
Soon enough he'll sing his courage up
To penetrate the earth, clinging to that lyre
As though the world depended on it, and unstring
One after the other of my familiars,
(The three-headed lapdog, the boatman at the river,
The gaggle of furies, my Undertaker himself)
With instrument still twangling from the effort.
His fingers will be raw, but I'll be waiting
Dressed to kill and ready with a plan
He'll find acceptable. He'll turn his back
(Its every flabby muscle I have pinched
A thousand times) and clump along the tunnel.
Dead certain I shall follow him to sunlight.
And so I shall—murmuring at times,
Whining that he walks too fast, complaining
That he might at least give me a look
After such absence, brushing my breasts against him.
Not till the sunlight seeps in overhead
Will I tax him: a man and not a poet
Would have kept the country free of snakes
And left off that everlasting mooning and fiddling.
He could have prevented all this! And he might, please,
Give me a hand here, I'll fall with these sandals.
That's it! He turns from the light, his face engorged
With pity and self-pity. He thrusts out his hand,
And I shall dance away, my laughter dancing
Before me every mile of the way back home.

One Woman's Abortion

by Mrs. X

Each year for hundreds of thousands of American women there is a wide gulf between what the law forbids and what they feel they must do. The author of this article, whose credentials are trusted by the ATLANTIC, is a college graduate in her forty-sixth year, the mother of three children, living with her husband and family in one of the many commuter communities in the East.

NEARLY everywhere in the world families now have the right to limit the number of children they will conceive, according to their ability to love and cherish, feed, house, clothe, and educate them. The need for similar adult freedom of action to terminate accidental and unwanted pregnancies, for personal and social reasons as well as therapeutic ones, is being discussed covertly and sometimes openly by church, lay, and medical groups.

What are the facts about abortion in the United States today? How widely is it resorted to and by whom? What percentage is legal (therapeutic) and what illegal? Are its illegal practitioners sinister moneygrubbers without skill, knowledge, or proper instruments, or are they licensed physicians? Is the operation as potentially dangerous as generations of women have been led to believe?

Reliable statistics are, naturally enough, hard to get in the United States, though they are readily available from such countries as Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Japan, where abortion is, in varying cases, legal. Nobody who places a bet with a bookmaker has any particular hesitation about admitting it, but few women, gossips or not, discuss their abortions at the bridge table. Lack of discussion probably has nothing to do with shame or reticence but is simply a loyal conspiracy of silence on the part of women to protect abortionists. Any woman of childbearing age who knows a reliable

man in this field has a stake in keeping him in business. She may need him herself, or have a close friend who will.

I set out recently to find an abortionist in the large Eastern city where I live. My husband and I are in our mid-forties and have three children. When I discovered that I was pregnant for the fourth time, my husband and I considered the situation as honestly as we could. We both admitted that we lacked the physical resources to face 2 A.M. feedings, diapers, and the seemingly endless cycle of measles, mumps, and concussions of another child. Years of keeping a wary eye on expenditures (a new suit for my husband every two years and one for me every five) had allowed us to set up a fund which we felt would enable our children to attend reasonably good colleges away from home if some financial assistance in the form of grants or scholarships could be obtained. Since my husband's income has reached its zenith, it was plain that one of the four would have to forgo all or part of a chance at higher education. The part-time secretarial work which I had been doing for some years to augment our income would have to stop since the revenue it produces would not cover baby-sitting fees. We have no rich uncles likely to make our children their beneficiaries. We have also had sufficient experience in living to acknowledge that while the Lord will

sometimes provide, He may be busy looking after somebody else when you need Him most.

A brief foray for information in medical circles indicated that in the state where we live, legal grounds for abortion are limited to patients known to have cancer, ectopic (tubal or peritoneal) pregnancies, and in some rare instances, acute heart conditions or advanced psychoses.

I spent a brief moment of reflective gratitude for a clean bill of health on these counts, and then pushed my glasses up on my nose to read a book called *Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion*, written by four members of the Institute for Sex Research, founded by the late renowned Dr. Kinsey. It turned out to be most reassuring, though it probably wasn't intended to be. I discovered that abortion is an operation that all med students learn, even if they don't get much chance to perfect techniques; that of the institute's sample, only a minute percentage of women had suffered either physical or psychic aftereffects; and that while the authors made no attempt to estimate the number of abortions performed every year in the United States, it was plain that even without the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, I had lots of company.

Calmed by authoritative word and two tranquilizers, I settled down to see what could be done. First step was a visit to my obstetrician. (The boys from the institute indicated that probably every doctor in the country had been asked at least once to perform an abortion, and there was some evidence that out of compassion many had obliged.) Mine had run out of compassion by the time I saw him at 6 P.M., or else was too worried about getting his snowbound car out of the parking lot to pay much attention to me. He verified by pelvic examination the positive rabbit-test result which had previously very nearly guaranteed that I was pregnant, and refused to interfere with nature. When I asked him whether he would perform an abortion on me, he said, "No, thanks," in an absent way, as if I had offered him a cigarette he didn't want, and I left.

WITH the only legal avenue I knew closed, I began my search for illegal ones. I started out by going through my personal address and telephone book and selecting from it five close friends who had the following in common: all were intelligent, well educated, sympathetic, and discreet. Otherwise, they were a mixed lot. Some were married, some divorced or widowed; some were young, some middle-aged; two were Protestant, one was Jewish, one Catholic, and the fifth a scoffer. Of the five, one had, to my knowledge, herself had an abortion, but that was too long ago to lead me to suppose her operator was still at the same old stand.

I called each and stated bluntly that I needed an abortion and asked whether she knew anybody reasonably reliable who might do the job. Two (in addition to the one I have already mentioned) said that they themselves had obtained abortions within the last two years. Each gave me without hesitation the name, address, and telephone number of her physician. The fourth friend did a little detective work and in twenty-four hours came up with another physician, chiefly remarkable for the fact that his office was directly across the street from one of the city's police precinct stations. Fees, I was told, ranged from \$300 to \$750. My fifth contact got A for effort but was able to glean information only on a sort of disassembly-line procedure in a neighboring state, reputed to be supervised by a doctor. I discarded this as too shady for a middle-aged woman with obligations to a family and sat down to call the physicians.

My first call was made to the doctor whose credentials seemed to me best. When I asked for an appointment at his early convenience, he replied—somewhat nervously, I thought—that he was considering taking a trip and asked that I call back next week. Number two on my list proved able to see me the following day. My visit did a good deal to quell the panic which had been building steadily in spite of my efforts at self-control. The office seemed orderly, the tools of the trade were neatly arrayed in the glass cases dear to the hearts of the medical fraternity; the doctor's examination was brief and businesslike, and as far as I could tell identical with those performed on me over the years by obstetricians and gynecologists under different circumstances. He explained in simple and understandable terms exactly how he would perform the operation, how long it would take, that it would be painful, but not intolerably so, for a few minutes. (I gather that except for abortions done in hospitals, anesthetics are almost never used. For obvious reasons, these physicians work without assistance of any kind. They are thus not equipped to deal with the possible ill effects of anesthesia; nor can they keep patients in their offices for any great length of time without arousing suspicion about their practices.) The doctor I was consulting described precisely the minimal after-effects I might expect. We fixed a date at mutual convenience a couple of days off for the operation.

This particular M.D. was able to strike a nice balance between willingness to help and lack of overeagerness to collect his \$500, payable in advance. He stated frankly that he felt the element of physical risk was negligible but that the myths and exaggerations about abortion and the hard fact that it was an illegal procedure created prior apprehensions of sometimes damaging proportions. He urged me to call him and cancel the appoint-

ment if my husband and I felt there was any reason to reconsider our decision. Short of physical and fiscal miracles we had no right to expect, I didn't see what could alter our circumstances and told him so, but I agreed wholeheartedly about the apprehensions.

THE operation was successfully concluded as scheduled. Forty-five minutes after I entered the doctor's office for the second time, I walked out, flagged a passing cab, and went home. Admirably relaxed for the first time in two weeks, I dozed over dinner, left the children to wash the dishes, and dove into bed to sleep for twelve hours. The operation and its aftereffects were exactly as described by the physician. For some five minutes I suffered "discomfort" closely approximating the contractions of advanced labor. Within ten minutes this pain subsided, and returned in the next four or five days only as the sort of mild twinge which sometimes accompanies a normal menstrual period. Bleeding was minimal.

Post hoc, my conclusions are these:

1. If five people, of my limited acquaintance, knew five different abortionists in active practice within a few square miles of each other, I find myself wondering if the abortion rate must not parallel the live birth rate in the United States.

2. Four of the five abortionists recommended to me were duly licensed physicians. Is this extraordinary, or are the dark tales about all abortions being performed in filthy surroundings by unskilled practitioners using knitting needles exaggerated?

3. My operation at least was performed with what seemed to me incredible proficiency, speed, and deftness, with sterile instruments designed for the purpose for which they were used. The Kinsey Institute is welcome to add me to its conclusions, which are that though they have been able to interview few abortionists, they are much impressed with the skill, humanity, and understanding these few showed for their patients.

I am sure that my experience is not unique. There must be hundreds like me from coast to coast who for sober and considered reasons daily undergo the same fears, search for the same kinds of operative sources, and find the money necessary to terminate unwanted pregnancy.

Some states are less rigid in enforcing antiabor-

tion statutes than others. The low nationwide rate of convictions obtained against abortionists perhaps points not only to the difficulty of obtaining evidence against them but also to the acknowledgment by law enforcement agencies of the real necessity of such practices. As the Kinsey group says, "In our own sample we find that the great percentage of the women who had an illegal abortion stated that it had been the best solution to their immediate problem. This widespread difference between our overt culture as expressed in our laws and public pronouncements and our covert culture as expressed in what people actually do and secretly think is as true with abortion as with most types of sexual behavior."

Is the time coming when we can rid ourselves of one more hypocrisy, closing the gap between what we do and what we say we do? Therapeutic abortion practices will have to lead the way. There is some evidence that the first steps have been taken. Grounds for therapeutic abortion already vary widely from state to state and from city to city. Unfavorable Rh factors, for instance, are considered reason to terminate pregnancy by some physicians in some areas, as is a case of German measles suffered in the early stages of pregnancy. Social grounds for abortion could follow, under the surveillance of abortion boards composed of M.D.'s and psychiatrists. (Such boards already exist in many areas but are generally rubber-stamp groups who are notified by a physician that he will be performing a therapeutic abortion on a date fixed by him in the hospital of his choice.)

I believe that dilation and curettage is the only method of abortion used, legally or illegally, by most physicians in this country. Though the operation is a relatively simple one, it remains an operative procedure with some attendant risk of infection, however small, whether performed with or without anesthesia, in a hospital or in a doctor's office. Again citing the Kinsey group: "It is already evident that it would not be difficult to develop effective and safe abortifacients, including some to be taken orally. *The fact that such a development has not been made is largely a moral matter.*"

The italics are mine. Is it moral to inflict anguish, fear of fine or imprisonment, and terror about illicit practices on families who have sound social reasons for terminating an unwanted pregnancy? If it is moral to *prevent* conception, is it immoral to interrupt an ill-advised one?



THE YOUNG JOHN MARQUAND

BY JOSEPHINE P. DRIVER

A lifetime friend of John P. Marquand's, Josephine Driver knew him long before he began to write, for they graduated together from the Newburyport High School in the class of 1910. A frequent visitor to Curzon's Mill, it was natural for her to remember the boy who was father of the man.

CURZON'S Mill on the Artichoke River, near Newburyport, Massachusetts, was a quiet and dreamlike spot at the turn of the century. Even today only an occasional car rumbles over the narrow bridge spanning the river, and it may be that the road is left ill kept in order to discourage tourists and curiosity seekers. For the mill, the large yellow-clapboard Federalist house, and the red brick one beyond were the boyhood surroundings of New England's most distinguished modern novelist, the late John P. Marquand. And to a devotee of Marquand's leisurely paced novels, the mill, the river, and the great trees shading the two stately old houses evoke the scene of one of his most self-revelatory novels, *Wickford Point*.

When John P. Marquand was a schoolboy growing up within the sound of the river and the slowly turning mill wheel, Curzon's Mill was even

more out of the world than it is today. Occasionally a farm wagon would rumble past, making its slow way home to some farm in neighboring West Newbury; occasionally a smart equipage with well-curried horses, belonging to the summer residents at the top of the hill, would flash by, raising a cloud of dust; now and then a carryall would bring friends or relatives of the Marquands to spend the day. But for the most part, the road lay empty for hours at a time.

To get to town meant a long drive behind the ambling horse of the family; or one could walk a mile to the main road and take an electric car into Newburyport; or — a pleasanter method of travel — one could row down the river to the bridge over the main road, fasten the boat to the railing, and jump onto the car as it came along. But when all else failed, no Marquand hesitated to walk the four miles, and John could always ride his bicycle.

By the time John was fourteen or fifteen, a family crisis in his home in Rye, New York, caused him to be sent to his aunts' house in New England, there to continue his education in the Newburyport High School. He had been admitted to St. Mark's School at Southboro, Massachusetts, but there was no money to send him there.

In his writings Marquand brings his acid, sometimes murderous wit to bear on boys' boarding schools. There is a perceptible sneer in his de-

scriptions of their masters, their playing fields, their cherished traditions, and especially their well-nurtured school spirit. Although his observations were not firsthand, in later years, as a parent, he had plenty of opportunity to look them over, and obviously he did not like what he saw. Yet he was always bitterly regretful that he had been forced to attend the Newburyport High School instead of a private school, and he always felt that life had cheated him in this respect. He did well in high school, and by taking a postgraduate year of study there, was able to enter Harvard; but he never shone — and probably never tried to shine — in its extracurricular activities.

John's class in high school was 1910, and we numbered perhaps sixty or sixty-five pupils, mostly of Yankee stock, though there were some Irish and a scattering of Jewish and Italian names.

The school was an ancient brick building, covered with brown stucco. Two wings jutted awkwardly on either side of the main block, with an entrance in each, one for the boys and one for the girls. To reach the front door, it was necessary to climb a long three-cornered flight of steps to a covered entrance porch. It was on these steps and the porch that many of the social encounters of the school took place. But at recess in good weather the tide of students overflowed from the steps to the sidewalk in laughing, chattering groups, and even crossed the street to the mill.

As one looks back over the past fifty years or so, the N.H.S. students of that era seem a singularly carefree, innocent, and unsophisticated collection, but probably not more so than their contemporaries all over the country. Of course, they thought of themselves as world-weary and disillusioned, as teen-agers always have, but compared with the youth today, they were as sheep to foxes.

The schoolrooms were large, high, and decorated only with blackboards and a few innocuous pictures. In the entrance hall was a plaster statue of Athena, more than life-size, and it speaks well for the school discipline of the day that Athena was never defaced with ink or crayon or removed from her brass-railinged nook to some remote and unreachable spot.

John had good teachers, on the whole. There was Miss Sullivan, small, yellow-haired, and dynamic, who could excite her classes over *Macbeth* and *The Idylls of the King* as though they were modern best sellers; Miss Towle, tall, gray-haired, and angular, who lived much more in her imaginary world of Greece and Rome than she did in early-twentieth-century America; young and pretty Miss Sherman, whose Latin classes were a dreary grind but whose pupils could hold their own later in college with graduates of any private academy. To be sure, the chemistry teacher was a dud, but

John had gone ahead on his own with the experiments and had discovered that he had a flair for science — so much so, in fact, that for a time he had seriously considered making chemical research his lifework.

If he had gone to St. Mark's, or Middlesex, or Andover, he would more nearly have resembled his later well-groomed, well-polished appearance. He would not have been allowed to wait until his shaggy, unkempt hair reached his collar before having it cut; he would have been urged or commanded "Stand up; don't slouch" as he walked. Some attention might have been paid to his fingernails and his grimy wrists, which emerged unhappily from too-short coat sleeves. His hesitant speech might even have been corrected to the point where, willy-nilly, he had to improve it. But the Marquands were far more interested in things of the spirit and intellect than in the outward trappings of family members.

PERHAPS because of his appearance, perhaps because of a typical Marquand withdrawal from social contacts, John never took part in the little everyday pleasures of school life. He never walked back and forth on the Mall at recess with a chosen companion or in a group. He never joined the pushing, hilarious throng in the lunchroom (one of his classmates tells, in horror, that John brought *squash* sandwiches to school for his lunch). He never tried out for the school teams, or even for the track squad, the refuge of the less competent athletes. He lived too far away to be one of the sauntering groups on their way to or from school. He never even wrote for the school paper, so no Marquand juvenilia exists among the old copies of the high school *Record*. It is doubtful if he ever joined the more daring spirits in smoking cigarettes behind the courthouse on the Mall at recess.

In those days John had little contact with girls outside the classroom, but he watched them with natural interest. In his chemistry class there were two who cajoled him into taking over their test tubes and Bunsen burners and doing some of their experiments for them. They retired to a window embrasure overlooking the Mall and the courthouse, gossiping there until he gave them the results to write up in their notebooks. The teacher, easygoing and oblivious, sat reading a newspaper at his desk during all this. "Good old John," the girls doubtless remarked to each other after they had rewarded him with a dazzling smile apiece, forgetting him as soon as the bell rang to end the period.

The High Street girls, who were spending two or three years in the Newburyport school before being sent away to complete their educations, were all

alert when John's older cousins came to town for the summers. It must have been particularly galling to him to see that when these city cousins arrived, they were instantly a social success. They played tennis at the country club and went to the dances there; they organized picnics and amateur theatricals; they took the girls — or one girl at a time — canoeing. They even dressed in the splendor of college blazers and white flannel trousers and called on the girls, not at all intimidated by their Federal houses and their not-quite-so-Federal parents. John was too conscious of the appalling difference between himself and these sophisticated relatives, and far too shy, to venture on a crush or even an unsentimental friendship with one of these girls. They were a pretty group, two or three with actual charm in spite of their awkward, impatient immaturity.

Occasionally during his stays at Kent's Island after he became famous, John met one or another of this group in Newburyport, but it must have been hard for him to realize that those willow-slim, laughing dryads of his youth could become so tightly enclosed in the hard, dry bark of middle age. Still, their metamorphosis into stout, unalluring, grandmotherly souls was probably no more surprising to him than his own transformation from a grublike youth into, if not a butterfly, certainly a suave and cosmopolitan moth was to them.

One of these girls must have interested him as she did every male of her acquaintance. She had what a later generation called "It" or "SA"; she also had dimples, flirtatious dark eyes, and a beautiful low-speaking voice. When she said "Hi, John" in her soft contralto, accompanying the phrase with a warm smile that promised so much and meant so little, he grinned and blushed foolishly, although he must have known that she greeted everyone, even girls, in the same way.

Surely, had he tried to break out of his isolation, it would not have been hard for him to take a girl canoeing or to sit on her steps singing to her as he plucked on a mandolin. Although his musical abilities were not remarkable, he could certainly have managed "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" or "Over the Banister Leans a Face." But he was desperately conscious of his inarticulateness and his lack of the teasing small talk that girls seemed to like and at which his cousins were so adept.

With one girl he did contrive a brief, cool friendship. She was "highbrow": she read a great deal, and they discussed books on the schoolhouse steps; then, greatly daring, he had walked home with her and met her family. Her charming Southern mother invited him to dinner, but when the day arrived, John, in his haste to catch the "interurban," took a shortcut across a field and stepped incautiously into a muddy bog, with the result that he had to

return home to change his clothes, missed the car, and reached the house nearly two hours late. That contretemps ended the slight affair, which could not withstand the girl's annoyance and John's acute embarrassment.

But the same girl admits that she felt a pang of pity for him sometime later, when on the occasion of the last social event of the graduating class of 1910, the "Senior Levee," she saw him standing in the doorway of the city-hall auditorium. John was dressed with his customary careless disregard, and he was watching the gay couples as they glided by with a wistfulness which he tried to disguise as indifference. At that moment she realized the pathos of his utter friendlessness.

It mattered not to youth, in those days, that Celia Thaxter had lived at the Mill for a time; that John Greenleaf Whittier had often rowed across the Merrimack River to call at the house; that a sister of Great-aunt Mary had lived at Brook Farm and had known all the celebrities connected with that noble experiment; and that Thomas Wentworth Higginson had wanted Aunt Mary to marry him. No one of John's generation would care that John's mother was a relative of Margaret Fuller's or that his ancestor, old Joseph Marquand, had been one of the wealthy and important shipowners of early Newburyport. If the phrase had then been invented, his careless schoolmates would undoubtedly have said "So what!" to all this.

Sometimes his aunts suggested that he invite a few of his classmates to supper in the lamplit dining room at Curzon's Mill, with its gently decaying furniture and its grim portraits frowning down from the walls, but John had recoiled in horror from the idea. Not only was the house queer enough, in his opinion, but he could not imagine what the boys and girls would have thought of plump, wheezy Aunt Molly, whose dusty black clothes and preposterous hats were made to a style long out of date, or of Aunt Bessie, who, though she was conventional enough in dress, was an unheard-of phenomenon, an ordained Unitarian minister. There was Great-aunt Mary, too, a link with a time long past, who still wore a paisley shawl on her infrequent trips to Newburyport to call on friends or to go to church. She lived in a world of her own, which John was only occasionally permitted to enter. It would be years before he would convey, in *Timothy Dexter Revisited*, his appreciation of that unworldly household. The aunts lapped John around with comfort and unspoken affection, but he was sure that no one in the Newburyport High School had aunts remotely like them.

That John himself appreciated his surroundings and his family is incontestable, but he knew only too well that he was an oddity in the world of high school youth. At times he must have taken a cer-

tain wry pleasure in being different, but at others he would have given all the A's on his report cards and his teachers' commendations just to be one of the crowd.

In those days the wit for which John became famous was never heard outside his family. His school contemporaries, when asked to repeat any witty remarks that they could remember him uttering, wrinkle their brows and shake their heads. "No, I don't remember anything very funny that he ever said," they admit. "He *was* funny of course, with that queer walk of his and his voice and his terrible clothes, but he didn't mean to be." Was he too shy to venture on that typical edged humor of his, or was it that his schoolmates did not recognize his remarks as amusing?

Aside from his studies, John's sole chance to shine came during the period of declamation called "rhetoricals," held weekly before the whole school in the assembly hall. In those ancient days there was nothing in school the students enjoyed more than hearing "Lord Robert of Sicily," "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "My Last Duchess," or, for comic relief, "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine." Margaret Merriam, the brightest girl in her class, was wildly applauded as she simpered over "It was a time when roses bloom,/And clouds are highest up in air,/Lord Ronald brought a snowy-white doe,/To please his cousin, Lady Clare." Some such program must have provoked John thoroughly, for when he appeared, last of all, to give "Casey at the Bat," he delivered it in such a ferocious snarl that all the students were startled into immoderate laughter and applause as he finished and stalked off the platform. The recitation was a sensational success, and he was forced to repeat it so often that finally the very mention of Casey irritated him.

IN HIS life of ups and downs, it is a rather strange circumstance that his two final public appearances were connected with the Newburyport High School, where he had spent those formative years — unhappy, unproductive years, if one can judge by his later attitude toward that period. In June, 1960, he addressed a group of high school honor students at a banquet given in recognition of their record. He was Newburyport's local celebrity now. He told them something of the history of their town and urged them to live up to the ideals of the past — not a particularly original theme, but one with which he was deeply concerned.

A week or two later, at his Kent's Island home, the 1910 class of the Newburyport High School met for its fiftieth reunion. John had insisted on having

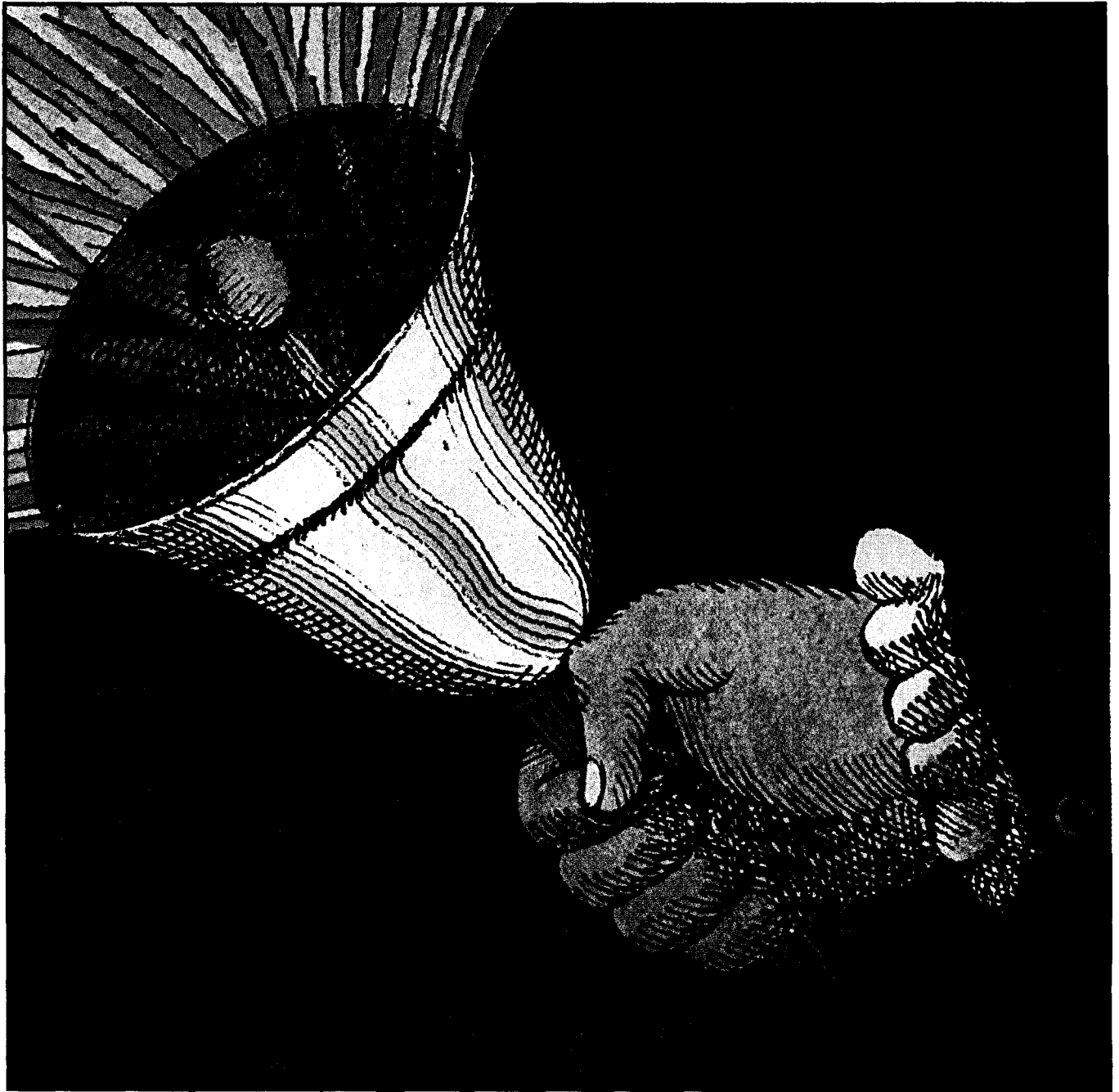
the reunion there. He was the perfect host, attentive, omnipresent, and gay, and no one who was at that party will ever forget it.

But it may be that some of the guests might have recalled the unhappy twenty-fifth reunion at the golf club, which John had also attended. He was still shy, rather aggressively so. He had not yet arrived at the peak of his fame, but he was well known as the creator of *Mr. Moto*, and he had paid his respects to Newburyport in *Lord Timothy Dexter* and *Haven's End*. Although the concept of *George Apley* was only in his mind, he was one of the best-paid and commercially successful magazine writers of his day. So it must have been a shock to him to discover that as the well-known writer he was almost unrecognized in the gathering, but as the re-counter of the exploits of the hero of Mudville he was boisterously welcomed and hilariously urged to give a repetition of the one high spot in his school career. He was furious, sulked all evening, and left early.

To have evoked memories of this seriocomic episode at the fiftieth reunion would have been considered in most questionable taste, but amazingly, it was found that John had again memorized "Casey at the Bat" and was determined to declaim it once more before an audience. Like the very first recital, this one brought down the house. He delivered it in the same flamboyant elocutionary style he had used originally; he had lost none of the old verve and vigor, and even the sarcastic curl of his lip was the same.

Not long after this spectacularly successful party John died in his Kent's Island home. We who had known him wondered whether, beneath the surface poise, the charm, the savoir faire, the old shyness remained, the old hurts still rankled. Those who knew him best knew that he was never a really happy man and always a lonely one. The bitter ending of his last novel, *Women and Thomas Harrow*, gives us the clue. And always in the flesh and in his writing, he retrod the well-remembered ground. Perhaps on occasions when he was at the Mill, he may have recalled the keen pleasure of a May morning when he mounted his bicycle to ride the four miles to school; perhaps he could feel again the comfort of those simple, uncomplicated routines in his aunts' household; and perhaps he may have had a flash of memory, as all of us do at one time or another, of that vague, lonely, yet delicious desire for something beyond, unknown, untried, and mysterious, which is the delight as well as the torment of adolescence. Perhaps, even at the end, there were fleeting moments of satisfaction when, in his last book of all, *Timothy Dexter Revisited*, he re-created the Newburyport of the happier, simpler, romantic age before he was born.

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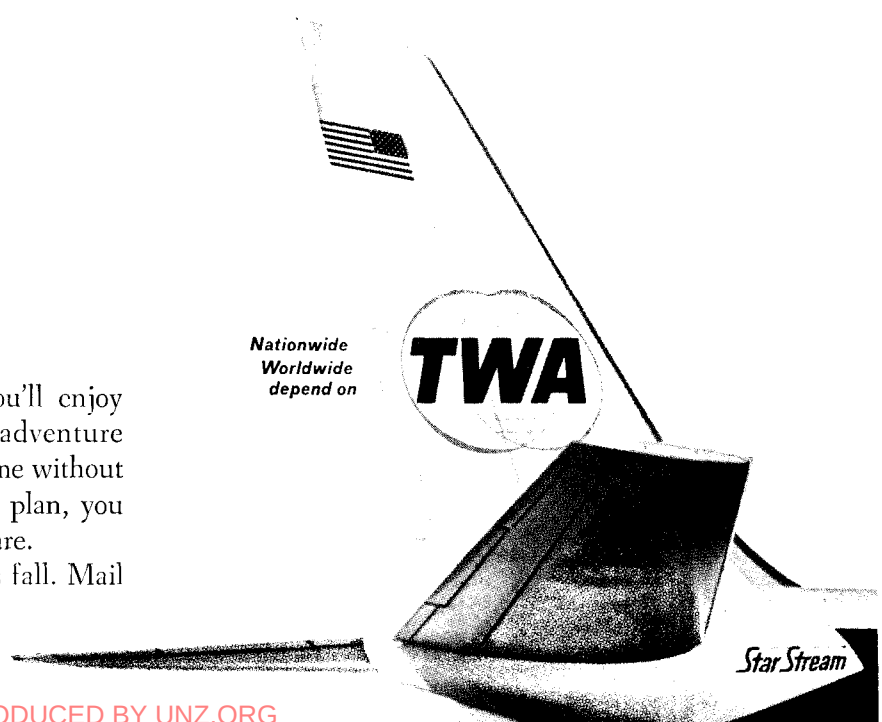
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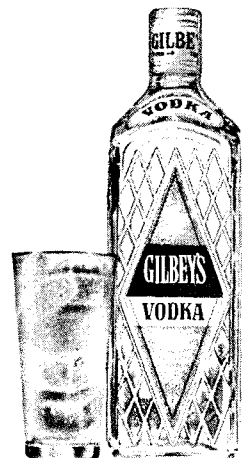
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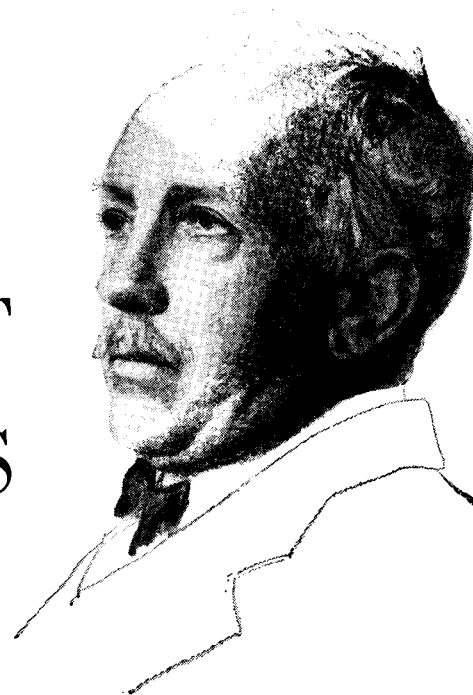
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THE GENIUS OF RICHARD STRAUSS



BY ERICH LEINSDORF

Born and schooled in Vienna, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the last three seasons, has a particular affinity for the music of Richard Strauss. His immense experience and his intellectual perception give him a unique position in the world of music.

WHEN I was born, Richard Strauss was forty-eight and was composing the second version of *Ariadne*. I have wondered for most of my life what happened in the second half of his creative period, what happened to the composer of *Elektra* and *Salome*, of *Don Quixote* and *Ein Heldenleben*. Why did he stop writing tone poems and turn exclusively to opera, and why did these operas become more and more archaic instead of more and more progressive? Why do we have *The Egyptian Helen*, *Friedenstag*, *Daphne*, *Liebe der Danae*, and then again an elaborate conversation piece, *Capriccio*?

Why did the composer who undertook great subjects such as *Salome* and *Elektra*, and a comedy such as *Rosenkavalier*, then turn into the byways of literature to write a rehash of a musical language that became so stereotyped that in the last of his output one sometimes does not know where a piece starts and where it ends.

It is easy to say that the wellspring of creativity weakened with old age, but it had in fact already weakened in his late forties. If he had not been the overwhelmingly important and significant composer

that he was and still is today, it would not be quite as tantalizing a question to answer. I believe (and this is my real motive for indulging in this personal evaluation of Strauss) that after many years of search, I have found the key to the puzzle.

There is no doubt in my mind that Strauss up to the time of the First World War was one of the all-time significant, great, and important composers. It is not the issue here whether he is going to last as long as Beethoven or Mendelssohn. I feel completely certain that the Strauss of the five or six early tone poems and the Strauss of the first three big operas is going to survive for many decades, not merely in Munich and Salzburg and Vienna, but wherever virtuoso symphony orchestras exist and opera stages with fine singing actors function.

I do think that any important creative artist, be he a composer, painter, or literary figure, is a representative of the period during which he works, and Strauss is a superb and supreme representative of the Wilhelmian period. This is a distinctive period, during which Germany expanded madly, to the point of a great world conflict with Britain. Strauss represents, in the best and the worst sense of the word, this Wilhelmian period, but his representative nature could not adjust to the profound changes which the First World War wrought in the fabric of our civilization. He could not really mirror the world as it became in the wake of the four-year disaster of 1914–1918. I would suggest that the composer Strauss, who had been in his earlier life a complete extrovert, became after the world war an introvert, and wrote only for himself. The choice of libretti and the constant refinement of musical formulas into clichés would substantiate this belief.

Drawing courtesy of the Bettmann Archive.

The spirit of the Wilhelmian era, so brilliantly executed, so brilliantly represented in many of Strauss's early tone poems and in the big operas, has naturally led to the loud opposition currently expressed by some of our most intellectual and discerning critics. They may not be aware that one of their probable motives is an inner objection to the whole Wagnerian-Wilhelmian complex.

There has been, particularly in the wake of the Nazi era, a complete identification (not quite justifiably) of the creative minds of people such as Wagner and Strauss with the worst elements in German political history. Although there is considerable evidence that both Wagner and Strauss were violently anti-Semitic, and fascistic in their philosophical political outlook, it would be rather arbitrary to make this a cause for denying the supreme genius of both.

Wagner, who lived as a youth through the 1848 revolution and took part in it, witnessed later a Germany which grew from a federation of many small principalities into the mighty German Reich. Strauss, who was born six years before the birth of the Reich, lived through its glory and saw it being shattered. The destruction of that German Reich was an event of tremendous importance, and Strauss's personality by that time was so totally identified, through his early success, with the Wilhelmian era that he was unable to come to terms with anything else.

But if we can set aside for a minute our own objections and our own revulsion against the steel helmets and the mustachios, we may come to admire the sensitivity and the pity, the human understanding, which have gone into the best of Strauss's writings, particularly if we do not take the literary programs of his symphonic poems too seriously. We should hold on to the twinkle in his eye, to his humor, to evidence such as the fugue in *Zarathustra*, where he makes fun of science and of polyphonic writing, at which he, like many another great composer, was not a master.

Even in *Heldenleben* the music of the Antagonists is funny, while the youthful sweep depicting himself as the great E-flat Major hero, psychologically stemming from the key of Beethoven's *Eroica*, need not be considered as arrogance and presumption; it is merely youthful exuberance, and unquestionably a work of genius. The description of the wife, the companion, in the violin solo, the way in which she escapes into another tonality each time the man nearly has his way, the finesse of playing with notes, the intense delight in subtle allusions — these are signs of a true creative giant.

Such allusions and refinements are not limited to the student who reads the score; they are part and parcel of a huge structure which in its totality appeals to the naïve listener through gorgeous

sound, through fine, although somewhat uncritical, melodic invention, through a post-Wagnerian and very original sequence of harmonic modulations, and through a display possibility of instrumental virtuosity that is second to none.

As the all-time masterpiece of that symphonic era, I would unhesitatingly choose *Till Eulenspiegel*. Strauss, both in his symphonic poems and in his operas, was always at his best when he could depict the seamier side of life. I find his *Till* more convincing than his *Don Juan*; I find his *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* more convincing than his *Zarathustra* and his *Hero*. I find his *Herodias* and *Herod* more convincing than *Jokanaan*, and *Clytemnestra* more convincing than *Chrysothemis*. In these two scores — *Salome* and *Elektra* — the direction of modern music is forecast by Strauss.

Had he been able to shed the cloak of the Wilhelmian era and become a representative of the twenties and thirties, he, rather than Alban Berg with *Wozzeck*, might have been the one to have created the supreme operatic masterpiece. There is a direct line from *Herodias* via *Clytemnestra* via the nurse in *Frau ohne Schatten* to figures like Marie in *Wozzeck* and to *Wozzeck* himself. Here, I think, lies the real tragedy: that this man, who at the age of fifty had acquired an incredible technique of composition, was by that time at the end of his career because the only age which he could represent had arrived at its historic end.

If you don't want to take a performer's word and if you don't want to accept a conductor's enthusiasm as documentation that Strauss was a great composer, we must look a little bit deeper into some of his masterworks. The performer, of course, especially the singing actor and the fine orchestral player, has always been in Strauss's corner; less so the solo instrumentalist, for whom he has written hardly anything, except a few early works such as the violin sonata — and, of course, that masterpiece of a cello solo, *Don Quixote*. This was not intended for a soloist at all; it was written for the orchestra's first cellist, and only now, with brilliant solo cellists in our American orchestras, are we able to do justice to the work by rehearsing the tone poem as a tone poem instead of treating it as an accompaniment to a concerto.

The greatness of Strauss lies in the fact that he constitutes the last link in a long chain of development, that he carries forth certain findings that have been developed over the centuries. *Rosenkavalier* is the successor to three supreme masterpieces of the comic lyric stage: *The Marriage of Figaro* by Mozart, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* by Wagner, and *Falstaff* by Verdi. It is not an original thought at all to declare Octavian the direct descendant of Cherubino. It was even so intended. The figure of the young boy, who could not ade-

quately be represented on stage by a man and whose in-between age of life was best entrusted to the acting and singing of a woman, found in Octavian no less an interpretation of genius than in his great predecessor, Cherubino.

WHEN we compare the development of Strauss with that of two near-contemporaries, Gustav Mahler and Arnold Schönberg, we become immediately aware that he was a much more significant representative of the age which produced him than the other two composers. Mahler and Schönberg, equally under the influence of the titanic Wagner, took other roads. The two composers — maybe it was their origin from Jewish families which made them less susceptible to the grandeur and to the posture of the Wilhelmian era — started quite differently from Strauss. Schönberg began as super-Wagnerian, only to abandon the style and to revolt against it, creating in the process something which became epoch-making for composition in the twentieth century. He is, of course, still a controversial figure, at least with the music-listening public. Mahler, who died in 1911 when Strauss had not yet reached the summit of his own development, left a few very large symphonies and a number of songs, which have led for the past half century a somewhat precarious existence, admittedly loved only by a handful of Central Europeans, who during the thirties and forties tried in vain to convince their friends in a more international setting of the worth of these great works. Only in the sixties have they come to mean more to the public; and they have done so at just the time when the intelligentsia among music lovers has moved away from Strauss.

As I stated before, many interwoven motives can be traced. Politics on a less than conscious level plays a role; yet the best of Strauss has the same immediacy today in America, in France, England, or Italy, as it has always had in Strauss's native country. *Heldenleben*, *Zarathustra*, and *Don Quixote*, the three large symphonic poems, then *Death and Transfiguration*, *Don Juan*, and *Till Eulenspiegel*, the three shorter symphonic poems, seem to me to embody the best of Strauss; they are preceded by two more-tentative pieces, *Aus Italien* and *Macbeth*, followed by two excursions into a somewhat overly expanded score, *Sinfonia Domestica* and the *Alpine Symphony*.

After his fiftieth birthday, which I consider a less significant date than the outbreak of the First World War, Strauss began to lose contact with the world as it was, and being a sensitive creative artist, he evidently felt his own alienation. Rather than try to understand where the world and the

world of music were moving, he withdrew more and more into a realm of his own. Just before the war, *Ariadne* was composed. This is a symbolic choice of a remote comedy idea. He followed it with an attempt to re-create the shocker success of *Salome*, this time in ballet form and called the *Legend of Joseph*, probably one of his weakest scores. After that, Strauss recovered a lot of the old magic in *Frau ohne Schatten*, a long score with some of his greatest and finest music, unfortunately quite lost in an enormously difficult libretto, which, taken from an exquisite fairy tale by Hofmannsthal, never quite made it as a dramatic creation.

The joining up of several themes is also attempted by Strauss on several occasions at this time. His fugatos are done with tongue in cheek. He writes a short and very academic fugue exposition in *Zarathustra*, where the subtitle "Of Science" (*"Wissenschaft"*) indicates that for Strauss the science of music is symbolized by fugal writing. The intricacies in that particular spot are really more for the eye and the enjoyment of the reader; they incorporate not only fugal responses in circles of fifths, going from C to G to D to A, but also a most scientifically, or shall we say mathematically, complex broadening of the metric pattern. The way the triplets are used as quarter triplets, half triplets, and double half triplets is purposefully academic, and very amusing.

The question which I have never been able to answer is whether Strauss would have been able to write a fugato which was not academic. The opening to the third act of *Rosenkavalier* is in fugal style, and some of his later orchestral introductions are attempts at genuine polyphony. The sextet prelude of his final stage work, *Capriccio*, is a case in point. I once had the opportunity of hearing the piece in concert, together with the *Metamorphoses for Twenty-three Strings*, and neither of these two works of his late period stands up as anything but a composing exercise, no doubt a diversion for the composer in his old age. He was entitled to this pleasure, as he had made an immortal contribution to music — immortal in that it will live to make people rejoice for many generations. But polyphony was not his forte, which may explain why he could not go the way of Schönberg.

Even his vocal ensembles, brilliantly as he treated voices, are rarely genuine polyphony. For example, in the trio in *Rosenkavalier* we never have three legitimate vocal lines. There is always some accompaniment and some filling. He is a supremely agile man with the notes and could pretend many things which were never quite there. What was always there, up to and including large portions of *Frau ohne Schatten*, and later in parts of *Arabella*, was great invention of tunes — sometimes modeled after past eras, sometimes adapted in a tasteful

and ingenious manner — a fabric of sound, constantly keeping the interest alive, and a beautiful interplay of motifs when the literary poetic program inspired the composer.

Pieces like *Don Juan* and *Eulenspiegel*, and most of *Heldenleben*, of *Don Quixote*, and of *Zarathustra*, are not written too many times in a century, and if I emphasize the critique of that which is not genuine in Strauss, it is because I believe that the observance of the composer's centennial anniversary would have been ever so much more just if we had not fallen into the error of either the humdrum admirer who finds everything terrific, or the biting negativist who tends to show Strauss as another second-line nineteenth-century composer who by some error of nature lasted well into the twentieth century.

ADMITTEDLY, his principal shortcoming was his lack of developmental technique. The young Strauss made a great virtue of this. His most successful symphonic poems are therefore the relatively brief ones, and those where the narrative of the music never attempts to broaden into a truly symphonic structure after the Beethoven model. The development of thematic material which was the basis of the great symphonists of the Beethoven-Brahms school was certainly not Strauss's strong suit. Coming as he did from the romantic Wagnerian school of aesthetics, where literature, painting, associative music, and linking of various art forms interested the educated world, it is no wonder that the architectural and structural elements should interest Strauss less than the pictorial and associative possibilities of music. When he attempts the very broad forms (*Sinfonia Domestica*, the *Alpine Symphony*), his symphonic weakness defeats the essential naïveté of the subject matter. *Sinfonia Domestica* is a light work spread out over three quarters of an hour and involving a huge orchestra. So is the *Alpine Symphony*, which I still consider one of the happier inventions of Strauss except that it is too long and requires too large an orchestra to have a complete unity of purpose. It is as if a speaker who had a small topic came with a huge manuscript of ten or fifteen thousand words and delivered a light after-dinner speech in stentorian tones.

But when we turn to the Strauss of the short symphonic poems, such as *Eulenspiegel* or *Don Juan*, there is nothing but absolute perfection. It is probably not coincidence that his strongest operas are the one-act works, because Strauss, when extending himself in a grand design, uses more than the permissible amount of stuffing. There is no doubt that in all operatic writing, high points of invention alternate with filling. This is equally

true of Wagner and Verdi, and probably the only operatic composer who escaped this was Mozart, who used recitative, which is the equivalent of a musical low gear.

Strauss was most successful in his one-act works *Salome* and *Elektra*. Even *Rosenkavalier*, a sublime and superb masterpiece of comic opera, has long passages of stuffing, best proved by Strauss's own suggested list of cuts, which have remained standard practice in all opera houses (except for some super-Straussian zealots, who have in recent years restored every bit of filling of the original score in performance).

What is it exactly that makes a set of musical themes good for structural, developmental musical treatment, and others not? The Beethovenian or Brahmsian materials are germs rather than tunes. Strauss, on the other hand, is always eager to invent tunes, and these do not lend themselves as readily to development and variations as short germinal motifs. I think that one of the reasons why *Eulenspiegel* remains such a masterpiece is that its thematic material is brief and succinct; in the very opening lies the nucleus which lends itself in innumerable variations to many kinds of treatment. It is significant that the sequence of intervals of *Till's* first motif has a quite different meaning when it appears in the third act of *Tristan*; most musicians are not even aware of this sameness, which only proves that the same germ can be developed in totally different ways. Unless you notice interval structure, your ear would hardly perceive that the *Tristan* and *Eulenspiegel* sequences are the same notes; yet they do show that Strauss and his musical language come directly from Wagner. As Strauss conceives his symphonic poems he adds a touch of Mendelssohnian lightness and elegance, and there is hardly any connection between the orchestral sonorities which Strauss produces and those of Wagner.

Strauss's orchestration is in certain ways far more difficult than Wagner's, and yet it is far easier to produce a well-sounding Straussian tone poem than a well-sounding Wagnerian excerpt with exactly the same kind of orchestra. Wagner did not double instruments nearly as much as Strauss. His musical fabric is a great deal more exposed, while Strauss doubles and redoubles his important themes to such a degree that many less-than-perfect instrumentalists are still able to produce a brilliant and effective orchestral performance. In this respect the twentieth-century composers are superior to the nineteenth-century masters of the orchestra.

Debussy had the same ability as Strauss, maybe even to a greater degree, of enabling second-rate groups to sound first-rate because of the way he set the individual orchestral parts. Strauss is not quite so simple because his technical demands on all

chairs are enormous. Many of the passages for the strings are so well covered by pedal points in the horns and doubled by woodwinds that a lack of the last technical finish sometimes becomes an asset when broad strokes are required rather than chamber-music finesse.

I heard years ago a funny and authentic story about Strauss visiting a German opera group known as the *Wanderbühne*. They were preparing *Intermezzo* at the time, and the musical director of the group was very proud that the innumerable notes in their exact setting of German diction — at this Strauss was an unsurpassed master — had been rehearsed with the most precise, meticulous observation of every thirty-second and sixty-fourth, of every *piano*, *pianissimo*, of every accent and half accent. When he said to Strauss, who assisted at the rehearsal, “Master, every smallest note is being produced with the utmost exactness,” Strauss, in one of his moods, said, “Tell me, my dear friend, why do you want it so exact?”

The ego of Strauss was a monumental one. The

self-assurance, often more than self-assurance — arrogance — was there, together with an openly avowed materialistic interest in his outward success and its exploitation. When a performance of one of his works was brought to his attention, the performer would receive a picture postcard showing the master himself, and on the back, in the familiar, very legible handwriting, there would be a few appropriately grateful and thoughtful words. He was the perfect politician who knew that a picture postcard with a thank you would make of the performer a Strauss devotee and a Strauss pioneer, if pioneering for the great Strauss were needed.

I discern in the life and work of Richard Strauss this formulation: a youth rapidly advancing from promise, talent, facility, and proficiency to true genius; a mature genius producing half a dozen orchestral works, a great many lieder, and three to five, according to taste, supreme operas. The tragedy of Strauss and the vulnerability of his renown came when he outlived the era which he had most eloquently represented in his best music.

THE WINDOW

by John L'Heureux

Ned and I saw cats dancing in the window
and though my watch and clock broke —
both of them — within an hour, I did not mind
so much because the cats were good to look at.
Watches get enough attention anyway.

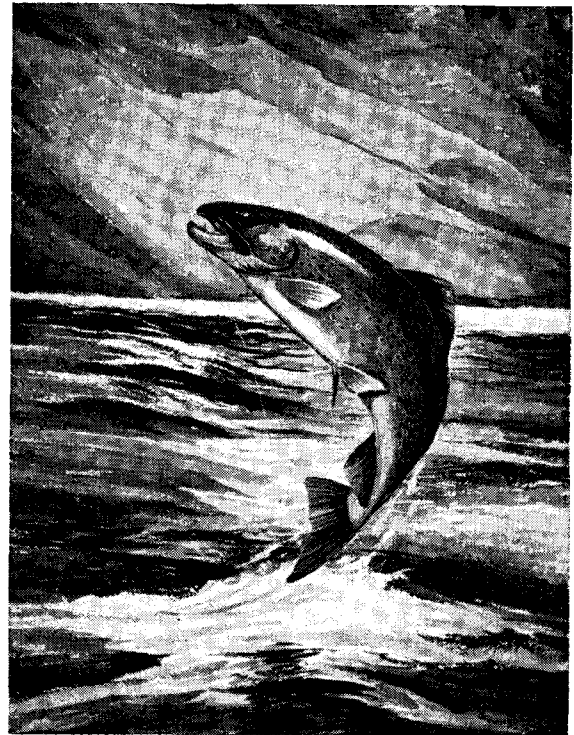
This morning, timeless, was a footrace and I
ran into myself upon the stairs, stood sick
and wonderless at the same old clutter
of bones and lies. I damned me to my enemies.
A new effective way to pay old debts.

But at the moment of Communion, Christ
lying light upon my tongue, I thought
about the cats and Ned and clocks,
revived the Christian wonder at a dancing toy,
forgave myself — almost — for being me.

BIG BROWNS IN THE CRYSTAL

by JOHN S. HOLDEN

The founder and headmaster of the Colorado Rocky Mountain School in Carbondale, John Holden has enjoyed as a fringe benefit some of the finest dry-fly fishing to be found in the Southwest.



ANNE and I came out to Colorado eleven years ago to establish a coeducational college preparatory boarding school somewhat like the school in Vermont where we had taught for seventeen years. We were fortunate in finding a ranch at the junction of the Crystal and Roaring Fork rivers. At first we rented, but now the school owns about half a mile along the Roaring Fork and a mile and a half along the Crystal. In the early, trying years I used to have to get away from the strain once in a while, particularly in the summer when the financial crises seemed to descend on me. At first I knew nothing about river fishing. The conversion from wet-fly dropper to dry-fly caster was long, slow, and hard on my pride. But the wonderful thing about fishing is that it is completely absorbing whether the fish are taking your flies or ignoring them.

My problems vanished while I was on the river; I never did get an ulcer, even when a real estate agent's sign went up at the edge of the most important property, the piece which we had to buy in order to make a go of the school. I won't say I thought out solutions to the school's problems on the river. However, walking home at dusk or back into the office refreshed, I did find solutions. The senses are sharpened, too, so that besides the fish, one notices the birds, the insects, the trees and flowers along the bank, the wind, light or strong, the clouds, the smells, the sounds, and the feel of rocks underfoot.

"Brown Trout," watercolor by William J. Schaldach. Courtesy of the artist.

The Roaring Fork Valley at Carbondale is 6000 feet above sea level. The rivers are filled with snow water from the Elk Mountains, a string of 14,000-footers that include the Maroon Bells, Pyramid, Snowmass, Capitol, Daly, Massive, Elbert, and Castle. These are all hidden from view in the valley because of Mount Sopris, which rises a sheer 6800 feet right out of the valley floor. I've seen only one other place where the vertical rise from the immediate valley to the top is greater. That, of course, is Mount Shasta, where the road is 3500 feet and the top is 14,000 feet. We don't pretend to have the best fishing on our rivers. Paved roads run along beside most of them. There is very little posted water. The fish are well educated by swarms of fishermen.

One July day, when the Crystal River was still high but almost clear and beginning to go down, I left school carrying my clumsy waders, my net, creel, and rod, my vest bulging with flies, dope, leader material, and gadgets all very functional.

I always start below the spot where I expect the big fish to be. In this way I get warmed up before the critical casts are necessary. This day I started in a relatively unproductive stretch, stripped out some line, and cast into some fairly swift current. Bang, and it was just luck, not my reaction, that set the size fourteen hook. The fish seemed very heavy and the river mighty swift for that light leader. I held my breath as the fish twisted the

line around a stick. Usually this maneuver means good-bye. But again I was lucky. I reached the stick and untangled the line before the fish could exert much force on it. I was careful, so careful that I did manage to land a seventeen-inch German brown. In the next forty-five minutes I had two more browns and a rainbow of almost the same size in my creel.

My equipment consists of an 1890 vintage Orvis rod, originally eight feet long but now a few inches shorter. It has been rewrapped by a local craftsman. The reel is a Perrine automatic with backing and HDH line. I usually start with a tapered gut leader, tying on nylon tippets when it gets too short. Theoretically at least, the gut leader sinks and helps to pull the nylon down; I wish it would work as well as it is supposed to. The more flexible nylon lets the fly follow the slightest move of the current without drag, but it is really hard to keep the leader below the surface of the water when the fly is floating. There are preparations on the market for this that work fairly well. One friend uses lava soap, another uses the slime on the side of the first fish he catches, but if I can't sink my leader, I sometimes can't catch any fish. After we moved into our new home with its modern dishwasher, I found a preparation that seems to be the best yet. It is called Dishdry — a silicone that removes the surface tension so that no drops will remain on glasses and china in the drying process. I keep one pocket flap saturated with the stuff and draw my leader through it when I want the leader to sink. When it dries, I add water. One application smeared on the pocket flap will last all day in that way. I carry in my pocket spools of Gladdings 1X, 3X, and 5X limp monofilament. My favorite flies for this water are Ginger Quill, Betty McNull, Red Variant, Pink Lady, and the Wulff tied Royal Coachman. I seldom use anything larger than a size twelve or smaller than a size sixteen hook.

The brush that grows along the bank makes it necessary for me to wade for most of my fishing. I have learned to move cautiously for two reasons: first, the worthwhile fish take warning from the slightest hint of danger, and I don't want to give them that hint; second, I want to live for another day. Too many wader wearers who were good swimmers have drowned in big rivers because they misjudged the current. When I first started fishing the Crystal, I discovered very quickly how slippery the rocks were. Later I found that for me the surest footing comes from a felt sole. Waders are better for me than boots because I always forget that water can pour in over the top.

Three years ago the state of Colorado started to allow year-round fishing in practically all waters. The Fish and Game Commission is of the opinion

that this system is best because it avoids the extraordinary strain of opening day and distributes the fishing load more evenly throughout the year. Employees of the hatcheries can stock streams all year long without having to do the largest part of their work at one time, and spawning follows no fixed time schedule when three species populate the streams. Since last season was the best we had had in years, this system seems like a move in the right direction.

I like to begin my fishing after high water has passed. This can be any time between early June and the first of August depending on the snowpack above timberline. The water is murky when it is that high and extremely dangerous for one who wades. I am always much too busy at graduation time, but after the students and their parents have departed and the tempo slows down, I await the coming of that day when there seems to be a kind of intoxication about the eagerness of the trout to devour the flies on and often above the surface. This period ends with the full moon. After that the fish are there; the water is low and crystal clear. The fisherman has to become an angler, an artist, in order to coax them to bite. During low water I come to know where each big fish makes his home. They usually come up to look me over once but scorn my offering. If one doesn't rise at least to say hello, I can be pretty sure that some wiser fisherman than I has had him for supper. One thing I know, though: hardware slingers don't get many trout in that kind of water.

JOHN WILSON, our neighbor across the river from the school, keeps asking me why I use such light leaders and tiny flies when I'm fishing for the biggest fish in the river. I never answer him directly because I hate to admit that I have a wild dream that the light tackle will attract some monster that no other rig could get and that I will miraculously have the skill to land him without breaking the flimsy thread that fooled him. However, every time I lose a fly in a fish I get a little wiser about what gauge leader to use.

John fishes wet with an eight-pound test leader and takes more and better trout than I do. He's been at it longer. One day, though, he lost his line and broke his rod on something that must have been a lot bigger than eight pounds. It was at dusk, in the hole just above the school property where the old bridge abutment is. When the fish struck, John said it felt like an atomic sub heading for the Pacific. Nobody has caught anything bigger than six pounds in our river for quite a while, so maybe it's still there.

One day John and I met on either side of the

river, just like Robert Frost and his neighbor across the wall. It was late June, and there was a tremendous body of lively water between us. He was fishing wet flies working downstream, and I was fishing dry working up. Something took his offering first; he whistled to me to look. I did till something struck my fly. There we were, proud and nervous at the same time, both fighting leviathans. In that kind of water, fish have the advantage. Their own strength plus the unbelievable force of the water is enough to beat any fisherman and any combination of tackle. Nevertheless, they seem to turn and work upstream at just the time the backing is about to run out. We were both so busy that we had only one or two chances to exchange glances. He beached his fish, I netted mine, and then we held up our catches for mutual admiration. His was more than twenty inches long, mine a little smaller.

It was beginning to get dark. He was immediately onto another. So was I. One fish knew enough to keep going downstream. John had a real fight on his hands. He went after it as fast as he could go over the boulders, splashing, staggering, and cautious not to get drawn into the real current. My fish delighted me by choosing to go upstream. It wasn't long, though, before mine, too, decided to go down with the flood. I couldn't go with it because of the overhanging alders on my side. I knew what would happen before the backing hit the knot. The slack line came back very easily. In the meantime John's fish had turned upstream. As I watched, John was beaching him, but the hook broke as the fish was half in and half out of the water. John dove and literally tackled the fish. He came up dripping onto both knees and one hand, like his primordial ancestors. By the gills he was holding twenty-six inches of brown trout. It is amazing what a trout can do to the dignity of a man.

John Wilson, who is a sedate real estate agent by day, is the perfect neighbor to have across the river. We have never interfered with each other's fishing. When the water is low, it might be a problem. He never comes near the pool where I'm working the water, and I always give him a wide berth. But off the river we like to compare notes, and I try to get him talking about his boyhood in the valley. He remembers the old mining camps after they'd been abandoned when there were still new shovels, kegs of unopened nails, cupboards full of canned food. When the bottom dropped out of the silver market, people never even bothered to go back up the mountains to pack their belongings.

He remembers, too, when the Crystal River was crystal twelve months of the year. Today, every thunderstorm turns the river brown, black,

yellow, or red depending on which stream, which tributary caught the worst of the storm. Today, the spring runoff has the stream riled up for from two to eight weeks. There are a few streams that seem to run clear no matter how much rain there has been, but these are the streams where no sheep grazing has been allowed by the National Forest supervisor. Sheep by the thousands are still allowed on the meadows above timberline in many National Forest areas. Though the policy has been to cut back the grazing permits gradually, these sharp-hooved creatures do eat the high grasses down very short every summer.

Sheep aren't the only reason for our muddy streams, though. Every spring I lead an expedition up to the twelve-thousand-foot level of Mount Sopris to enjoy the magnificent skiing. Every year at snow line we notice a strange phenomenon. The ground looks as though it had been plowed. Everywhere rodents have dug tunnels just below the surface and have cut roots while leaving the raw dirt on top. We've done such a good job of killing off predators that we now have an overabundance of mice, shrews, moles, gophers, ground squirrels, and marmots. They're all nice little creatures to have around, but they really cut up the ground.

California has just repealed the law that gave hunters bounty for killing mountain lions. Now Colorado is one of the last states to have such a bounty, and people tell me that all the big cats killed in Utah and Wyoming are brought down to Colorado for the fifty-dollar bounty. Cattlemen today are realizing that these creatures were really their friends. These lions are essentially cowardly, always attacking the weakest animals, the sickly ones that might be spreading disease among the others. They control the rodents and keep the deer herds small, healthier, and much less of a nuisance. Bobcats and coyotes are a help in this way, too. My selfish motive is that I'd like to have clear streams again, but I'd certainly like to see those bounties taken off.

Every year now we get tremendous mud slides all the way to the bottom of the valley. Twice I've been caught between two of them. Natives know that in 1940 a mud slide wiped out half of the town of Marble and closed the marble quarry. Of course we know that the mountains are always "taking from the top to broaden the base," but we don't need to speed up this process to the extent that we have thus far done in the twentieth century.

John tends to blame the muddy water mostly on the sheep. I guess I do too. Cattle, deer, and elk have larger hooves and don't eat as close to the ground. We both notice that the Crystal runs muddy much more often than the Roaring Fork or the Frying Pan and that more sheep go up it for grazing.

The hardest fishing is in the three more or less still pools above the school in low water. I get the feeling that the trout here have superior intellects. Sometimes I observe a pool from a distance and see not a ripple on the surface. But as I approach, there are rises everywhere. Each rise stops as soon as my casts reach that part of the pool, and the best I have to offer is ignored completely. I am inclined to believe that they started rising just to have a look at this strange fisherman who thinks he's going to tempt them with an artificial fly.

Occasionally I set out to fish with relatively heavy tackle, approach the first pool carefully from below, observe a number of rises, work slowly up to the head meeting only refusals. Before working the next pool I switch to a 5X leader. Then I fish it even more carefully, see no rises at all, and suddenly leviathan strikes. If the leader survives the setting of the hook, it never lasts more than a minute after that, and I go home with the satisfaction of knowing that there is something worthwhile waiting for me the next time I try the river.

Then there are days of brilliant sunshine when nothing I do will sink the leader. Thin as it is, it sits on top of the water casting a shadow that looks like a naval hawser, and even those freshly stocked trout won't bite. I use my special surface-tension-cutting formula, and still it won't sink. This is the day I knock off the barb on a rock on a back cast, and I'm ready to give it all up when I notice the grandfather of them all in the water above me. In spite of my nervousness, I manage to drop the fly just ahead of him and watch him twitch but not rise as it drifts by. After perhaps six more casts and no more luck I switch to a homemade brown hackle and try again. This time he rises and takes a live fly not two inches from mine. I'm ready to give up but cast again just for spite. This time he strikes my fly, sets the hook himself, and heads for midstream. I know the tricks of these browns. He can't saw off the leader on a sharp rock and get away with it with me. He can't get the leader snagged under a big boulder in the middle of the stream. He runs madly for a while and then takes refuge in the eddy of a large black volcanic rock, nuzzling in the weeds to see if he can find a snag. Gently I ease him out of there only to face a worse crisis as he bolts downstream faster than I can follow. Then, for no apparent reason he starts working back toward me. By this time I am shaking all over from sheer exhaustion, so I rest a bit, hold him in some relatively swift water, and hope that it is wearing him out. Again, gradually and slowly I move toward him, and there he is, with the big, characteristic spots of the brown trout shining on his sides, so close that I

can see the white borders as well as the red-orange centers. As best I can judge, I have spent more than half an hour working this brute up and down the river. By all the rules of Isaak Walton he must be completely worn out. So out comes the net and away goes the fish in the strongest, most vicious burst I have ever seen. Away, too, goes my dream of walking into the kitchen with this prize, far too big for my creel.

Every year I have one or two experiences like that, and every year I get a little more canny and a little more familiar with the tricks of the big trout in the Crystal River. One summer I had an equally large trout on my line for just as long a time, again on a size fourteen hook. This one simply loosened up the hook with all his playing, and just before I was ready to net him, rolled quietly over, and the hook slid out of his jaw.

Sometimes I wonder if I can ever train myself to be ready for the completely unexpected. The really big ones often come from nowhere, and the surprise causes an involuntary reaction that spoils my chances. Buck fever. No matter how hard I try, I can't outguess them.

The smallest of our pools is the most amazing. No matter how many people fish it, there are still fish there, big fish. One summer, late in August, I learned the reason why. All along the east bank, under the alders and cottonwoods, are beaver holes, and I suspect that this is a network of tunnels. They aren't visible until the water is very low. I realize now that in the open water, just in front of the largest of these openings, is the spot where I consistently see rises and often take fish. It is a difficult cast, a three-foot-wide opening between overhanging alders. No one who walks the east bank of this pool catches anything. A footfall over their hidden haven is a telegraphed warning.

Sometimes when I am fishing this pool at dusk I hear a loud splash and know that Mr. Beaver has decided to have a little fun with me. I think that these interesting creatures have a sense of humor. I know that they purposely call attention to themselves on many occasions. And I know too that they sometimes ostracize a fellow beaver. We saw this happen once in a sand dune in the Great Sand Dunes National Monument. The park naturalist there told us that this ostracizing is fairly common and accounts for the fact that there are both colonies and single dwellings. One day I was hip-deep working my small pool when a beaver swam by within two feet of my boots. He wasn't a bit concerned. Local bait fishermen tell me that you're in luck when a beaver swims by because his swimming stirs up the bottom, and trout always follow to pick up what they can in the wake.

Books and Men If Paul Goodman is the aging lion of American radicalism, Michael Harrington, at thirty-seven, is the most visible of his likely successors. *THE OTHER AMERICA*, Harrington's devastating examination of America's poor, is mandatory for field workers in the war on poverty; his new book, *THE ACCIDENTAL CENTURY*, will be published this month.

ON PAUL GOODMAN

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

DURING one of the recent student uprisings at Berkeley, an activist told a reporter that his rebellious generation distrusted everyone over thirty. There is, however, a fifty-four-year-old exception to this rule: Paul Goodman, utopian *agent provocateur* and perhaps the only honorary angry young man on the American campus today. A few years ago, Goodman said that he was trying to integrate the existentialism of Zen, Tao, and Albert Camus with the pragmatism of William James and John Dewey. Why should such a mix, which at first glance seems fairly exotic, enable its author to engage in dialogue with a bitter, discontented, and oedipal generation half his age?

American literature, Philip Rahv once said, is divided between the paleskins like Henry James and the redskins like Whitman. Goodman is, of course, a redskin. He is a devotee of that genuinely American cult of experience in which the natural man refuses to obey, or rather, seeks to destroy, conventional society. In recent times, this cult has produced Hemingway, E. E. Cummings, Henry Miller, and the entire Beat Generation. When Paul Goodman, in his *Compulsory Miseducation*, proposed that young people be encouraged to drop out from the impossible schools we force them into, he argued that they would be better off hanging around on a street corner than sitting in a classroom. That is the voice of an American redskin.

The main issue of his new book, *People or Personnel*, is the oppressiveness of bureaucracy and routine. Modern society, Goodman says, is everywhere centralizing. As a result, "the function to be performed is the goal of the organization rather than of persons. . . . The persons are personnel." The answer to this situation is radical decentralist



change which creates a society in which "people are engaged in a function and the organization is how they cooperate. . . . Each person becomes increasingly aware of the whole operation and works at it in his own way according to his capacities."

These words were written before the first student demonstrations at Berkeley in the fall of 1964, yet they summarized and anticipated much of the spirit on that campus and others across the nation. In a recent essay on Berkeley, Goodman tried to explain why undergraduates might accept this view: "*The thoughts and feelings of the young have been more relevant [than those of the older generation] to the underlying realities of modern times, the drive to rationalization, the abuse of high technology, and the hardware GNP, statism and the Bomb.*" The students, Goodman is saying, are a new proletariat, whose experiences with academic bureaucracy make them sensitive to, and rebellious against, the centralizing impulses of the nonuniversity world. This thesis is certainly overstated, and just as certainly describes a spirit which has captivated some of the best of American youth.

It is in this context that one can understand

Photograph of Paul Goodman by Robert Anderson. Courtesy of Random House.

what Goodman and his readers mean by “existentialism” (if Zen and Tao are not explicit heroes of the current student movement, Albert Camus very much is). The post-World War II European existentialists responded to the violent breakdown of the old order climaxed in the death and destruction wrought by the war itself. Their notions of commitment, of being engaged, were, of course, a generalization of their experience in the Resistance movement. The setting for Goodmanesque existentialism among American youth today is hardly so somber. By and large, Goodman and his youthful audience define their existentialism as a revolt against the success, rather than the collapse, of the system. For them, a corporation is a concentration-camp universe.

This angst of affluence is hardly new. The Beats of the fifties were existentialists, too, American redskins singing the joys of the road, of sex, and of pot. The new existentialists have retained many of the bohemian, *épater les bourgeois* styles of their immediate predecessors. Yet — and this is an enormous difference — they are political, and for all the talk of hip, their concern with social morality makes them square in Beat terms. For they seek, as Goodman has said, to marry their existentialism to pragmatism.

IN *People or Personnel*, then, American society is not only charged with being immoral and aesthetically ugly. Goodman also claims that it is “ineffective, economically wasteful, humanly stultifying and ruinous to democracy.” Consequently, decentralism is proposed not as a panacea but as a practical way of performing certain important functions and doing them better than the centralizers. Goodman makes out an ingenious argument on behalf of this proposition.

In a good many cases, Goodman says, centralized technology and organization are terribly wasteful. Because of its bureaucratic structure, the New York City school system still specifies that its builders use a type of hardware so old-fashioned that it is kept in production only for these schools. At a 1964 meeting of highway planners, Washington was urged to expedite its housing program so that it would not interfere with highway construction. The road was thus proclaimed more important than the place to which it leads. Mass agricultural production and marketing makes a whole range of frozen foods available but often deprives one of the opportunity to get fresh fruits and vegetables.

As a result, Goodman continues, the centralizers do more altering of the human environment and condition than any utopian has ever proposed. (In his *Utopian Essays* a few years ago, Goodman

pointed out that Robert Moses had restructured New York City beyond the dreaming of the most radical reformer.) The corporations themselves become more and more automatons and less and less “free” enterprises. And all this is justified in the name of efficiency and the unproved hypothesis that centralization always yields the greatest volume of goods and services.

Goodman in his new book does not challenge all the arguments in favor of centralism as a necessary development of the technological society. He freely concedes that certain economic and social functions require large-scale organization. But that, he says, does not mean that the centralist mode is everywhere applicable. There are situations where the enormous cost of centralization far outweighs any advantages gained. And conversely, there are human resources which can be used most effectively on a face-to-face basis and without the need for calling some huge administrative structure into being.

The Broadway theater, he notes, is run on a sound commercial basis. It is also a risky and expensive place to do business. Off-Broadway, particularly in its formative years, was creative, exciting, and cheap. Its competitive advantage, so to speak, was access to the personal and individual enthusiasm of the participants and their resultant willingness to work for next to nothing. Goodman cites television as another case in point. A network hour on NBC costs an advertiser \$143,000 and represents a tremendous investment of money. But one educational television station produces an hour for \$600, and a more independent, less institutionalized station provides the same hour for \$225. Goodman applies a similar sliding scale to New York City education: a good traditional private school spends \$850 per child per year, the public schools \$700, and a private Summerhill-type school, which involves parents, faculty, and children in a sometimes unruly democracy, \$450.

Goodman overstates his case, I think. Most of his examples depend on the resources of an experimental intellectual community which is both resourceful and on the fringe of a conventional community. Such a group can make only a limited contribution to meaningful efforts at reform. Nonetheless, *People or Personnel* makes its basic point, and even government administrators are getting the message. One of the most important innovations in the war against poverty has been the appearance of the “indigenous” neighborhood worker — that is, the slum dweller who lacks formal education in social work, or even a high school diploma, but whose understanding of poverty and whose personal contact with a neighborhood can become an essential part of a community-action project. But this application of Goodman’s thesis involves the

integration of uniquely individual capacities into the centralist mechanism of a poverty program. Goodman would go a step beyond this. He would look for the possibility of spontaneous voluntary social work outside our institutional structures.

From this vantage point Goodman advocates that society guarantee a minimum income as the right of the citizen. Were this done, he believes, it would liberate the idealism and humanism of many who must limit what they do because they lack the necessary time or financial resources. Since society is now materially able to provide a guaranteed income — indeed, automation may eventually transform the traditional definitions of work and income — it is possible to lay the groundwork for a vast expansion of the voluntary and face-to-face principle. Freed from financial dependence, people could voluntarily choose social work and give it a personal, rather than simply a vocational, social commitment; or they could engage in far-out aesthetic experimentation, such as the Living Theatre, and enrich our culture.

All this has the ring of science fiction to the American generation which grew up in the Depression. But to many contemporary campus rebels it amounts to hardheaded realism.

I have spent some fourteen years lecturing at American colleges and universities. At first, as a sort of itinerant radical preacher, I was not always exactly welcome. Then, as the social mood changed, criticism of our society became such a fad that college presidents sometimes showed up for the talk. During this period, one of the most striking developments was the increasing brightness of the students. This was bound to happen with the fierce competition for the status schools and the emphasis, sometimes almost hysterical, on the value of an education.

But along with the intellectual sophistication of students there came a new discontent. Every spring, it seems to me, more and more of the best seniors were less and less satisfied with the occupational choices society offered them. They had been analyzing and criticizing American values from a distance. Now they had to confront those values in a practical way. A good many of them finessed the decision by going on to graduate school, sometimes with vague intentions of becoming academics. And in recent years, with the growth of rebel consciousness on campus, an even more drastic solution to the problem has emerged.

Like the Narodniki, those Russian intellectuals of the nineteenth century who “went to the peasants,” American student volunteers are to be found in practically every slum in the nation and in a good many abroad. Some are college dropouts, others come from graduate schools, some are part-time students and part-time tutors or community or-

ganizers in tenement ghettos. And what they share with Goodman is the conviction that work in American society is morally empty, aesthetically ugly, and, under conditions of automation, economically unnecessary. So it is that, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, more students at Harvard last year were thinking about the Peace Corps than about a career in business.

The enthusiasm for voluntary action, which has led some students to face death in Mississippi and Alabama, is the main resource of Goodmanesque economics. Many of these students can afford spontaneous and voluntary actions for a few years because they are the children of affluence and can work for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee or the Students for a Democratic Society at a wage of less than ten dollars a week. But what then? Are they to be forced back into the rat race? That would be an enormous waste — from their point of view and from society’s as well. I think Goodman is right to argue that an investment in these young people might well create more positive social change than all the boards and bureaucracies taken together.

But achieving a guaranteed income and changing the definition of work for an entire society require a new kind of politics. At this point, Goodman, the anarchist, cannot sustain his analysis. And even his young disciples part company with him.

For all his previous tough-mindedness and existential pragmatism, Goodman makes a political assumption which comes out of the American tradition of innocence and optimism: that since his proposals are more moral and efficient than the prevailing methods, the executives and wielders of power will surrender to the force of his argument. What this ignores is that a great deal of centralist enterprise is highly profitable, and therefore, from the profit taker’s point of view, quite rational.

Goodman’s discussion of the industrial psychologists is a classic instance of his naïveté in this crucial regard. The industrial psychologists, he writes, are “decentralist by disposition and have taught a wisdom opposite to the time-motion studies of ‘scientific business management.’” The original scientific business managers regarded the worker as an object to be calculated like a machine. Then Elton Mayo came along, and in his famous experiments demonstrated that the people on the assembly line responded to human attention and concern, and what was more important, responded in terms of increased productivity. He thus defined nonmaterial incentives which could be used to forward the basic aim of the scientific business managers: maximum production.

In a society dominated by Paul Goodman’s values, Mayo’s revelations could have been put to humane and exciting use. But that is hardly what

the corporations have done. They have simply hired psychologists and sociologists to make their control of the production line even more scientific. One of the most ingenious companies in this process has been General Electric. It has a community philosophy, communicates with workers about marriages and the weather, is determined to destroy, or at least emasculate, the union by speaking over the heads of the elected leaders, and has a penchant for rightist political and economic ideas.

In short, so long as concentrated economic power determines how change is to proceed, the most radical and rational ideas can be assimilated to the most irrational purposes. And even at this moment, a shrewd centralist executive may be studying his Goodman, trying to find out how he can extract a decentralist technique and put it to work for his own centralist ends. The basic need, therefore, is a political movement which can offset concentrated economic power and a social setting in which Goodmanesque ideas can be placed in the service of Goodmanesque ideals. In *People or Personnel*, Goodman does not face up to this point.

But then, his problem is related to the broader crisis of Western radicalism. As the technical

possibility of utopia has increased, its political fortunes have declined. There is today no movement in the United States which will incorporate *People or Personnel* into a political program.

Here Goodman's disciples have been wiser than their master. The activists of SNCC and SDS have gone into the slums and fields, not simply to live out a new way of social work but to initiate a new political movement among the black and white poor. Some of their theories about their prospects are much too optimistic, and their strategies are often inflexible. But they are asking the right question: how can their ends be achieved? The main defect of *People or Personnel* is that it does not.

It would be wrong to close this analysis of Goodman's text and its readers on a sour note. The analyses in *People or Personnel* are rewarding in their own right. More than that, they provide some clues about why the generation which revolted at Berkeley, which marched in Washington, and which challenged the sovereign state of Mississippi is responsive to the marriage of Zen, Tao, and Camus with William James and John Dewey. Goodman and his audience are the first existentialists of affluence.

LITURGY OF TIME PAST

BY MURIEL SPARK

What's today?

Hoops today.

What's yesterday?

Tops yesterday.

What's tomorrow?

Diabolo.

Moons and planets come out to play,

The Bear bowled, the Sun spun.

See the Devil-on-sticks run

Today, tomorrow, and yesterday.

What's Hope?

Skipping rope.

What's Charity?

Salty peppery.

What's Faith?

Edinburgh, Leith,

Portobello, Musselburgh,

and Dalkeith.

Out you are.

In you are.

Mustard.

Vinegar.

BOOKS and MEN *Born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee, educated at Vanderbilt and at the University of Florida, Jesse Hill Ford is the author of one of the most searching novels ever written about the South, THE LIBERATION OF LORD BYRON JONES, the midsummer Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ralph McGill of the Atlanta CONSTITUTION evaluates this extraordinary book.*

THE CLEAREST TRUTH IS IN FICTION

Jesse Hill Ford's Novel of the South

by Ralph McGill

WHEN I had finished reading Jesse Hill Ford's novel *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones*, I sat thinking for a long time. The characters were strongly alive and jostling in my mind; the mood and motion of their life in the town had created a sadness and an excitement. Lord Byron Jones was liberated — true enough. And so, in a sense, were Somerton's police force, Willie Joe, and Mr. Stanley. Steve and Nella Mundine had escaped but were not free. There was no liberation for anyone else in Somerton. Certainly not for Oman Hedgepath, whose whole life had been one of captivity, a captivity as complete as that which had enmeshed Lord Byron Jones. Nor had there been any liberation of the people of Somerton. The town might be any one of a hundred or so county seats I've seen in a lifetime of being a Southerner, spending forty-four years trying to understand and know the region of my birth and why I loved it and yet wanted to be liberated from its hold. I recalled the voice of a long-dead novelist friend saying, "It is a region you love as a mother loves a crippled child — you want the child to be made well, to be healthy and strong." It is that, but that is not all.

I sat thinking that I must have seen and talked with at least a dozen or more small-town policemen and deputy sheriffs who looked and talked and thought exactly like those Jesse Hill Ford had pictured in fiction. In the months and years of electric cattle prods, police dogs, beatings, shootings, of bodies found in rivers and fields, Willie Joe and Mr. Stanley were principals in the cast of characters in most of the civil rights dramas. Oman Hedgepath



was there, too, not really wanting murder to be done, or men to be mutilated and slugged or denied justice and dignity, but rationalizing it if it was done.

The book revived questions frequently asked by visitors (and, God knows, by myself and friends), posed in countless letters, and raised in seminars: "What does the white South really think, especially the white South of the old plantation areas?" "What does the Negro think, specifically the Negro in the country towns where he is at the mercy of the cold-eyed sheriffs and the power structure that becomes brutally violent when it loses its balance of tolerant paternalism?"

Out of Jesse Hill Ford's magnificent novel comes reply. The deeper answers, I believe, are to be found not in biography, autobiography, news stories, or personal narrative. They may be found, paradoxically perhaps, in fiction — not just any fiction, but in writing such as Mr. Ford has set down in what is a superb and moving book.

The lives of white men and women and Negro men and women are closely mixed, yet widely separated, in Ford's fictitious setting of a Tennessee town called Somerton. The town's name doesn't matter. What matters is that there were, and are,

Photograph of Jesse Hill Ford by Town and Country Studio. Courtesy of Atlantic-Little, Brown.

so many Somertons, so many Oman Hedgepaths, so many Willie Joes and Mr. Stanleys; so many places where barbarous, senselessly cruel things and mocking injustices have for so long survived year after year. As the years came and went the Somertons acquired country clubs, paved streets, subdivisions, and traffic problems. But never was there any drive toward removing the degradation, the daily affront to the dignity of man, and the many denials that flowered out of segregation. The Negro residents of their towns could not vote, could not make use of public accommodations in the same manner as did other residents, could not send their children to the same school that other children attended, but rather, were compelled to send their children to neglected, inferior schools. There was never any civilized thrust to change this pattern in the many Somertons, never any common sharing of courtesy and justice, but always the stifling paternalism, the gulf of separation that denied experience in the meaning of PTA, of town meetings to discuss taxes or bonds, and of other routine experiences. Injustice was older than the most ancient graves in the cemetery. The sheriff, the deputies, and the courthouse were not persons or a place to which a "nigger" could go in search of justice. They were — and too often are today — "men" and a "thing" to fear.

The form of Mr. Ford's novel is not traditional. There is a plot, but it is not one in which there is a single protagonist on whom the action centers. Nor can it be said that Lord Byron Jones, Negro undertaker and a bewildered, decent, Victorian moralist, who wants to divorce his wife (who is sleeping with Willie Joe Worth, one of the town policemen), and Oman Hedgepath, lawyer, whose young nephew-partner persuaded him to represent the undertaker, are the dominant characters. This is a novel which reveals what people think and why, and what they do and why. They are all part of an enormously simple story in which the lives of its characters are complex because man himself, wherever he is, is essentially complex.

Somerton is black and white, mixed yet separated. So are the thoughts mixed and separated.

There is the black man Mosby, who had left Somerton at the age of thirteen and had come back to see Mama Lavern, of Lavern's Look and See Café and Tourist. It was a bar and whorehouse where on Saturday night, the white folks said, a nigger could get drunk and have nigger fun. Mosby remembers how Mr. Stanley had beaten him as a boy a long time ago. He never had been able to forget it. Willie Joe Worth had a good, hardworking daddy. But he died. And there was no one to advise Willie Joe, who had been a pretty baby, but who was "weak." Steve Mundine, whose mother was Oman Hedgepath's greatly beloved sister, had come from San Francisco to Somerton after the war

at Uncle Oman's suggestion to be Oman's law partner. As for Steve's wife, Nella, whose grandparents still live in Norway, the South puzzles and disturbs her. Her Steve "hangs in the balance between liberality of thought and conservatism of mood. The Confederate dead . . . seem to hang suspended over him sometimes like the very mist on the mountains. Another day the air will be perfectly clear. . . . He is thinking. I love him."

T. K. Morehouse, the federal marshal from Memphis, Lavern, Willie Joe, Mr. Stanley, Mosby — they appear and reappear in the pattern of Somerton. The White Citizens Council speaker comes. There is "thinking" at the country club on Saturday night . . . Mr. Templeton, the druggist, moves out his soda fountain. "You can't blame him . . . the niggers would be usin' it. . . ."

The day the President was shot in Dallas, the first word was that he was shot, but not killed. At Johnnie Price Burkhalter's hardware store they had it on television. The store filled up. "God," says the Mayor. "Anybody that would come that close and then botch it. I just don't know. I'll bet twenty-five dollars he don't die!" Druggist Templeton had tears in his eyes: "God bless the South," said Templeton. "If he dies, if some Southerner has killed him. . . ."

Oman Hedgepath thought, "After the first shock began to wear off I had a moment of tears, afraid he would die and afraid he wouldn't, because no matter how counter your feelings and beliefs run towards those of another man, no matter *how* you hate him, still you don't wish him death. You might want him dead; but you don't wish him death . . . not this way."

The town "thinks" about the divorce. Oman thinks. So does Willie Joe. And Mr. Stanley. There can't really be a divorce, of course, because it would "come out" that Emma, Lord Byron Jones's wife, was with child by Willie Joe. That would "hurt" everybody: Willie Joe's kids, the town, and would unnecessarily upset a lot of people; so, there couldn't be a divorce. But both Emma and Lord Byron Jones wanted one, and like damn fools insisted on one. So it was necessary, finally, to liberate Lord Byron. Before, during, and after the "liberation" we know what the Negro South thinks and what the white South thinks, not as they think in the universities or colleges, in CORE or the NAACP, or in "liberal" circles, but as they think in the Somertons of the South. We had evidence of this "thinking" in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in Birmingham and Selma, Alabama, in Oxford, Mississippi, and in other towns and cities. But it is best comprehended — and more logically in perspective — in fiction such as Jesse Hill Ford has written so powerfully in *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones*.

TWO LOVE POEMS

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Four years ago this summer a blast from his own shotgun killed Ernest Hemingway and erased, at the age of sixty-two, a life and a talent that had both writ large on our time. The literacy legacy he left included many unpublished manuscripts, among them his memoirs of the early days in Paris, which appeared last year as A MOVEABLE FEAST, and the two love poems published here. They were written to Mary Welsh Hemingway, whom he met as a fellow war correspondent and married in 1946. In a note on page 96, Mrs. Hemingway explains the circumstances in which the poems were written. "Second Poem to Mary" was once recorded by Hemingway and has been preserved, together with the few other recordings of his voice, on an LP entitled ERNEST HEMINGWAY READING, issued this month by Caedmon Records.

To Mary in London

I, loving only the word
Trying to make with a phrase and a sentence
Something no bomber can reach
Something to stand when all of us are gone
And long after:
(Given a little luck at the moment of wording)
(Needing much luck then. Playing it out when I
get it)
Come now to a new city.
(Owning no part of it. Shy from too long on the
water.
Killing I know and believe in. Or do not believe in
But practice.
Practice make perfect make practice make perfect
make practice.
People, I cannot explain to.
Eyes burned from the sun on the water.

My heart, my dear, was eaten by a trunkback
turtle
Who did not recognize the taste
And all my hopes are part of a shoal where the
Red Groupers spawned a month ago.)
Now come to this city tired and shy
And living with my true headache
Who is faithful and true and never leaves me.
My headache never had a brother before and so he does
not know
That they become tired.
He does not know that all of us need to be alone.
He is a friendly and true headache
And I do not like him to know that he bores me.
Only in the air does he leave me.
Selfishly shifting the earphones, I am unfaithful a little.
The days between flying are months.

And a week between flying is always.
But never let my headache know
Because I should not wish to hurt his feelings.

Sitting now here in the room
Waiting to go to the battle.
A man without his children or his cats.
No mangoes growing in the anteroom of the
Dorchester
And the five-inch bath
Instead of the long plunge
Into the differing temperatures of the pool in
Summer.
His boat is in the faraway sea.
His people are dispersed and his armament sur-
rendered to the
Proper Authorities.
Duly receipted and accounted for.
The battle will be another man's battle
And we will only be baggage.
Sharing a jeep with three others.
Your choice between drunkards or liars.
No, it is not a good ending.
Not the end we had hoped for.
Not as when, sighting her rising
We closed dry-mouthed but happy.
Not as we thought it would be
In the long nights on the bridge with the head-
phones.
Not as we thought it should be
Each time we took her from harbour.

Where are you Wolfie now?
Where are you Paxtchi?
Put her on the fucking course.
Who gives a shit for these bastards?
Not us, we know, and always tried to close
And have that now
The only wealth that we will ever keep.
But you can't spend that here in this hotel.
And if you could, I'd starve
Before I'd eat on it or drink on it,
And I can't even go to see the censor,
Because of changes that are made,
Not in the copy but in me.

Then I am homesick for Paxtchi
Who took the armour from his cockpit
So she would trim better in the sea
And never dropped the drums of gas
He sat on when we closed.
For Wolfie standing on the flying bridge
The muscles jumping in his cheeks,
Saying, "Papa it's all right with me
"Don't worry for a moment, Papa
"It's all right with me."

So now I sit in this town
Homesick and lonely for the sea,
Bypassing the town while I am in it.
Taking what pleasure I meet
But sick and alone for the sea and my people.

The headache does not matter.
I have good fun with the mob
And have not become a sad one
Don't worry, Wolfie. Never.
It is all right.
I promise you always it is all right.

For in the evening now, alone from choice,
I watch the clock electrically tick
And jump forward toward the hour
When she will come,
Opening softly with the in-left key,
Saying, "May I come in?"
Coming small-voiced and lovely
To the hand and eye
To bring your heart back that was gone,
To cure all loneliness
And bring the things
We left behind upon the boat.

Don't worry, Wolfie, ever.
I'm all right and would not change
For any ever time.
We've taken losses
And we've made great gains
And nothing ever bores us when it starts.
Not even someone else's battle.

May, 1944

FOR some eighteen months during 1942 and 1943 Ernest used his fishing boat, *Pilar*, as a decoy to attract, and then, if possible, destroy, German submarines which were torpedoing Allied oil tankers moving from Venezuela around the west end of Cuba to United States and British ports. Doing much as they pleased without interference, the subs frequently surfaced near Cuban commercial fishing boats to demand fresh food — meat, fish, bread, eggs — and Ernest hoped they would approach *Pilar* with the same intentions, or that *Pilar* might come upon one surfaced for battery recharging.

With a crew of six to nine, U.S. Navy radio and sound-detection gear, and a dense concentration of weapons, *Pilar* cruised the Gulf Stream and the islands off Cuba's north coast, bombs on her flying deck always ready to lob down a conning tower. (*Pilar* was a wooden boat.) They saw one Model 740 submarine and managed to get within a mile of it. The sub took off on a northwest course, and *Pilar's* crew later learned that it went up the Mississippi River, and near New Orleans dropped several men ashore. *Pilar's* listening devices located a couple of other submarines which may have been

destroyed by other forces, but Ernest's dream of direct combat never came true.

The financing of this venture Ernest shared with Winston Guest, whom he nicknamed "Wolfie" and who was second in command. "Paxtchi" Ibalucea, a Basque friend from Havana, was forward gunner of the Q-boat.

In 1944 Ernest went to London to cover for *Collier's* magazine the invasion of France, and while he waited for it he flew frequent combat missions with the Royal Air Force, to which he was accredited. His headache was the result of injuries from a car crash in the blackout a week or two before he wrote the first poem.

On D-Day he landed with the First Division at Omaha Beach. When he returned to France in July, he attached himself to the Fourth Division under Major General R. O. Barton, and especially to that divi-

sion's Twenty-second Regiment of Foot, commanded by Charles T. Lanham, then a colonel, later a general. He was with Colonel Lanham in the battle of Huertgen Forest when he began the second poem, finishing it during a brief leave at the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

MARY HEMINGWAY



Second Poem to Mary

Now sleeps he
 With that old whore Death
 Who, yesterday, denied her thrice.
 Repeat after me
 Now sleeps he
 With that old whore Death
 Who, yesterday, denied her thrice.
 Pause. Wait for them to close up.
 Continue.
 Did you deny her?
 Yes.
 Thrice?

Yes.

Repeat after me.

Do you take this old whore, Death

For thy lawful

Wedded wife?

Repeat after me,

I do

I do

I do.

K. I. A. 6 off. 61 em. 13 Sept. 2400 – 14 Sept. 2400.

Translate

Killed in action 6 officers, 61 enlisted men from midnight, 13th September to midnight 14th September

Repeat after me sixty-seven times

I do

I do

I do, sixty-seven times

Continue

It is continued.

In the next war we shall bury the dead in cellophane

In the next war we shall bury the dead in cellophane

The Host shall come packaged in every K ration

The Host shall come packaged in every K ration

Every man shall be provided with a small but perfect

Archbishop Spellman, which shall be self-inflatable

(courtesy of Air Reduction, opened — closed — previous — opened — closed)

You don't need to repeat this. There is not any ceremony anymore.

Everyone is gone and you say this out loud to yourself.

You are alone at the time and the time now is always. Always was a word you used in promises. It is valueless.

All officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men will be provided with a copy of their own true loves that they will never see again, and all these copies will be returnable through the proper channels.

My own true love is Mary Welsh.

Then, of course, she will be returnable.

But I, on this day, will not accept the signature of Archbishop Spellman. Nor of you. Nor of you. Nor of you.

You may all go now, all of you. Go as quietly as possible. Go as far as possible. You may even take possible with you, if you can find him. And you may hang him or dispose of him in any manner that you see fit.

Today no one uses slang because clarity is of the utmost importance.

Fucking, alone, is retained, but is only used as an adjective.

Sweating-out is retained.

It means that which one must suffer without any possibility of changing the result or the outcome.

Those of us who know walk very slowly, and we look at one another with infinite love and compassion.

This comes only after one hundred days and is one of the final symptoms.

There has been irritation, anger, fear, doubt, accusation, denial, misinterpretation, mistake, cowardice, inability, and lack of talent for this work.

All this has been and will be again. To be counterbalanced by firmness, steadiness, courage, quick understanding, and the ability both to maneuver and to fight.
 But now, for a moment, there is only love and compassion. Knowing how to endure. And only love and compassion.
 Repeat it.
 Only love and compassion.
 For the B. F.'s too?
 (Battle Fatigues, officers, men, midnight 13th Sept _____ (?) midnight 14th Sept.)
 No.
 Then it is not compassion.
 Not for the B. F.'s too. And
 Yes, it is love and compassion.
 How can you say that here?
 How can you say the other?
 Not that we shall ask for more. Not that we wish ever any. Not that we wish any all. Not that we want any greater.
 But when they walked away from that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns who hasn't been there,
 They walked away from this we cannot state. And in them died this inner knowing that grows, fresher and lovelier than any rose. Manured by death and watered only with unshed tears until, this day, it flowers into this love and this compassion.
 Not for them.
 No. I am sorry.
 Then it is not complete.
 No, nor will it be ever.
 There is no contrition.
 No bloody fucking contrition.
 Only love and compassion.
 Reach out your hand to Love's dark sister, Hate, and walk with her across that hill we slowly walked, and see if Love is waiting at the top. Or who is waiting there instead.
 Did I tell you my heart is a target of opportunity?
 Love's lovely sister
 Lovingly unloving
 Unworryingly succeeding
 Procuring unprocuringly
 Never wholly wrong
 Nor more than half right,
 Holding unholdingly to hold where Love leaves easily without address.
 Love lightly leaves without a trace and her dark sister fills in all the forms,
 All all the forms so neatly filled,
 The writing clear and good, where Love's is often quite illegible,
 Scrawled lightly in a hurry as she smiled,
 Giving unimportance to the page.
 Do you think there upon the hill, we'll find her there?
 No. She's long gone. She never stands to fight.

Knowing too well the idiocy of battle, Love's always gone, leaving us only the deserted sacrament,
As one finds dinner on the table in the house of a new-taken village.
So that we wear it now. Traces of it are worn on our chins. Like remnants of the yolk of the rare and much
desired egg, our scooped up, newly eaten sacrament,
Bringing it with our newly issued pictures of our true loves up toward the high ground beyond the town.
Up toward the easy, dirt-mouthed smile we had denied so many days (D plus 108)
Now all move slowly plodding up that hill
Making feet slowly go where they know better than to take you.
Feet are wise and feet are wary
Feet of John and feet of Harry
Feet know better
Feet won't go.
Make feet move on slowly now
Make feet follow where no plow
Leads you ahead
Where things are sown
Toward the place where you'll be dead.
RETURN HER NOW THROUGH THE PRESCRIBED CHANNELS. RETURN HER.
This will aid you.

Song to Aid You to Return Her.

"What they will do to others,
"They will do to you.
"If you never suffer,
"God will see you through.
"Onward Christian soldiers
"Marching to a whore
"With the cross of Mary Welsh
"Going on before.
"You must do it all alone
(Throw your love away)
"You must do it slowly now
"Slowly now and pray,
"Pray to all of nothing
"Pray to all of nil
"Throw away your own true love
"Walking up a hill."
Repeat it now again:
Now sleeps he
With that old whore Death
Who, yesterday, denied her thrice.
If you know, if you conceive
If you too. If. If. If. (Not the poem that was given you framed for Christmas in Oak Park, Illinois,
written by Rudyard Kipling.)
But the other If.
Older than the If of Hamlet.

The old, long, ugly If that we have faced
 In all the nights and all the forests of our hearts,
 Always coming out into a clearing,
 Always sighting finally the smoke of the campfire.
 Now on this wooded hill again
 If iffingly to proceed,
 If me no ifs, my true love,
 While we expend that which is not expendable,
 While we violate all that is inviolate,
 While we destroy that which is indestructible
 With nothing more than harassing fire.
 Nothing more than that.
 All my heart is a target of opportunity,
 All of us have been interdicted.
 This is not the way it was.
 I have not been there.
 No one was there.
 No one saw it.
 Your guess is as good as mine.
 Make a guess now while it is easy.
 Get your guess in early.
 Try and get your guess in for tonight, especially for tonight.
 Tonight would be bank night for Archbishop Spellman.
 If we were Catholics,
 And there are only 89 more days until Christmas (put in Xmas)
 All of us will die today
 Hail to Father Christmas
 Old and young together say
 Hail to Father Christmas.
 Bright the colored flak spits shine,
 Hail to Father Christmas.
 Bright today our love divine,
 Hail to Father Christmas.
 D plus one o one o nine,
 Hail to Father Christmas.
 Christmas minus eighty-nine,
 Hail to Father Christmas.
 Come, let's put it on the line:
 Hail to F-a-a-a-ther Christmas.
 It is no longer Christmas
 And from this hill, bare-topped,
 Its flanks covered with Christmas trees,
 Many further hills are seen.

September, 1944

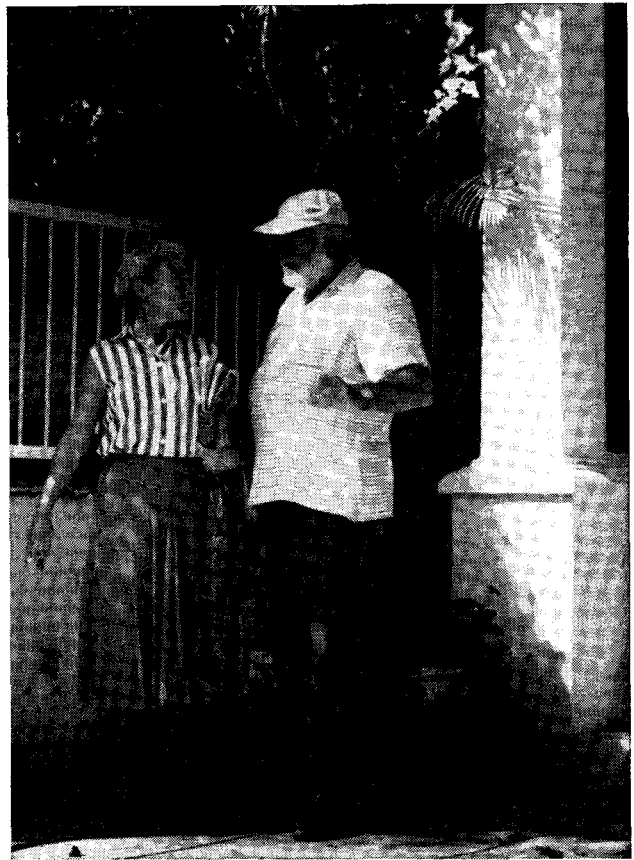
HEMINGWAY IN CUBA

by
Robert Manning

Shortly after Ernest Hemingway won the Nobel Prize in 1954, Mr. Manning, now executive editor of the ATLANTIC, visited the Hemingways in Cuba to collect first-person material for a magazine profile. From extensive notes taken during that visit and in subsequent talks with Hemingway in Cuba and New York, he has written one man's remembrance of Hemingway in his late years.

ON THE shore of Havana's back harbor a stubborn hulk rests in drydock and erodes with time. Its engine and expensive fishing tackle are gone. The fading letters of its name, *Pilar*, are still visible on the stern. "No one else should sail the *Pilar*," says Mary Hemingway. She had hoped to have it towed to sea and sunk off the port of Cojimar, deep into the fishing hole where a strike came at last to the old man "who fished alone in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish." The Cuban government's red tape prevented that, so the *Pilar* now decays in the Caribbean sun.

Ten miles from Havana, in the village of San Francisco de Paula, is Hemingway's longtime home away from home. The plantation he called Finca Vigia (Lookout Farm), with its big limestone villa and thirteen acres of banana trees, tropical shrubs, and casual gardens, stands much as he and his wife left it in 1960 when he came home to the States for the last time. It is now a Cuban government museum. Some Cubans who ran the place for "Papa" still live and work there, caring for the grounds and the sprawling villa and pointing out to visitors the pool where "Papa" swam, the big



bedroom where he wrote, and the tall white tower where he would sit to work or to stare from his heights toward the spread of Havana.

Who in my generation was not moved by Hemingway the writer and fascinated by Hemingway the maker of his own legend? "Veteran out of the wars before he was twenty," as Archibald MacLeish described him. "Famous at twenty-five; thirty a master." Wine-stained moods in the sidewalk cafés and roistering nights in Left Bank *boîtes*. Walking home alone in the rain. Talk of death, and scenes of it, in the Spanish sun. Treks and trophies in Tanganyika's green hills. Duck-shooting in the Venetian marshes. Fighting in, and writing about, two world wars. Loving and drinking and fishing out of Key West and Havana. Swaggering into Toots Shor's or posturing in *Life* magazine or talking a verbless sort of Choctaw for the notebooks of Lillian Ross and the pages of the *New Yorker*.

By the time I got the opportunity to meet him, he was savoring the highest moment of his fame — he had just won the Nobel Prize for Literature — but he was moving into the twilight of his life. He was fifty-five but looked older, and was trying to mend a ruptured kidney, a cracked skull, two compressed and one cracked vertebra, and bad burns suffered in the crash of his airplane in the Uganda bush the previous winter. Those injuries, added to half a dozen head wounds, more than 200 shrapnel

scars, a shot-off kneecap, wounds in the feet, hands, and groin, had slowed him down. The casually comfortable Cuban villa had become more home than any place he'd had, and days aboard the *Pilar* were his substitute for high adventure abroad.

In a telephone conversation between San Francisco de Paula and New York, Hemingway had agreed to be interviewed on the occasion of his Nobel award, but he resisted at first because one of the magazines I worked with had recently published a penetrating article on William Faulkner. "You guys cut him to pieces, to pieces," Hemingway said. "No, it was a good piece," I said, "and it would have been even better if Faulkner had seen the writer."

"Give me a better excuse," Hemingway said, and then thought of one himself. He saw the arrival of a visitor as an opportunity to fish on the *Pilar* after many weeks of enforced idleness. "Bring a heavy sweater, and we'll go out on the boat," he said. "I'll explain to Mary that you're coming down to cut me up and feed me to William Faulkner."

A handsome young Cuban named René, who had grown up on Hemingway's place as his all-round handyman, chauffeur, and butler, was at Havana Airport to meet me and hustle my luggage, which included a batch of new phonograph records and, as a last-minute addition, a gift from Marlene Dietrich. On hearing that someone was going to Cuba to see her old friend, she sent along a newly released recording called "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," which now may be vaguely remembered as the Java man artifact in the evolution of popular rock 'n' roll. "Just like the Kraut," said Hemingway. He found the sentiment more appealing than the music.

A big man. Even after allowing for all the descriptions and photographs, the first impression of Hemingway in the flesh was size. He was barefoot and barelegged, wearing only floppy khaki shorts and a checked sport shirt, its tail tumbling outside. He squinted slightly through round silver-framed glasses, and a tentative smile, the sort that could instantly turn into a sneer or snarl, showed through his clipped white beard. Idleness had turned him to paunch, and he must have weighed then about 225 pounds, but there was no other suggestion of softness in the burly, broad-shouldered frame, and he had the biceps and calves of an N.F.L. linebacker.

"Drink?" Hemingway asked. The alacrity of the reply pleased him, and the smile broadened into a laugh. He asked René to mix martinis and said, "Thank God you're a drinking man. I've been worried ever since I told you to come down. There was a photographer here for three days a while ago who didn't drink. He was the cruelest man I've ever met. Cruelest man in the world. Made us stand in the sun for hours at a time. And he didn't drink." With stiff caution, he sank into a large

overstuffed chair which had been lined back, sides, and bottom with big art and picture books to brace his injured back.

Hemingway sipped and said, "Now, if you find me talking in monosyllables or without any verbs, you tell me, because I never really talk that way. She [he meant Lillian Ross] told me she wanted to write a piece of homage to Hemingway. That's what she told me when I agreed to see her up in New York." He laughed. "I knew her for a long time. Helped her with her first big piece, on Sidney Franklin.

"I don't mind talking tonight," Hemingway said, "because I never work at night. There's a lot of difference between night thinking and day thinking. Night thoughts are usually nothing. The work you do at night you always will have to do over again in the daytime anyhow. So let's talk. When I talk, incidentally, it's just talk. But when I write I mean it for good."

The living room was nearly fifty feet long and high-ceilinged, with gleaming white walls that set off the Hemingways' small but choice collection of paintings (including a Miró, two by Juan Gris, a Klee, a Braque — since stolen from the villa — and five André Massons), a few trophy heads from the African safaris. In another room, near the entrance to a large tile-floored dining room, was an oil portrait of Hemingway in his thirties, wearing a flowing, open-collar white shirt. "It's an old-days picture of me as Kid Balzac by Waldo Pierce," said Hemingway. "Mary has it around because she likes it."

He rubbed the tight-curved white beard and explained that he wore it because when clean-shaven his skin was afflicted with sore spots if he spent much time in the sun. "I'll clip the damned thing off for Christmas so as not to run against Santa Claus," he said, "and if I rest the hide a couple of weeks at a time, I may be able to keep it off. Hope so anyway."

IN ONE large corner of the living room stood a six-foot-high rack filled with dozens of magazines and newspapers from the States, London, and Paris. In casual piles, books littered windowsills and tables and spilled a trail into two large rooms adjacent. One was a thirty-by-twenty-foot library whose floor-to-ceiling shelves sagged with books. The other was Hemingway's large but crowded bedroom study — littered with correspondence in varied stages of attention or neglect. There were neat piles of opened letters together with stamped and addressed replies; cardboard boxes overflowing with the shards of correspondence that had been opened, presumably read, and one day might be filed; a couple of filing cabinets, whose mysteries probably were

best known to a part-time stenographer the Hemingways brought in from Havana a day or two at a time when needed. There was also a large lion skin, in the gaping mouth of which lay half a dozen letters and a pair of manila envelopes. "That's the Urgent in-box," Hemingway explained.

The villa seemed awash with books — nearly 400, including two dozen cookbooks, in Mary Hemingway's bedroom; more than 500, mostly fiction, history, and music, in the big sitting room; another 300, mostly French works of history and fiction, in an elegantly tiled room called the Venetian Room; nearly 2000 in the high-shelved library, these carefully divided into history, military books, biography, geography, natural history, some fiction, and a large collection of maps; 900 volumes, mostly military manuals and textbooks, history and geography in Spanish, and sports volumes, in Hemingway's bedroom. In the tall tower he kept another 400 volumes, including foreign editions of his own works, and some 700 overflowed into shelves and tabletops in the finca's small guesthouse. All the books, including Hemingway's collection of autographed works by many of his contemporaries, were impounded at the villa by the Castro regime, though Mrs. Hemingway was able to take away some of the paintings and personal belongings.

From the kitchen came sounds and smells of dinner in preparation. René emerged with two bottles of a good Bordeaux from a cellar that was steadily replenished from France and Italy. Evening sounds grew strident in the soft tropical outdoors. Distant dogs yelped. Near the house, a hoot owl broke into short, sharp cries. "That's the Bitchy Owl," Hemingway said. "He'll go on like that all night. He's lived here longer than we have.

"I respect writing very much," he said abruptly, "the writer not at all, except as the instrument to do the writing. When a writer retires deliberately from life or is forced out of it by some defect, his writing has a tendency to atrophy, just like a man's limb when it's not used.

"I'm not advocating the strenuous life for everyone or trying to say it's the choice form of life. Anyone who's had the luck or misfortune to be an athlete has to keep his body in shape. The body and mind are closely coordinated. Fattening of the body can lead to fattening of the mind. I would be tempted to say that it can lead to fattening of the soul, but I don't know anything about the soul." He halted, broodingly, as if reflecting on his own aches and pains, his too ample paunch, a blood pressure that was too high, and a set of muscles that were suffering too many weeks of disuse. "However, in everyone the process of fattening or wasting away will set in, and I guess one is as bad as the other."

He had been reading about medical discoveries

which suggested to him that a diet or regimen or treatment that may work for one man does not necessarily work for another. "This was known years ago, really, by people who make proverbs. But now doctors have discovered that certain men need more exercise than others; that certain men are affected by alcohol more than others; that certain people can assimilate more punishment in many ways than others.

"Take Primo Carnera, for instance. Now he was a real nice guy, but he was so big and clumsy it was pitiful. Or take Tom Wolfe, who just never could discipline his mind to his tongue. Or Scott Fitzgerald, who just couldn't drink." He pointed to a couch across the room. "If Scott had been drinking with us and Mary called us to dinner, Scott'd make it to his feet, all right, but then he'd probably fall down. Alcohol was just poison to him. Because all these guys had these weaknesses, it won them sympathy and favor, more sometimes than a guy without those defects would get."

For a good part of his adult life Hemingway was, of course, a ten-goal drinker, and he could hold it well. He was far more disciplined in this regard, though, than the legend may suggest. Frequently when he was working hard, he would drink nothing, except perhaps a glass or two of wine with meals. By rising at about daybreak or half an hour thereafter, he had put in a full writing day by ten or eleven in the morning and was ready for relaxation when others were little more than under way.

As in his early days, Hemingway in the late years worked with painful slowness. He wrote mostly in longhand, frequently while standing at a bookcase in his bedroom; occasionally he would typewrite ("when trying to keep up with dialogue"). For years he carefully logged each day's work. Except for occasional spurts when he was engaged in relatively unimportant efforts, his output ran between 400 and 700 words a day. Mary Hemingway remembers very few occasions when it topped 1000 words.

He did not find writing to be quick or easy. "I always hurt some," he remarked.

HEMINGWAY was capable of great interest in and generosity toward younger writers and some older writers, but as he shows in *A Moveable Feast* (written in 1957–1959 and finished in the spring of 1961), he had a curious and unbecoming compulsion to poke and peck at the reputations of many of his literary contemporaries. Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot, not to mention Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Ford Madox Ford, James Gould Cozzens, and others, were invariably good for a

jab or two if their names came up. As for the critics — “I often feel,” he said, “that there is now a rivalry between writing and criticism, rather than the feeling that one should help the other.” Writers today could not learn much from the critics. “Critics should deal more with dead writers. A living writer can learn a lot from dead writers.”

Fiction-writing, Hemingway felt, was to invent out of knowledge. “To invent out of knowledge means to produce inventions that are true. Every man should have a built-in automatic crap detector operating inside him. It also should have a manual drill and a crank handle in case the machine breaks down. If you’re going to write, you have to find out what’s bad for you. Part of that you learn fast, and then you learn what’s good for you.”

What sort of things? “Well, take certain diseases. These diseases are not good for you. I was born before the age of antibiotics, of course. . . . Now take *The Big Sky* [by A. B. Guthrie]. That was a very good book in many ways, and it was very good on one of the diseases . . . just about the best book ever written on the clap.” Hemingway smiled.

“But back to inventing. In *The Old Man and the Sea* I knew two or three things about the situation, but I didn’t know the story.” He hesitated, filling the intervals with a vague movement of his hands. “I didn’t even know if that big fish was going to bite for the old man when it started smelling around the bait. I had to write on, inventing out of knowledge. You reject everything that is not or can’t be completely true. I didn’t know what was going to happen for sure in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or *Farewell to Arms*. I was inventing.”

Philip Young’s *Ernest Hemingway*, published in 1953, had attributed much of Hemingway’s inspiration or “invention” to his violent experiences as a boy and in World War I.

“If you haven’t read it, don’t bother,” Hemingway volunteered. “How would you like it if someone said that everything you’ve done in your life was done because of some trauma. Young had a theory that was like — you know, the Procrustean bed, and he had to cut me to fit into it.”

During dinner, the talk continued on writing styles and techniques. Hemingway thought too many contemporary writers defeated themselves through addiction to symbols. “No good book has ever been written that has in it symbols arrived at beforehand and stuck in.” He waved a chunk of French bread. “That kind of symbol sticks out like — like raisins in raisin bread. Raisin bread is all right, but plain bread is better.”

He mentioned Santiago, his old fisherman, in roughly these terms: Santiago was never alone because he had his friend and enemy, the sea, and the things that lived in the sea, some of which he loved

and others he hated. He loved the sea, but the sea is a great whore, as the book made clear. He had tried to make everything in the story real — the boy, the sea, and the marlin and the sharks, the hope being that each would then mean many things. In that way, the parts of a story become symbols, but they are not first designed or planted as symbols.

THE Bitchy Owl hooted the household to sleep. I was awakened by tropical birds at the dawn of a bright and promising day. This was to be Hemingway’s first fishing trip on *Pilar* since long before his African crash. By six thirty he was dressed in yesterday’s floppy shorts and sport shirt, barefooted, and hunched over his New York *Times*, one of the six papers he and Mary read every day. From the record player came a mixture of Scarlatti, Beethoven, Oscar Peterson, and a remake of some 1928 Louis Armstrong.

At brief intervals Hemingway popped a pill into his mouth. “Since the crash I have to take so many of them they have to fight among themselves unless I space them out,” he said.

While we were breakfasting, a grizzled Canary Islander named Gregorio, who served as the *Pilar*’s first mate, chef, caretaker, and bartender, was preparing the boat for a day at sea. By nine o’clock, with a young nephew to help him, he had fueled the boat, stocked it with beer, whiskey, wine, and a bottle of tequila, a batch of fresh limes, and food for a large seafood lunch afloat. As we made out of Havana Harbor, Gregorio at the wheel and the young boy readying the deep-sea rods, reels, and fresh bait-fish, Hemingway pointed out landmarks and waved jovially to passing skippers. They invariably waved back, occasionally shouting greetings to “Papa.” He sniffed the sharp sea air with delight and peered ahead for the dark line made by the Gulf Stream. “Watch the birds,” he said. “They show us when the fish are up.”

Mary Hemingway had matters to handle at the finca and in the city, so she could not come along, but out of concern for Hemingway’s health she exacted a promise. In return for the long-missed fun of a fishing expedition, he agreed to take it easy and to return early, in time for a nap before an art exhibit to which he and Mary had promised their support. He was in a hurry, therefore, to reach good fishing water. Gregorio pushed the boat hard to a stretch of the Gulf Stream off Cojimar. Hemingway relaxed into one of the two cushioned bunks in the boat’s open-ended cabin.

“It’s wonderful to get out on the water. I need it.” He gestured toward the ocean. “It’s the last free place there is, the sea. Even Africa’s about

gone; it's at war, and that's going to go on for a very long time."

The *Pilar* fished two rods from its high antenna-like outriggers and two from seats at the stern, and at Hemingway's instruction, Gregorio and the boy baited two with live fish carefully wired to the hooks, and two with artificial lures. A man-o'-war bird gliding lazily off the coast pointed to the first school of the day, and within an hour the *Pilar* had its first fish, a pair of bonito sounding at the end of the outrigger lines. Before it was over, the day was to be one of the best fishing days in many months, with frequent good runs of bonito and dolphin and pleasant interludes of quiet in which to sip drinks, to soak up the Caribbean sun, and to talk.

Sometimes moody, sometimes erupting with boyish glee at the strike of a tuna or the golden blue explosion of a hooked dolphin, and sometimes — as if to defy or outwit his wounds — pulling himself by his arms to the flying bridge to steer the *Pilar* for a spell, Hemingway talked little of the present, not at all of the future, and a great deal of the past.

He recalled when Scribner's sent him first galley proofs of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "I remember, I spent ninety hours on the proofs of that book without once leaving the hotel room. When I finished, I thought the type was so small nobody would ever buy the book. I'd shot my eyes, you see. I had corrected the manuscript several times but still was not satisfied. I told Max Perkins about the type, and he said if I really thought it was too small, he'd have the whole book reprinted. That's a real expensive thing, you know. He was a sweet guy. But Max was right, the type was all right."

"Do you ever read any of your stuff over again?"

"Sometimes I do," he said. "When I'm feeling low. It makes you feel good to look back and see you can write."

"Is there anything you've written that you would do differently if you could do it over?"

"Not yet."

New York. "It's a very unnatural place to live. I could never live there. And there's not much fun going to the city now. Max is dead. Granny Rice is dead. He was a wonderful guy. We always used to go to the Bronx Zoo and look at the animals."

The Key West days, in the early thirties, were a good time. "There was a fighter there — he'd had one eye ruined, but he was still pretty good, and he decided to start fighting again. He wanted to be his own promoter. He asked me if I would referee his bout each week. I told him, 'Nothing doing,' he shouldn't go in the ring anymore. Any fighter who knew about his bad eye would just poke his thumb in the other one and then beat his head off.

"The fighter said, 'The guys come from some-

where else won't know 'bout my eye, and no one around here in the Keys gonna dare poke my eye.'

"So I finally agreed to referee for him. This was the Negro section, you know, and they really introduced me: 'And the referee for tonight, the world-famous millionaire, sportsman, and playboy, Mister Ernest Hemingway!'" Hemingway chuckled. "Playboy was the greatest title they thought they could give a man." Chuckle again. "How can the Nobel Prize move a man who has heard plaudits like that?"

Frequently a sharp cry from Gregorio on the flying bridge interrupted the talk. "Feesh! Papa, feesh!" Line would snap from one of the outriggers, and a reel begin to snarl. "You take him," Hemingway would say, or if two fish struck at once, as frequently happened, he would leap to one rod and I to the other.

For all the hundreds of times it had happened to him, he still thrilled with delight at the quivering run of a bonito or the slash of a dolphin against the sky. "Ah, beautiful! A beautiful fish. Take him softly now. Easy. Easy. Work him with style. That's it. Rod up slowly. Now reel in fast. *Suave! Suave!* Don't break his mouth. If you jerk, you'll break his mouth, and the hook will go."

When action lulled, he would scan the seascape for clues to better spots. Once a wooden box floated in the near distance, and he ordered Gregorio toward it. "We'll fish that box," he said, explaining that small shrimp seek shelter from the sun beneath flotsam or floating patches of seaweed and these repositories of food attract dolphin. At the instant the lures of the stern rods passed the box, a dolphin struck and was hooked, to be pumped and reeled in with the heavy-duty glass rod whose butt rested in a leather rod holder strapped around the hips.

He talked about the act of playing a fish as if it were an English sentence. "The way to do it, the style, is not just an idle concept. It is simply the way to get done what is supposed to be done; in this case it brings in the fish. The fact that the right way looks pretty or beautiful when it's done is just incidental."

Hemingway had written only one play, *The Fifth Column*. Why no others?

"If you write a play, you have to stick around and fix it up," he said. "They always want to fool around with them to make them commercially successful, and you don't like to stick around that long. After I've written, I want to go home and take a shower."

Almost absently, he plucked James Joyce out of the air. "Once Joyce said to me he was afraid his writing was too suburban and that maybe he should get around a bit and see the world, the way I was doing. He was under great discipline, you

know — his wife, his work, his bad eyes. And his wife said, yes, it *was* too suburban. 'Jim could do with a spot of that lion-hunting.' How do you like that? A *spot* of lion-hunting!

"We'd go out, and Joyce would fall into an argument or a fight. He couldn't even see the man, so he'd say, 'Deal with him, Hemingway! Deal with him!'" Hemingway paused. "In the big league it is not the way it says in the books."

Hemingway was not warm toward T. S. Eliot. He preferred to praise Ezra Pound, who at that time was still confined in St. Elizabeth's mental hospital in Washington. "Ezra Pound is a great poet, and whatever he did, he has been punished greatly, and I believe should be freed to go and write poems in Italy, where he is loved and understood. He was the master of Eliot. I was a member of an organization which Pound founded with Natalia Barney in order to get Eliot out of his job in a bank so he could be free to write poetry. It was called *Bel Esprit*. Eliot, I believe, was able to get out of his job and edit a review and write poetry freely due to the backing of other people than this organization. But the organization was typical of Pound's generosity and interest in all forms of the arts regardless of any benefits to himself or of the possibilities that the people he encouraged would be his rivals.

"Eliot is a winner of the Nobel Prize. I believe it might well have gone to Pound, as a poet. Pound certainly deserved punishment, but I believe this would be a good year to release poets and allow them to continue to write poetry. . . . Ezra Pound, no matter what he may think, is not as great a poet as Dante, but he is a very great poet for all his errors."

DUSK was coming when the *Pilar* turned toward Havana Harbor, its skipper steering grandly from the flying bridge. What remained of the bottle of tequila and a half of lime rested in a holder cut into the mahogany rail near the wheel. "To ward off sea serpents," Hemingway explained, passing the bottle for a ceremonial homecoming swig.

At the docks, René reported that the gallery opening had been postponed. Hemingway was overjoyed. "Now we can relax for a while and then get some sleep. We went out and had a good day and got pooped. Now we can sleep."

Hemingway's good spirits on his return helped to diminish his wife's concern about his over-extending himself. She served up a hot oyster stew, and later, clutching an early nightcap, Hemingway sprawled with pleased fatigue in his big armchair and talked of books he had recently read. He had started Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*, but didn't like it. "But when I'm working," he

said, "and read to get away from it, I'm inclined to make bad judgments about other people's writing." He thought Bellow's very early book, *Dangling Man*, much better.

One of the post-war writers who had impressed him most was John Horne Burns, who wrote *The Gallery* and two other novels and then, in 1953, died in circumstances that suggested suicide. "There was a fellow who wrote a fine book and then a stinking book about a prep school, and then he just blew himself up," Hemingway mused, adding a gesture that seemed to ask, How do you explain such a thing? He stared at nothing, seeming tired and sad.

"You know," he said, "my father shot himself."

There was silence. It had frequently been said that Hemingway never cared to talk about his father's suicide.

"Do you think it took courage?" I asked.

Hemingway pursed his lips and shook his head. "No. It's everybody's right, but there's a certain amount of egotism in it and a certain disregard of others." He turned off that conversation by picking up a handful of books. "Here are a few things you might like to look at before you turn off the light." He held out *The Retreat*, by P. H. Newby, Max Perkins' selected letters, *The Jungle Is Neutral*, by Frederick S. Chapman, and Malcolm Cowley's *The Literary Situation*.

By seven the next morning a rabble of dogs yipped and yelped in the yard near the finca's small guesthouse. René had been to town and returned with the mail and newspapers. Hemingway, in a tattered robe and old slippers, was already half through the *Times*.

"Did you finish the Cowley book last night?" he asked. "Very good, I think. I never realized what a tough time writers have economically, if they have it as tough as Malcolm says they do."

He was reminded of his early days in Paris. "It never seemed like hardship to me. It was hard work, but it was fun. I was working, and I had a wife and kid to support. I remember, first I used to go to the market every morning and get the stuff for Bumby's [his first son, John] bottle. His mother had to have her sleep." Lest this should be taken as a criticism, he added, "That's characteristic, you know, of the very finest women. They need their sleep, and when they get it, they're wonderful."

Another part of the routine in the Paris days, to pick up eating money, was Hemingway's daily trip to a gymnasium to work as a sparring partner for fighters. The pay was two dollars an hour. "That was very good money then, and I didn't get marked up very much. I had one rule: never provoke a fighter. I tried not to get hit. They had plenty of guys they could knock around."

He reached for the mail, slit open one from a pile of fifteen letters. It was from a high school English teacher in Miami, Florida, who complained that her students rarely read good literature and relied for "knowledge" on the movies, television, and radio. To arouse their interest, she wrote, she told them about Hemingway's adventures and pressed them to read his writings. "Therefore, in a sense," she concluded, "you are the teacher in my tenth grade classroom. I thought you'd like to know it." Hemingway found the letter depressing: "Pretty bad if kids are spending all that time away from books."

The next fishing expedition was even better than the first — fewer fish, but two of them were small marlin, one about eighty pounds, the other eighty-five, that struck simultaneously and were boated, Hemingway's with dispatch, the second at a cost of amateurish sweat and agony that was the subject of as much merriment as congratulations. It was a more sprightly occasion, too, because Mary Hemingway was able to come along. A bright, generous, and energetic woman, Hemingway's fourth wife cared for him well, anticipated his moods and his desires, enjoyed and played bountiful hostess to his friends, diplomatically turned aside some of the most taxing demands on his time and generosity. More than that, she shared his love and the broad mixture of interests — books, good talk, traveling, fishing, shooting — that were central to Hemingway's life. His marriage to her was plainly the central and guiding personal relationship of his last fifteen years.

Hemingway gazed happily at the pair of marlin. "We're back in business," he said, and gave Mary a hug. "This calls for celebration," said Mary.

"Off to the Floridita," said Hemingway.

The Floridita was once one of those comfortably shoddy Havana saloons where the food was cheap and good and the drinking serious. By then, enjoying a prosperity that was due in no small part to its reputation as the place you could see and maybe even drink with Papa Hemingway, it had taken on a red-plush grandeur and even had a velvet cord to block off the dining room entrance. "It looks crummy now," Hemingway said, "but the drinking's as good as ever."

The Floridita played a special role in Hemingway's life. "My not living in the United States," he explained, "does not mean any separation from the tongue or even the country. Any time I come to the Floridita I see Americans from all over. It can even be closer to America in many ways than being in New York. You go there for a drink or two, and see everybody from everyplace. I live in Cuba because I love Cuba — that does not mean a dislike for anyplace else. And because here I get privacy when I write. If I want to see anyone, I

just go into town, or the Air Force guys come out to the place, naval characters and all — guys I knew in the war. I used to have privacy in Key West, but then I had less and less when I was trying to work, and there were too many people around, so I'd come over here and work in the Ambos Mundos Hotel."

The Floridita's bar was crowded, but several customers obligingly slid away from one section that had been designated long before by the proprietor as "Papa's Corner." Smiles. "Hello, Papa." Handshakes all around. "Three *Papa Dobles*," said Hemingway, and the barkeep hastened to manufacture three immense daiquiris according to a Floridita recipe that relies more on grapefruit juice than on lemon or lime juice. The *Papa Doble* was a heavy seller in those days at \$1.25, and a bargain at that.

Two sailors off a U.S. aircraft carrier worked up nerve to approach the author and ask for an autograph. "I read all your books," said one of them.

"What about you?" Hemingway said to the other.

"I don't read much," the young sailor said.

"Get started," Hemingway said.

The Floridita's owner appeared, with embraces for the Hemingways and the news that he was installing a modern men's room. Hemingway noted sadly that all the good things were passing. "A wonderful old john back there," he said. "Makes you want to shout: Water closets of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains."

THERE were some other chances in later years to talk with Hemingway, in Cuba and New York, and there were a few letters in between — from Finca Vigia or Spain or France, or from Peru, where he went to fish with the Hollywood crew that made the film of *The Old Man and the Sea*. "Here's the chiropractor who fixed up my back," said the inscription on a postcard-size photograph from Peru showing him and an immense marlin he landed off Puerto Blanco.

Trips to New York grew less frequent and did not seem to amuse or entertain him. Unlike the old days and nights at Shor's or Twenty-one, he later usually preferred to see a few friends and dine in his hotel suite. Top health never really seemed to come back to him. He was having trouble with his weight, blood pressure, and diet. He was still working, though, as the stylishly written pages of *A Moveable Feast* show. (How much else he was producing then is not clear. Mrs. Hemingway, together with Scribner's and Hemingway's authorized biographer, Carlos Baker, and his old friend Malcolm Cowley, is sifting a trunkload of manu-

scripts that include some short stories, several poems, some fragments of novels, and at least one long completed novel about the sea — written to be part of a trilogy about land, sea, and air.)

His curiosity about the world, about people, about the old haunts (that word probably ought to be taken both ways) remained zestful, and so did his willingness to talk books and authors.

Once NBC did an hour-long radio documentary featuring recollections by many people who knew Hemingway, including some who were no longer friends. Sidney Franklin's comments annoyed him. "I never traveled with Franklin's bullfighting 'troupe,'" Hemingway said. "That is all ballroom bananas. I did pay for one of his operations, though, and tried to get him fights in Madrid when no promoter would have him, and staked him to cash so he wouldn't have to pawn his fighting suits." Max Eastman had retold on the broadcast his version of the memorable fight between him and Hemingway at Scribner's over Eastman's reflections on whether Hemingway really had any hair on his chest. "He was sort of comic," said Hemingway. "There used to be a character had a monologue something like Listen to What I Done to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Eastman is weakening though. In the original version he stood me on my head in a corner, and I screamed in a high-pitched voice."

Hemingway added: "None of this is of the slightest importance, and I never blow the whistle on anyone, nor dial N for Narcotics if I find a friend or enemy nursing the pipe."

On a later occasion, a dean of theology wrote in the *New Republic* an article entitled "The Mystique of Merde" about those he considered to be "dirty" writers, and put Hemingway near the top of his list. A newsmagazine reprinted part of the article, and when he read it, Hemingway, then in Spain, addressed as a rebuttal to the dean a hilarious short lecture on the true meaning of the word *merde* and its use as a word of honor among the military and theatrical people. It is, Hemingway explained, what all French officers say to one another when going on an especially dangerous mission or to their deaths, instead of *au revoir*, good-bye, good luck old boy, or any similar wet phrases. "I use old and bad words when they are necessary, but that does not make me a dirty writer," he said. For the dean, he had a dirty word. But he did not send the note to him; the writing of it turned his irritation into a shrug.

THE Hemingways left Cuba in July of 1960 and went to Key West. From there, with luggage that

filled a train compartment, they went to New York to live for a while in a small apartment. Later they moved to the new place Hemingway had bought in Ketchum, Idaho, close to the kind of shooting, fishing, walking that had beguiled him as a young boy in upper Michigan. He went to Spain for six weeks that summer to follow his friend Ordoñez and his rival, Dominguin, in their *mano a mano* tour of bullfights and to write *The Dangerous Summer*, bullfight pieces commissioned by *Life* magazine. I have the impression that he didn't think very much of them, but he didn't say. His spirits seemed low after that and ostensibly stayed that way, though he apparently kept at work out in Ketchum almost until the day his gun went off.

The rereading of the notes and letters from which these glimpses of Hemingway are drawn — for glimpses are all they are — induces a curious thought: It is possible that to have known him, at least to have known him superficially and late in his life, makes it more rather than less difficult to understand him.

He made himself easy to parody, but he was impossible to imitate. He sometimes did or said things that seemed almost perversely calculated to obscure his many gallantries and generosity and the many enjoyments and enthusiasms he made possible for others. He could be fierce in his sensitivity to criticism and competitive in his craft to the point of vindictiveness, but he could laugh at himself ("I'm Ernie Hemorrhoid, the poor man's Pyle," he announced when he put on his war correspondent's uniform) and could enjoy the pure pride of believing that he had accomplished much of what he set out to do forty-five years before in a Parisian loft.

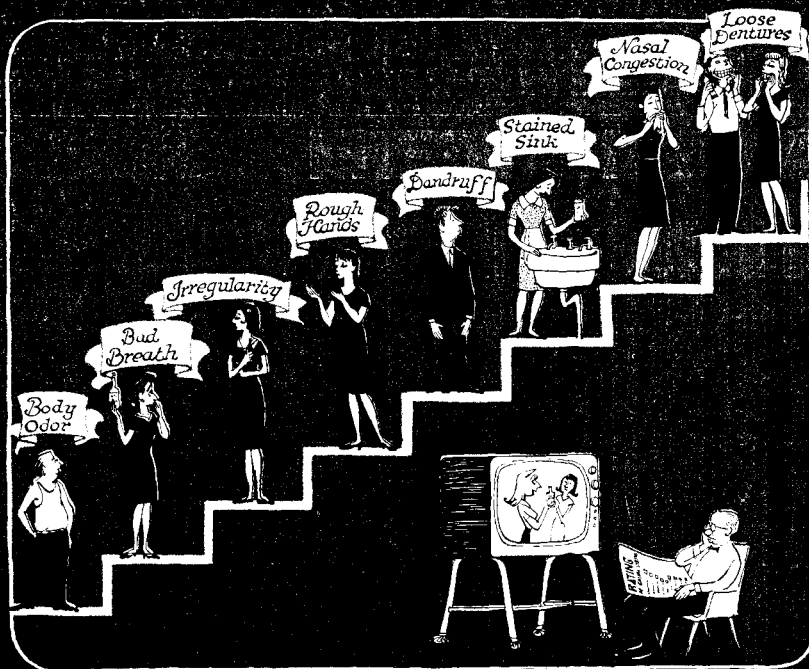
The private Hemingway was an artist. The public Hemingway was an experience, one from which small, sharp remembrances linger as persistently as the gusty moments:

A quiet dinner in New York when he remarked out of a rueful silence, and with a hint of surprise, "You know — all the beautiful women I know are growing old."

A misty afternoon in Cuba when he said, "If I could be something else, I'd like to be a painter."

A letter from the clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, where doctors were working him over: he reported "everything working o.k." — the blood pressure down from 250/125 to 130/80, and the weight down to 175 pounds, low for that big frame. He was two months behind, he said, on a book that was supposed to come out that fall — the fall of 1961.

And last of all, a Christmas card with the extra message in his climbing script: "We had fun, didn't we?"



Living

"NOW — WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!"

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Television commercials are delivered by professional actors. One has only to hear a few real-life non-actors telling about their hair tonic or bunion plasters to realize why this must be. The ballplayer, for instance — a real ballplayer — was something short of believable when he managed to stammer out the news that he eats a certain kind of bread "because it builds strong bodies three ways." It was a phrase he had memorized by countless repetitions, and the agency man finally had to take him as he was: a slow-witted athlete parrotting words he would not have understood even if they had meant anything in the first place.

The professionals, of course, take the same words and seem to find real meaning in them. A hardened professional can make "the best tobacco makes the best smoke" sound like revealed truth. Yet none of the men and women who deliver the commercials have the public status that even the second-rate stage and screen personalities enjoy. Gossip columns tell us nothing about their doings; we never learn their favorite

recipes or what they think of foreign policy; if they threatened not to go to a White House party they hadn't been invited to, no one would pay the least attention to it. They work without screen credits, and their audience never sees their names.

Even so, the hundreds or thousands of unidentified people delivering television commercials are well paid, and there must be some professional solidarity among them, especially in such production centers as Hollywood and New York. What, then, might be their concept of superior status, another rung on the ladder of success? Where, for instance, in their social structure does the bad-breath woman stand? Is she above or below her colleague who suffers from Irregularity? One imagines two schoolboys comparing notes:

"What does your dad do?"

"Body odor. What's yours?"

"He's a dandruff case. So's my mother."

"Gee!"

A fair segment of the hierarchy in its upper reaches would be the denture crowd — young, fashionable, gnawing at corn on the cob and

biting boldly into apples and whipping out tubes of goo that will make a pencil adhere to their fingers. Some of them seem to suffer from denture-glare, but perhaps this is only because of the toothy grins they are always flashing at each other.

All these specialists are attended by an equally specialized corps of musicians, voice coaches, songwriters, copywriters, cosmetics experts, and such. Long, expensive training underlies these functions. Mr. and Mrs. H., for example, of Nirvana, Ohio, found that their son, even before he reached school age, was a musical genius, a veritable young Mozart. The best private instruction available in Nirvana Heights was procured for him, followed by years with the outstanding teachers of Cleveland, then of New York and Boston. "He has gone far beyond any need of help from me," was the report from one great teacher after another.

Today, at age thirty-five, the H. son is blowing tenor sax in the chewing-gum band. He has a four-car garage, a pool, and a Japanese houseman. His wife, who had once dreamed of an operatic career, is dubbed as the voice of the woman who sings the cake-mix song. They've just about reached the top of the heap, their friends say.

Birth of a Yacht Club

BY PHILBROOK PAINE

PHILBROOK PAINE is a native of Durham, New Hampshire, and the author of *REPORT FROM THE VILLAGE*, which W. W. Norton published in May. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

Sailing was great fun that first summer. A boatbuilder in a city nearby had glued together a couple of fourteen-foot cats. He sold one to me and kept the other. On breezy afternoons I would call his shop and taunt him, "Hey, Ned, you land-lubberly sloth. Get your floating coffin down to the dock, and I'll beat you around the black can and over to the nun."

Unless he was involved in some major crisis, such as a customer, he would accept the challenge, and we would put in three or four hours of informal racing on the bay. These were filled with lively conversation and splendid sailing, which resulted in quite a bit of splintered plywood and some slight damage to the government buoy system. We didn't know it at the time, but our two boats represented the perfect yacht club.

The following winter, Ned was foolhardy enough to build two more boats identical to those he and I sailed. That was the fatal step. We now had a class. And if you have a class, you have to have a name for it. So we hit on Merry-Mac because Ned's last name was McIntosh and until then he had been merry.

These two boats were promptly sold, and he plunged on to the final folly. He built two more and disposed of them. Thus we had a yacht club. All that winter the six families held meetings.

We elected a commodore, a vice-commodore, a treasurer, and a secretary. We named a racing committee, a social committee, a protest committee, and a trophy committee.

Ned and I didn't race as much the next summer as we had previously because we were too busy starting races, timing races, and buying trophies for the end-of-the-season Labor Day clambake. We had also begun paying dues to buy the trophies.

Although the six families raced only on Sundays during July and August, we all agreed to meet once a month at somebody's home during the winter. On each occasion we held a business meeting. And there was an incredible amount of business to be conducted.

For one thing, if you have a yacht club, pretty soon somebody wants to put it into capital letters — Yacht Club. But you can't just say Yacht Club. It has to be a specific Yacht Club. After nine meetings we compromised on Great Bay Yacht Club. The commodore put the initials GBYC on his automobile number plates, and we were off.

Now, a yacht club cannot operate without a burgee. Nobody was quite sure how we could fly a burgee from a fourteen-foot catboat, but everybody was willing to give it a try. To obtain this symbol of nautical stature we elected a burgee committee. It was a hardworking bunch. Eventually we compromised on a cormorant (or a goose, or an owl) flying through the letters GBYC. But he didn't fly very long; no professional burgee manufacturer would touch him. So after five more meetings we settled for a couple of bolts of

lightning that remotely resembled M-M, which of course stood for Merry-Mac. By this time, Ned and I privately thought that they could just as well have represented Mud-dled-Mess.

But there was no turning back. We had to have bylaws. The club had grown to twelve families, and it was imperative that we try to quiet down the meetings. So we gave a lawyer a life membership, and he copied the bylaws of some other yacht club. These were submitted to the bylaws committee and then to the whole membership, and eight meetings later they were adopted.

The principal issues at stake were how to keep people out and how to get people in. It was the old problem of the Right People. So we named a membership committee. To head it, we elected a professor of political science. He gave the problem his earnest attention for approximately twenty hours of lively debate before coming up with a complicated blackball technique that worked by mail. It has never been used.

During the fourth summer, Ned and I managed to sneak down to the bay a few times by ourselves, but

SAPPHICS (AND WHY NOT?) FROM THE SECOND AISLE OVER

BY STUART HEMSLEY

Avid book-browser, tell me: as you wander
Cloudlike, absorbing droplets from this vast and
Paperback jungle, don't you find the nourish-
ment a bit spicy?

Such goings-on between the pliant covers!
Pretty broad nudges, clinical descriptions;
Intimate themes so fully orchestrated,
With variations!

O tempora! and O the naughty mores!
Don't you agree that many of these volumes
Grandmother would have hidden (had she had them)
Yards up the chimney?

Grandma a prude? Perhaps. But do we need to
Map so precisely all the primrose turnpikes?
Need Mrs. Grundy prune the perfumed garden
In a bikini?

Aren't you surprised that, out there in the sunlight,
Lacking our culture, unenlightened flowers,
Birds that are bookless, uninstructed bees are
Doing quite nicely?

most of our official yacht club activities were centered around the rapidly expanding role of the protest committee. We had warned the others not to fool around with racing rules, but our advice went unheeded.

During this period, we were still holding our races at a public float, and our dues were being spent on ever larger and more magnificent trophies. But then a horrendous thing happened. We elected a property committee. Its function was to seek out a suitable piece of land on which the club could build its own dock — and eventually a clubhouse. At that time dues were bringing in one hundred and twenty dollars a year, so it became apparent that if the property committee was going to make much headway, we would have to take in more members. To accomplish this we employed a time-tested strategy. We passed the word that the Great Bay Yacht Club was exclusive. People rose to the bait like hungry fish. During the next winter we extracted an initiation fee of twenty-five dollars, plus annual dues of ten, from twelve new families. Some of them had never before sailed a boat.

The additional members presented a problem. We had expanded to the point where we could no longer meet in anybody's home. This gave the social committee something to do, and we started meeting in a hired hall. The meetings were a flop; the informality was gone. Besides, half of the members were strangers to the

activities because it was located two hundred feet from deep water. The answer was a dock committee. This in turn spawned a float committee, a marker committee (it picked up the racing markers), and oddly enough a lawn committee.

But most of the members were now happy. The club had been registered in *Lloyd's*. It had an official burgee, a nice little mortgage, a rescue launch, approximately fifty families, four pages of specifications for boats participating in Marblehead Race

Week, and a committee for that event.

If Ned and I had not already been appalled by our creation, we soon would have been. Some committee decided that the club required an official historian. It selected me. Perhaps it knew what it was doing. I was certainly well fitted for the job: I could record precisely when and how each mistake had been made. The major one, of course, was the building of those two additional boats back in 1953.

Those Crazy Americans

BY ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH has written many books and light articles and has been a contributor to the *ATLANTIC* since 1943.

Americans (including me) are always going through agonies of self-abasement and self-analysis in an effort to understand why we are so distrusted, scorned, envied, and (well, it's true, isn't it?) hated by the people of the rest of the world.

I don't know all the answers (actually, I know hardly any answers if it comes to anything much past two plus two), but I do know one answer. It's so simple. The people of the rest of the world can't understand us because they don't understand our climate. I don't mean something vague about political climate or social climate; I mean *climate* — ordinary, old-fashioned meteorological climate. How hot or cold it is, how much it rains or snows — that kind of climate.

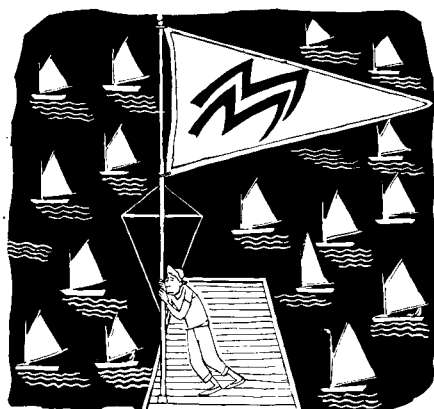
People in Europe think that because on a map we appear to live in the temperate zone, just like them, our climate must be roughly like theirs. They might even come over for a short visit in April or October and go home again still not understanding. If they came anytime and stayed for a year, they might begin to comprehend what it is that makes us different.

Now, there are lots of cold countries, and there are lots of hot countries. But North America is the only place I know that is thickly populated and is, by turns, violently cold and violently hot, and regularly has hurricanes, floods, tornadoes, and droughts.

A European who reads about how many refrigerators we have, to take one small example, simply does not understand that in our summer heat food spoils while you blink. I've seen a meat pie stand on a larder shelf for three days in England in July and still be perfectly all right; but I'd hate to eat anything here that had been standing on a shelf for three minutes.

I think most Europeans feel we buy air conditioners to show the rest of the world how rich we are. They've never tried to sleep during one of our spectacular three-week heat waves, tossing and turning in sweat-soaked, rumpled sheets, and fighting nausea and despair. They don't know about putting small children in the bathtub at three o'clock in the morning to try to cool them off enough so they can fall asleep again. They don't know about taking a bath and then standing around to let the water evaporate in a hopeless effort to keep the cool with you for just a few minutes longer. They don't know about the soles of your feet getting burned if you walk on a city pavement in thin-soled sandals on a summer day. They don't know about sitting up all night in an air-conditioned cafeteria or an all-night movie house because your apartment is too hot to go back to.

People from other parts of the world don't understand about the Arctic gales that come howling down



rest of us. This called for a name-tag committee.

In the meantime, the property committee had found a piece of land, consulted earnestly with the lifetime-member lawyer, and signed a deed. The site of the future clubhouse left something to be desired for boating

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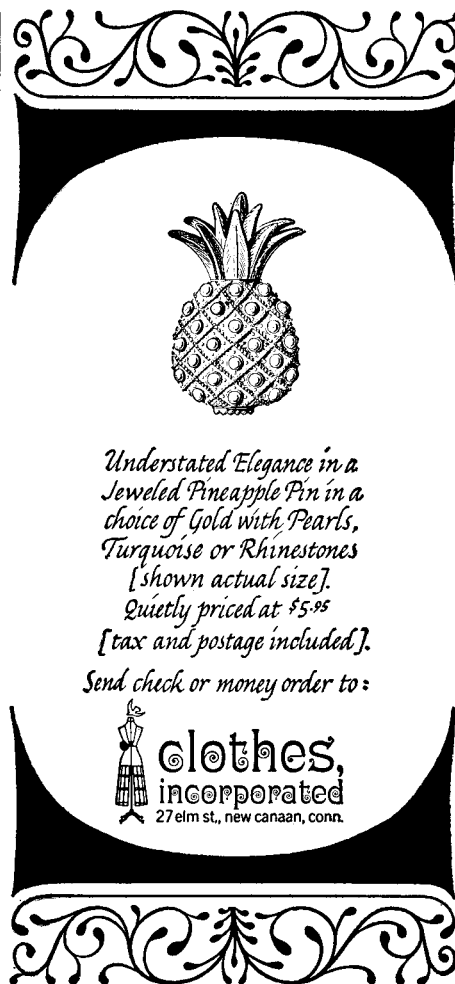
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through the central plains of Canada and the United States. They have their water pipes on the outside of their houses. They think all Americans are central-heating mad; they don't realize that without central heating we would have to hole up in the kitchen for the winter, like our early colonists. In a modern house, we would quite literally not survive without a furnace comfortably whirring away. Only a couple of winters ago, when the temperature got stuck at ten degrees for nearly a week, my oil burner was not able to keep up with it. Though every window had its storm window and every door its storm door, the house was cold. We wore sweaters all day, our hands were blue, and we had to go to bed early. How long would we have had water with our pipes on the outside? And I live in the *mild* part of the country.

One winter, long ago, when I was at college in Ithaca, New York, the temperature fell to forty degrees below zero and stayed there for seven days, if my memory can be relied on. It might have been ten days. It is not one of my happiest memories. All the water pipes, buried well underground, froze and burst. The infirmary was full of frostbite cases and one bronchial pneumonia case (me), and I can remember crying — really crying, real tears that froze instantly — from the pain in my hands, feet, eyes, and lungs when that weather hit me. Europeans don't understand about winters like that.

Right here, in the nice temperate New York suburbs, same latitude as Rome, Italy, it can start to snow, and the next time you look out the window you can't find the four-foot-high stone wall that separates your place from your neighbor's.

One ghastly winter when the snow and ice and cold were normally worse than normal, I read in the newspaper that some visiting Norwegians were in a state of shock. They said they had never experienced cold like ours before. The following summer, a usual unusually hot one, some visiting Iranians made the same comment about our heat. Their heat is hotter, of course, but it's dry. They were having their first experience with a combination of heat and humidity, and it knocked them out. Well, of course it knocks us out, too. Only we have no place



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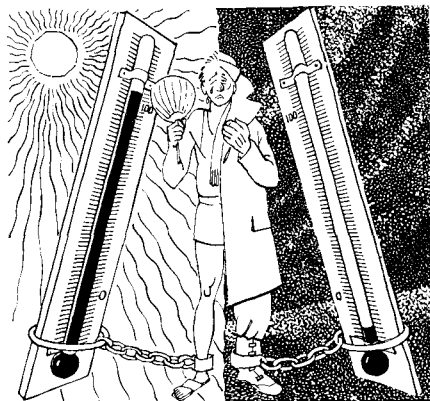
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to go home to. We live here. So either we drop dead with a snow shovel in our hand or we drop dead with a lawn mower in our hand; or we survive somehow, and the minute we can afford an air conditioner, we buy it because we need it, not because we're spoiled rotten.

A few years ago, during an ordinary extraordinary winter, we were having some electrical work



done (to give us enough power for our air conditioners, oil burner, and so forth), and the electrician was a Frenchman. He had come, in his total ignorance, to America with his wife and daughter, and they had settled, in their ignorance, in Montreal. After five Montreal winters, they had moved, blue, shivering, and stunned, south, to the New York suburbs. There was something like forty inches of snow that winter, and the thermometer stuck for weeks on end at ten degrees. I've often wondered if they moved again, perhaps on down to Atlanta or Miami.

In England they call it a heat wave if the sun comes out for half an hour. They frolic around on their beaches in a drizzle at sixty degrees and call it summer. And in the winter, if there's more than six inches of snow, the whole place goes to pieces, a state of emergency is declared, and food is dropped from planes to besieged towns.

All societies and cultures are affected by their climates, and we, like all the others, are strongly affected by ours. The problem is merely that other people fail to realize how different our climate is from theirs. I can see that if you didn't know, it would be pretty hard to believe that one country could have the bitter extremes that ours manages to provide in just twelve months. We live in a rugged country, with raw craggy mountains, raw new rivers that don't stay put, perishing Arctic

winds, brutal, blazing summer heat. That our ancestors managed to survive at all is a pure miracle. That *we* survive at all is a small miracle.

One evening I met an English couple who had been here only six months, and the young wife was in a state of perpetual terror. "Everything here is so big," she said. I thought she meant ostentatious, as in cars and buildings. "Oh, no," she said. "It's things like your rivers. I shall never forget the first day I saw the Hudson River and the George Washington Bridge. It was quite frightening." I knew what she meant because I had had the same feeling, in reverse, when I was in her country, with its (to me) doll-sized rivers and tiny bridges and red toy trains. I felt cramped all the time. Everything was neatly to scale, and I never felt as though there were room for my legs anywhere.

Living in this wild climate among these giant mountains and rivers takes a sort of energy that is not needed in most other places. It is a climate so raw and unfriendly that if you don't move fast you die. People do move fast here. They move with a kind of energy that comes merely from keeping alive in a country that hits a hundred in the summer and forty below in the winter and has everything there is in the way of weather in between.

Like most things in life, it is useless to try to explain it. Try telling a Frenchman that we really need our refrigerators. He doesn't understand. You have to experience it for yourself. So I see no hope for it but to go on with our air conditioning and central heating and refrigerators and freezers, and be misunderstood. "Oh, those crazy Americans. Have you heard? They're putting air conditioners in their cars, now, and heating their garages."

NEW CRITIC

BY BRENDAN GALVIN

I can visualize
A man engrossed
With the suicide theme
In Robert Frost,

But a critic who reads
Homosexual deeds
In *A Shropshire Lad*
Could be all bad.

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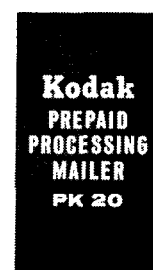


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THE BACK ROADS OF ENGLAND

BY MONICA FURLONG

An American boy I met one year in Copenhagen told me that all the English moved about their country on bicycles. He had never been to England, but he had been bequeathed this piece of folklore by his father. It had doubtless been helped along, too, by the fictions of the British Travel and Holiday Association, which delights to show us abroad as a nation of morris dancers and beekeepers. Anyhow, he had this wholly delightful picture of us moving slowly between the green fields, pedaling away, perhaps with the *Pastoral* Symphony sounding gently in our ears. No doubt we climbed down from our saddles from time to time to carry in the harvest, or make love among the cornstalks, but cool, phlegmatic people that we were, we were content to spend most of our lives gliding placidly between the hedgerows, sniffing the honeysuckle and the dog roses.

Dear God, I wish it were true. I wish that on such a small island, with (I am, of course, partial) the greenest, most lovely landscape in the world, we could have kept our bicycles and the motorcar could have been disciplined to a few great highways. That way the villages and cathedral towns might have pre-

served a little peace. I met a man last year who told me of a vivid memory he had of Oxford one Sunday morning before the 1914-1918 war, when the only sign of movement in the High was an old woman driving her pig down the road with a stick. Now the thunder of wheels throbs perpetually in the High, and the ancient yellow stone crumbles with the vibrations. The motorcar is a disease with us — that is the truth of it.

But we are, as it happens, at a halfway house. We are full of plans about how and where to build highways which will take the burden of traffic from old and inadequate roads; and if in your travels in this country you come across a large tract of land looking as messy and sordid as an unmade bed, you will know that it is because a motorway is under construction. The motorways, recognizable because they are all prefixed with the letter M (M1, M2, M3, and so on), are the most up-to-date British effort at road building; they are almost the only roads in Britain on which it is safe to drive fast. They are infinitely safer than the old main highways, with A prefixes. The older roads tend to be endlessly punctuated with

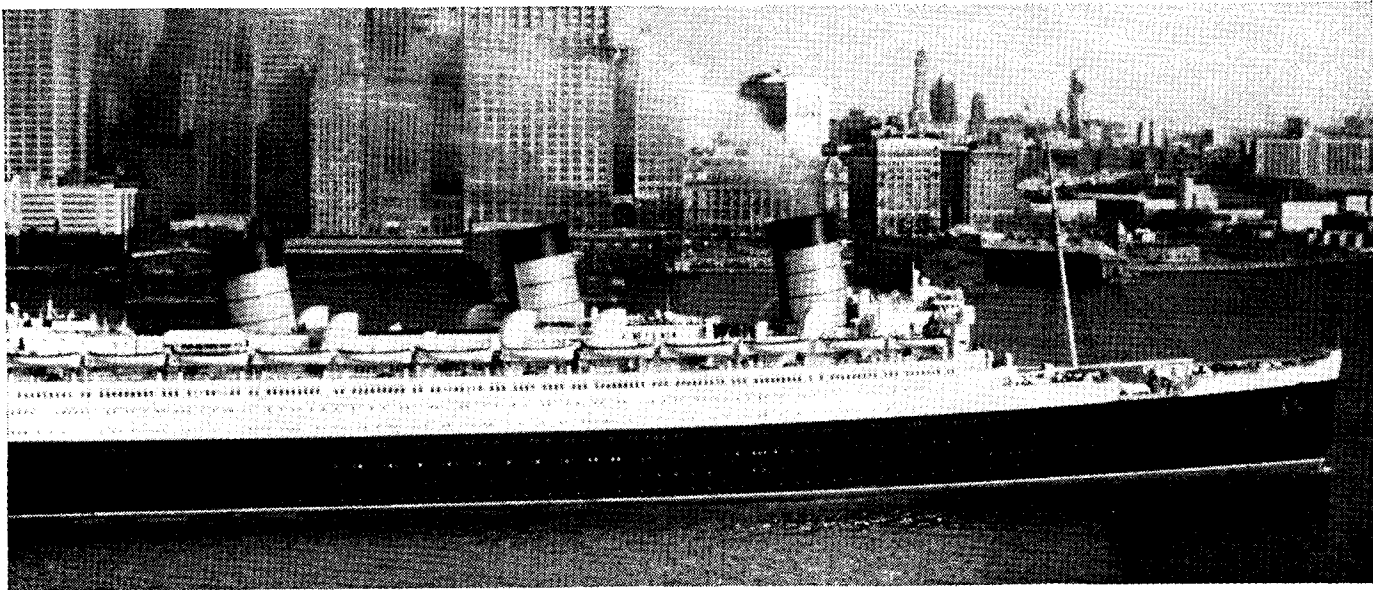
traffic lights, and the effects upon a driver's nerves and temper are alarming.

I suspect that the British have a curiously romantic and swash-buckling view of the motorcar, or at least the men have. With women, motorcars are a simple matter of convenience, a way of collecting the groceries and taking the children to school. With men, fast driving is a form of dueling, a way of proving their virility and dicing with the death wish at the same time. On the kind of narrow, winding lanes with which this country abounds, fast driving and reckless overtaking amount to challenging a crack shot to meet you with pistols at dawn.

I seem to have got into a somber vein, what with my lament over barbarianism and bad drivers, but let me go on to say at once that in spite of the above, I do a great deal of pastoral motoring myself and get enormous pleasure from it. I am not good at enjoying traditional tourist joys. This may be snobbery, I suppose, or it may be the kind of paralysis that comes over you when someone announces that he is going to tell you a terribly funny joke; being expected to produce favorable reactions is a handicap. But I am often bowled over by churches, or views, or buildings for which no one thought to prepare me.

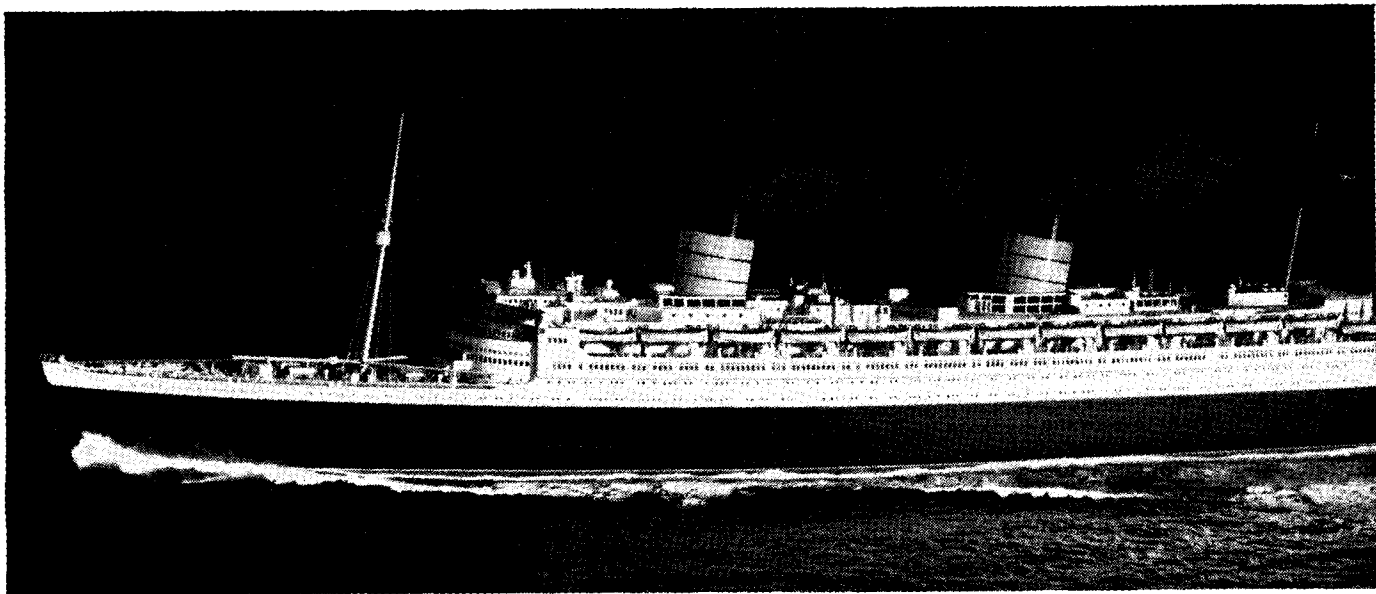
I remember one cold, rather depressing afternoon last November in the Fen District which flowered unexpectedly. We had spent the weekend in Cambridge. On Sunday morning we heard a friend preach in Great St. Mary's, and then lunched with him at the Blue Boar, a hotel whose lounge sports a very funny photograph of King Edward VII in his prime being entertained at Cambridge and is always full of undergraduates drinking beer. Then, glowing with lunch and coffee, we announced our intention of going on to Ely. Good God, said our friend, how could we go to that cursed damp spot? Lovely architecture, of course, but depressing. People went there to commit suicide.

We drove on empty roads across the achingly flat fields of the Fens. The sun set coldly, and there was a sense of desolation as we stopped beside the cathedral in the half darkness. The stark Norman architecture wavered above us. Inside the west door there was a smell of damp and



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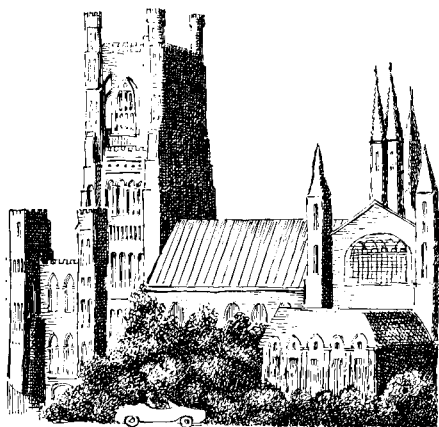
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cold, and the long nave was empty of chairs or pews — unusual for an English cathedral — so that the round pillars had nothing to spoil their proportion. All was dark except for the chancel, where the choir was singing evensong. The sounds floated down the nave toward us, elongated exquisitely by the echo as we groped through the blackness. We went out later and walked around the town, and there was no one to be seen anywhere. No doubt if we went to Ely on a busy market day, we would see it as a lively, bustling center of agricultural commerce. But the desolate Sunday evening gave me far more pleasure.

In England one must always take prophylactic measures against being forced to eat bad food. It seems to me intolerable that while we feast our eyes on landscape or seascape, on churches and cathedrals built by people with an eye for perfection, our stomachs should have to battle with poor food and worse drink. But there are several reasonably good guides to restaurants in this country which help us to avoid the sort of establishment where everything is ready-made and where the owners serve it with an acid loathing for the human race. Our favorite is Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide* since this has turned out to be more reliable (though we have had one or two painful failures) than most. It



has both a generous section on London restaurants and a much bigger section on hotels and restaurants listed under the towns where they are to be found. It provided us with some memorable meals one weekend last summer when we went to Dorset, to my mind one of the loveliest of all English counties. It has steep green hills, some quiet, forgotten villages, some preposterous lanes where a good-sized car just fits between the hedges (many Eng-

lish lanes, of course, have convenient backing places to provide a solution to the terrible moment when you meet a car coming the other way and there is no room to pass), some clean, pleasant little towns both on the coast and inland, and some beautiful buildings. We zoomed over the long, straight roads of Salisbury Plain (Wiltshire is unchanged in many places since E. M. Forster wrote *The Longest Journey*, and Salisbury is still one of the best of cathedral towns) and spent a night at Blandford Forum in one of those large sedate hotels where there is lots of brown varnish inside and the guests all seem to talk in "county" accents reminiscent of the British raj in India. You will find at least one of these hotels in every old British town — they are usually coaching inns, much adapted and rebuilt, and are called the Crown or the Red Lion or the Such-and-Such Arms or something that makes them sound like grand pubs, which is really what they are. The motoring organizations tend to recommend them, the beds are often good and the rooms warm, the guests are quiet and the staff reasonably nice, and the food can be anything from very good to awful (hence our careful study of the guide). The Blandford one was good, though too close to the road for perfection. I woke in a sweat of fright at 2 A.M. with the noise of a lorry rushing through the bedroom, and then realized that the corner of our room projected directly into the main street, and that we were, in fact, only within a few feet of the murderous wheels.

Next day we drove on and picked a small restaurant in a remote village to have lunch. It was run by a husband with a passion for cooking and a pretty wife who served it very gracefully, and to our delight they both liked talking about cooking, and passing on advice to the greedy amateur. I began with a delicious soup, fragrant with fresh stock, and my husband with rainbow trout, and we discussed with the proprietor the dishes they had done and hoped to do. Sunday lunch was their masterpiece, they informed us. The husband had spent many years in the East and apprenticed himself to the art of curry-making. And now every Sunday they served a curry which took them four days to prepare.

We felt so at home that we asked

if they could suggest anywhere local to stay (thinking of that delicious curry already in hand); they mentioned that they kept a couple of rooms upstairs for patrons overcome by exhaustion — so we spent two nights in one of their clean unpretentious rooms.

From there we went to Abbotsbury, which is one of the loveliest, most unspoiled sights in England, worth going miles to see. Abbotsbury lies on the inside of the Chesil Bank, a great arm of gravel flung into the sea, and eight hundred years ago monks bred swans on the natural lake. Nobody seems to eat swans anymore — the taste is too strong — but swans are still bred there, and you can go and look at the cygnets and talk to the swanherd. On paper this sounds as if it might be phony and touristy, but it isn't a bit. For one thing, you cannot take your car closer than about a mile from the place; you have to leave it in a field and trek across two more fields. For another, nothing has been built on the land — no souvenir shops, ice-cream kiosks, or other bric-a-brac. All that is there is the swanherd's garden, often complete with an aged relative or two asleep in the sun, and it is full of the kind of flowers which used to be popular in cottage gardens a century ago but which now are disappearing.

There's something else about the fields around this place that moves me every time I go. It may be the very ancient stone chapels which stand half-ruined on the hills, or the barns built by the monks with stone buttresses and crosses on their roofs, or the extraordinary quietness of the place, but only in about two other places can I remember the hallowed feeling I get here, as if holiness had seeped into the ground.

There is a huge half-wild garden down the road a bit from the swannery which pleased me very much. It is cultivated only here and there and is full of rare trees and exotic foreign birds; peacocks sun themselves on the broken stonework.

For anyone doing much pastoral motoring in England during the spring and summer, it is worth getting hold of a list of private gardens (there are several lists published, and many bookshops sell them) which are open to the public on one or two days in the year. Their owners charge a small admission fee, which goes to charity, and for this you have

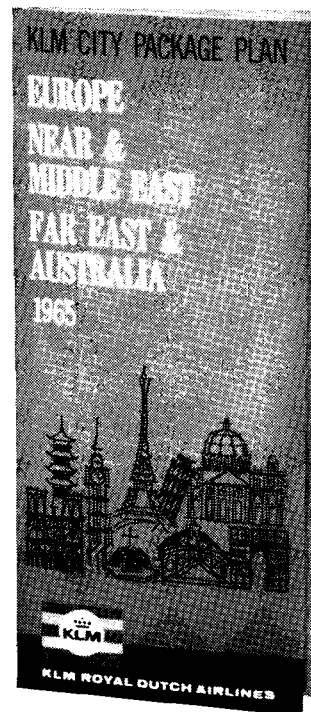
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the opportunity of seeing how the real artists do it. It has taken me years to organize myself to the point of reaching remote gardens on the days they are actually open, but now I'm an addict.

After the Abbotsbury garden, we drove along the gravelly shore and clambered over the shifting stones to a warm stony ledge. Farther along the coast the seaside resorts were packed with families sitting almost elbow to elbow in deck chairs on the sand, but we had the sea, the gravel, and the sea gulls all to ourselves. After a while we stripped and waded in. It was torture to the feet until we could take off and swim, and even then the water was cruelly cold. The English sea is temperamental. On the hottest day it can make you shudder on some bits of the coast; at other spots it is bliss. I once went to discuss business with a lawyer in Angmering. After we had finished work, his wife lent me a bathing suit, and we ran down through their garden and into the sea, which was stormy and white and very, very warm. I could have spent a day in it, but I had to hurry and dress to catch the next train back to London.

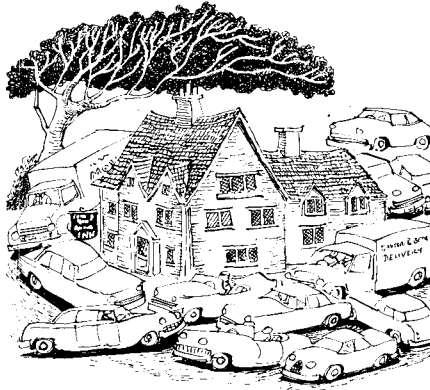
Certain places, I must confess, lure me as a pastoral motorist, and I will travel many miles over dull country just to see something I have remembered from another visit. Bakewell, in Derbyshire, for example, seems to touch some private inner vision of what a town should be like, with its cows and buttercups and daisies woven right into the middle of it. And parts of Buxton, also in Derbyshire, look like Bath, though they are much less praised, and the landscape, spare and bony, is unspoiled and lovely.

There is Hadrian's Wall up in the north of England (though this is for the feet, not the motorcar), and the lonely church of Abbeydore in Herefordshire. Hereford itself is lovely, and Winchester (I am an addict of cathedral towns as well as gardens), and Wells. (A character in Peter Shaffer's play *Five Finger Exercise* says of a cathedral, "It is like walking down the throat of a whale: a great skeleton whale, with the vertebrae showing.")

Brighton is a beautiful town to visit, either in the height of its vulgar summer popularity (though Margate, Clacton, and Blackpool are much more vulgar and perhaps

more fun) or in the winter when it is all regency elegance. Sidmouth is a small, exquisitely elegant regency town built between dark red cliffs and green hills.

I have a particular love for some of the country places within an afternoon's drive from the muck of the city. Hertfordshire is the part I know best (snobs don't pronounce the t), and it has changed very little since I used to camp there as a small girl. Chenies and Latimer are like a couple of twin villages, each nearly perfect. At Chenies there was, until last year, a Georgian pub to which we used to take the children for lunch on a Sunday, and the food



was nice unpretentious English cooking — roast beef, local ducklings and fish, homemade apple pie. Then, alas, it was tarted up by a new proprietor who thought customers would rather have mock Tudor; the food was tarted up too, and children seemed less welcome. But the village is still lovely. In the spring we go down the walk between the church and the manor house into a big airy beech wood and pick violets there. The wood slopes down into a valley, where there is a small stream called the River Chess. The Chess also runs through fields down behind Sarratt, a village nearby, and children paddle in it as I once used to.

Chipperfield is worth looking at — summer weekends people play cricket on the village green (as in innumerable other villages), and it all looks too English to be true. At Chipperfield you can get a very nice sedate English tea at a trust house called the Two Brewers.

Buckinghamshire is a lovely county within easy traveling distance of London, though the housing estates are spreading there. Burnham Beeches is its great set piece, and a favorite place for outings for Sunday school treats and mothers' meetings. My favorite Buckinghamshire village

is Little Missenden, where there is a very tiny, very ancient church and some houses which I have coveted for years.

It is worth going on from there to have lunch at the Bell at Aston Clinton, where both food and wine are treated with loving obsession. Jordans and Penn and Seer Green are full of peaceful Quaker memories and memorials, and are also worth taking a look at.

A little farther from London there is a great clean sweep of chalky hills around Dunstable and Ivinghoe. At Ivinghoe there is an ancient horse carved on the hillside which can be seen miles away. In summer we take our children to scramble up and down its steep sides, and then go on to have tea at a little village where we are served fresh farm eggs and homemade jam and cream on scones.

I have been talking, of course, of the obvious English glories — the countryside, the villages, the churches, and even sometimes the food. But I cannot leave out the people. Motorists are more limited conversationally than those who travel by train. Their encounters are with waiters and car-park attendants, old ladies in hotel lounges, vergers in hoary churches. If they park in streets with yellow lines painted down them, drive the wrong way on one-way streets, or otherwise contravene the traffic regulations, they may find themselves talking to policemen as well. People get more talkative and forthcoming, of course, farther away from London. My impression is that the British love having an American to talk to; we have never quite got out of our system the impact of Hollywood films, which make us feel that America is a kind of fairyland and all the people are partly immortal. This is proved, at least to me, by the ease with which they can lean across a restaurant table and pick a conversation with me, a total stranger. I met an American schoolmistress in Lyons Corner House last summer who was over here on an organ-playing trip (her group traveled to churches and cathedrals trying the organs), and in half an hour there was very little that we did not know about each other.

In a thousand English villages this summer, I have no doubt that others will be doing the same thing. Astonishing, but salutary.

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He is a person whose mind — through no fault of his own — stopped growing long before it should have.

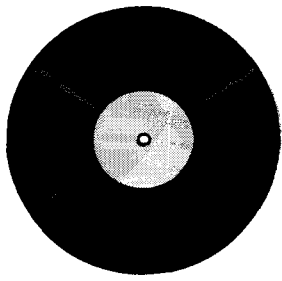
He is a person who can be helped.

He is a person who might have been born completely normal if we had only acted a little faster. Because with what we now know and with a little help, we could cut mental retardation in half.

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2. Visit local schools and urge them to provide special teachers and special classes to identify and help mentally retarded children early in their lives.
3. Urge your community to set up workshops to train retardates who are capable of employment.
4. Select jobs in your company that the mentally retarded can fill, and hire them.
5. Accept the mentally retarded as American citizens. Give them a chance to live useful, dignified lives in your community.
6. Write for the free booklet to the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.





Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Haydn: Symphony No. 57 in D; Symphony No. 86 in D

Max Rudolf conducting Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Decca DL-710107 (stereo) and DL-10107

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra is a skilled and precise musical organization, and Max Rudolf is a conductor with disciplined technique and a keen musical mind. What makes this record news is that Decca has decided to put these qualities to use here in the United States rather than to employ still another second-line European ensemble in these Haydn symphonies. The Cincinnatians rise to the challenge nobly, playing these sparkling works with briskness of spirit and a clean, lean sound. They lack the lushness of tonal texture that is the hallmark of the Big Three or Four American orchestras, but this is not a quality especially needed in Haydn symphonies. More Haydn from Mr. Rudolf and his men would decidedly be welcome.

Hummel: Trumpet Concerto in E; Albrechtsberger: Trumpet Concertino in E-flat; Molter: Trumpet Concerto in D

Armando Ghitalla, trumpet, with Boston Chamber Ensemble conducted by Pierre Monteux and Harold Farberman; Cambridge CRS-1819 (stereo) and CRM-819

This is the last recording made in America by Pierre Monteux before his death, and it demonstrates the conductor's youthful and adventurous spirit at the age of eighty-eight. Johann Nepomuk Hummel's Trumpet Concerto is rarely heard (as with the two other pieces, it was recorded from manuscript), but it is a dashing and dazzling piece, and Monteux conducts it with as much élan as Armando Ghitalla displays

in his facile solo performance. Hummel, who succeeded Haydn in his job as musical director to Prince Esterhazy, also apparently learned from him the art of writing brilliant trumpet concertos. The two other pieces on the record are rather less imposing, although that does not prevent Mr. Ghitalla from playing them in fine style. Harold Farberman is the conductor in the Albrechtsberger and the Molter piece, both of which antedate the Hummel.

Puccini: Tosca

Georges Prêtre conducting Paris Conservatory Orchestra and Paris Opéra Chorus with Maria Callas, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; and Tito Gobbi, baritone; Angel SBL-3655 (stereo) and 3655: two records

After her magnificent Carmen, Maria Callas' Tosca comes as a decided let-down. Nor should this be particularly surprising; there is no reason why a great cellist should suddenly be handed a violin and told to start playing. The Callas voice, as noted at the time of her Carmen recording, has lost both its gleam and its steadiness in the upper reaches; it is no longer a Tosca voice. In an actual performance, as at her two Metropolitan Opera appearances last spring, the Callas personality and presence assert themselves, but in a recording there are no such compensations. So although her new Tosca offers some distinctive insights into a famous operatic role (Callas can still act a part with her voice as no one else can), her singing is distractingly edgy and uneven. Much the same applies to Tito Gobbi's Scarpia; and Carlo Bergonzi's Cavaradossi, while smooth enough, is dramatically phlegmatic. Conductor Georges Prêtre manages to contribute a welcome measure of restraint to a work that often suffers from an excess of sound and fury.

Murray Schisgal: Luv

With Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Alan Arkin, directed by Mike Nichols; Columbia DOS-718 (stereo) and DOL-318: two records

Luv is a two-act, three-character comedy of the absurd which is currently established as a Broadway hit. With the exception of an occasional "sight gag" — a leap or two off the Brooklyn Bridge, for instance — its humor comes through deftly and delightfully in this original-cast re-

cording. The intellectual purpose of *Luv* seems to be to spoof the clichés and the postures of everyone from playwrights to psychoanalysts; its physical locale is a bridge promenade, upon which a young woman oscillates illogically and unpredictably between two men who take turns becoming her husband. Whatever its enduring value may be as social commentary, *Luv* possesses the simple and immediate theatrical virtue of being funny. For example, this attempt to patch up a marital quarrel:

She: Now that I've lived with you I find you an utterly obnoxious person.

He: All right, that's a beginning, that's a start.

Much of *Luv's* brightness stems from the swift and sure playing of the three-star cast, especially Anne Jackson, who makes the changeable young woman seem not only personable but plausible. And the sound effects add a few cheery touches of their own: the distant splashes of those plunges into the East River, for instance.

Songs of the Ghetto

Cantor Abraham Brun with guitar accompaniment; Folkways FW-8739 (monaural only)

This is one of the most moving of all Yiddish-language records, a unique musical memorial of the tragedy that gave birth to such literary works as *The Diary of Anne Frank* and John Hersey's *The Wall*. It is a collection of songs actually sung by the inhabitants of the ghettos set up by the Nazis in Eastern Europe, and by concentration camp inmates. There is despair and resignation in many of them, but also a stubborn note of courage and hope. Most striking of all is a strain of grim humor, as when a well-known Jewish operetta number is parodied in a melody succinctly entitled "No Raisins and No Almonds," or in "Why Need We Cry?," a spunky song that promises a day when Jews will yet live to say *Kaddish* — that is, mourning prayers — over Hitler. Purely as songs, many of these unpretentious melodies are touched with beauty. They are sung with great expressiveness and sensitivity by Cantor Brun, who himself is a survivor of the ghetto in Lodz, Poland. Both the Yiddish words and an English translation are provided in an accompanying booklet.



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHAT is learned in high school," writes EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG in his sympathetic study of adolescence, *COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA* (Random House, \$5.95), "or for that matter anywhere at all, depends far less on what is taught than on what one actually experiences in the place." When, a few pages later, he alludes to "the hostility to 'teen-agers' and the anxiety about their conduct that abound in our society," I was hooked. How, I began to wonder, do the attitudes and conditions which he is measuring in his inquiry compare with what I experienced in the Battin High School, from which I graduated in 1915?

I remember three of my teachers, all of them women: Miss Maude Emery, who taught senior history so well that we enjoyed it; Miss Kate Warner, the disciplinarian, who drilled us in the discipline of syntax; and third, my teacher in German, Miss Elise Degenring, whose agitation increased through the year as she felt our hostility rising toward her foster country.

But Mr. Friedenberg is right; it was not so much what I learned as what I experienced at Battin that made the difference. For I remember the school as a friendly community which made me welcome despite the odds: I was a runt and of no use whatever in athletics; what is more, I was a transfer, coming to Battin as a senior from its bitterest rival, Pingry, a private school from which I had every expectation of graduating until my father's business went sour. All through that fall as the emotions mounted for the big game on Thanksgiving Day, my classmates knew where my sympathies lay — I would have been manager of football at Pingry — and it never seemed to matter. After the game, in which Battin was defeated, I began to move up in the high school community, compensating, as runts will, for what they cannot do in sports. I played the part of a wizened hypochondriac in the school play and was surprised by the laughs I got. I was surprised

again when I heard myself being elected one of the presiding officers of the school assembly. (This was one of our pleasantest diversions. We pledged allegiance, we sang, and we listened to visitors, such as Wally Trumbull, Harvard's football captain, whom I introduced.) I wrote the only short story to be published in our year-book, and on graduation I was praised for being the school comedian. The year had begun with bitter disappointment; it ended with my being grateful for the way they had taken me in.

I realize that in the age of innocence I am describing, when girls wore dresses and boys wore neckties every day, there were very few broken homes, and the school did not stand as it stands today, *in loco parentis*. There was no need of supervision in the corridors when we changed classes. It never occurred to us to deface the school; as for sex, there was one Romeo who boasted about his prowess on the fire escape, but no one seriously believed him. In my remembrance of that school community, there was latitude and a minimum of repression. The student could plug away for his college scholarship. A neat dresser like myself, who went in for striped ties, was tolerated. The Woodruff brothers were popular because they were good guys as well as good athletes. The pressure to conform was applied to us by our parents far more than by our teachers.

ADOLESCENTS ON TRIAL

The high school society which Dr. Friedenberg has been exploring, together with his collaborators, Carl Nordstrom and Hilary Gold, both professors at Brooklyn College, differs sharply from what I recall. The trio selected nine high schools, all but one coeducational, two in the South, and only one strictly suburban. One of the nine had an enrollment about 70 percent Negro, and another served what the author calls "a fashionable

exurb." From these schools, students were drawn by lot from the three upper classes and were paid to comment on a series of fictitious episodes which were supposed to have occurred at LeMoyen High, a school comparable with their own. Some of these Gallup-poll stories are fairly simple, as, for instance, the fourth — a king of a country the size of Denmark is coming to visit LeMoyen, and the problem is to choose, from a dozen leading seniors, each carefully described, the two or three best qualified to meet him. Others are rigged with too much subtlety: the story of the LeMoyen basketball team is so deceptively simple that the kids gave it a natural, healthy answer and went on to the next, while the story about Alan Slade and his friends, with its implication of homosexuality, would have passed right over the heads of my generation, as it did over the heads of most of those questioned.

In his search for the values which adolescents of today hold dear, Dr. Friedenberg is repeatedly dismayed by "the averageness and well-roundedness" which they esteem. But I wonder if this is really any different from what seniors in 1915, whether at Battin or at Yale, would have had in mind when they voted for the Man Most Likely to Succeed. Again, I think he underestimates the tendency of students in the face of awe-inspiring sociologists to cover up and to give the safe answer rather than the daring one. As in the Kinsey Report, one must season these findings with one's own salt. Dr. Friedenberg is forthright and at times naïve in proclaiming his own values. He postulates the desirability of having a more aristocratic standard in the school, which is all very well, but his citation of modern gentlemen is absurdly limited. When he says, dogmatically, that "schools are not primarily instruments for the redress of social and economic grievances," he protects himself with "primarily" but seems to overlook what the high school has become ever since we began filling the melting pot.

Even so, there are plenty of shocks in this book for the conscientious parent, and not least from the interior picture of the high school which emerges. It is appalling to think of so much repression and regulation: the steel cage that descends on the cafeteria, lunch over, through whose gate at the sound of a buzzer the students file to their classrooms, the almost punitive locking up of the toilets, and the snooping for any trace of tobacco or sex; the rules devised for the convenience of the teacher rather than for the improvement of the pupil. All this cannot help breeding defiance. I do not share the Doctor's fear that automation will exterminate the middle class, but on his evidence I quite agree that the American high school is a poor substitute for good parents.

ALGREN: AFIRE AND AFLOAT

NOTES FROM A SEA DIARY: HEMINGWAY ALL THE WAY by NELSON ALGREN (Putnam's, \$4.50) is a disarming title for what is really a diatribe within a narrative. The voyage described is, I take it, a synthesis of several, taken on a freighter by Mr. Algren as the only paying guest among what is — to say the least — a motley crew. The author's companions include Mr. Manning, the mysterious purser; Crooked-Neck Smith, thirty-eight, an extraordinary seaman who runs the crooked poker game, suffers from boils and the clap, and is never without a woman ashore; Chips, the ship's carpenter, who has had thirty years of exposure to Southeast Asia; and Sparks Concannon, the radio operator whom the author is almost ready to trust. The voyage begins in the 1950s, stops at Havana, where the author pays a visit to Hemingway, and then meanders on to Korea, Kowloon, and into the heat of India.

Mr. Algren writes a prose that can be biting, bawdy, disgusting, and hilarious, but never dull. His dialogue is as tough as it is funny, and those passages in which he takes off Quong, the Chinese deckhand, or Crooked-Neck Smith in one of his deadpan fantasies bring tears to the eyes. Woven in and out of the doings aboard ship or in harbor is Algren's affirmation of Hemingway: he holds that Hemingway was the finest writer of our time, with which I agree, and that the detractors, especially the academic critics, show themselves as pygmies in their effort to cut Hemingway down. With Dwight Macdonald, whom he calls "a domestic peacock," with Leon Edel, Burton Rascoe, and the others, he quotes first the critic and then some finer passages of Hemingway's, and with a powerful blast of ridicule, he shows up the inaccuracy and the spleen of the critics.

There are plenty of good things in this book, some of them flavored with the bouquet of the Old Master himself. They go ashore at Kowloon to buy Japanese transistors, and the scene opens just as it should: "When we stepped onto the Public Pier, the heat hit us straight out of the airless vault of a Chinese slum — and straight down into that vault we went." I only half believe in Crooked-Neck Smith, but his poker games, the account of how he fought under his own Marquis of Kingsbury rules, and his adventures in semi-pro ball are worth reading aloud. The description of Calcutta has power and smell and tawdriness, and I continually look forward to those passages in which the author unabashedly affirms his faith in the American writers that matter.

There are plenty of irritants too, most noticeably the bars and the brothels which the crew visit and of which in time I become tired.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

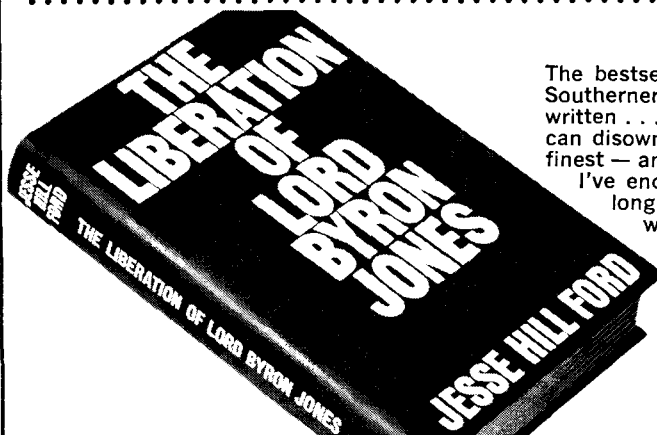
Nothing succeeds like success, except perhaps its repetition. In *The Making of the President - 1960* THEODORE H. WHITE had almost a classical plot with a single action and single hero. The story of that year was John Kennedy's determined drive for the nomination and his eventual hairbreadth victory in the election. By comparison, 1964 presented a more diffuse and less focused drama. Yet *THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT - 1964* (Atheneum, \$6.95) is in many ways a more exciting book, if only because his earlier triumph has sharpened Mr. White's skill at a style of reporting that he seems to have made all his own.

The style is that of the newsreel in depth. Events are brought before our eyes in vivid flashes, at the very tempo at which they unrolled, but they are also surrounded by voluminous and probing comment (including much detailed information on the political infighting) that fills out their meaning. It is a difficult style to carry off, but Mr. White is entirely successful, and without journalistic vulgarity. Only in a few spots does this newsreel intensity pall, mainly in the first chapter, describing President Kennedy's funeral: most of us saw it all, step by step, on television, and the repetition in prose seems gratuitous.

Mr. White feels deeply and sympathetically for most figures in public life, even when he disagrees violently with their ideas, as in the case of Barry Goldwater. His politicians, consequently, emerge as three-dimensional characters in a way not usual in political reporting. The fact that he is willing to go a long mile to understand the other fellow may explain why he is able

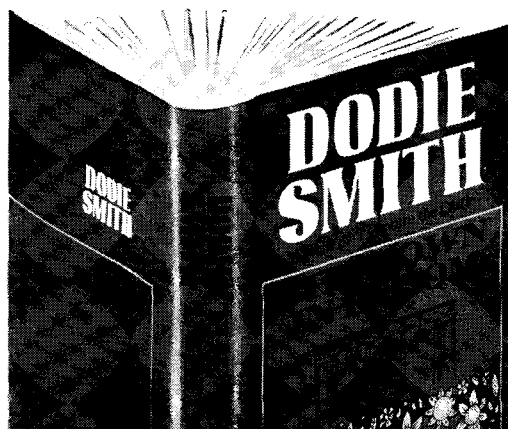
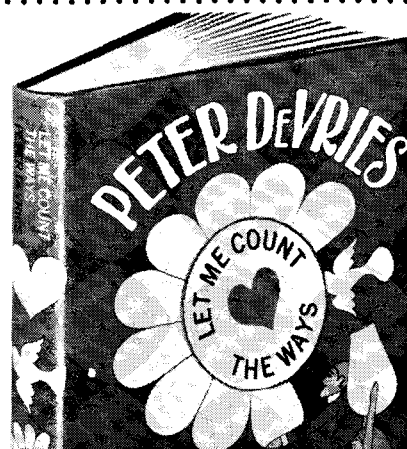
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Slow Rapids, Indiana, gives us Stan Waltz — Polish American, flesh-loving, atheistic furniture mover — and his ripe-for-satire family. *Let Me Count the Ways* is a wonderfully irreverent human comedy of sex and religion, "a pile of fantastically funny scenes . . . [De Vries] is the persistent nudge of thinking man's humor." —Virginia Kirkus' Service. \$5.00



"Dodie Smith is to charm what Chanel is to perfume." —N.Y. Times. A tender and nostalgic novel about a stage-struck, refreshingly candid young lady in London in the glittering twenties, by the author of *I Capture the Castle* and *A Hundred and One Dalmatians*. An Atlantic Monthly Press book. \$4.95

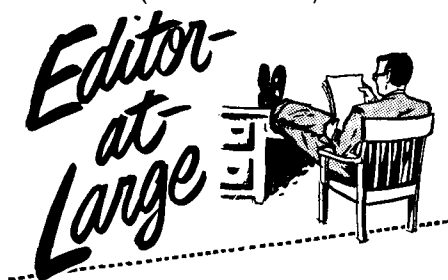
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Until I looked into a recent book, *Freedom in Education*, I had always imagined that the dialogue (the current fashionable word used in place of "argument") about federal aid to education was a Catholic affair. But this book by Virgil C. Blum offers a strong case for the idea that the issue is federal aid for all children. This is, in fact, the subtitle of the book.

The author begins with a ringing statement of the financial crisis facing education in general, and then moves into the situation of what he calls God-centered or church-related education. The first soaring cost he mentions is for public education. In 1929, it cost the taxpayer \$86.70 to educate a child in public school. By 1963, the cost was \$550. The strain is most intense on those parents who face the problem of supporting two educational systems. Admittedly, this is a result of their choice, but it is also forcing a situation wherein there is less free choice than before. Having started the book, I then assumed that what Catholic, Protestant, and some Jewish schools were seeking was simply a share of federal monies to help out. Instead, many of them are seeking aid for survival itself.

Whether or not one agrees with Father Blum (a Jesuit and Professor of Political Science at Marquette) is less important than whether we open our minds to hear other sides of the argument. The more I work with public figures and public issues, the more I come to see that each has not two but any number of sides.

As William W. Brickman, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Education, says in the introduction, Father Blum is eminently qualified to write *Freedom in Education*: "As a priest, he is sensitive to matters of the spirit; as a political scientist, to the complexities of government . . . as a citizen and a man, to the needs and interests of other citizens and children."

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Freedom in Education by Virgil C. Blum, S. J. (\$4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

to get people to talk openly and freely to him. Certainly, something besides his own indefatigable gifts as a reporter must explain his amazing access to information. He even knows that Bobby Kennedy "gulped" when Mr. Johnson told him in private that he would not be the vice-presidential candidate!

The most interesting events occurred before and during the conventions. After the nominations the result of the election was foregone, and the campaigns were dull to live through, though they are not at all dull in this retelling. In fact, 1964 may prove one of the more significant campaigns in our history, since basic issues were at stake, and the people's decision at the polls indicated that some changes in our society since 1932 were henceforth and forever beyond question.

It is a rare thing for a history to make fresh and interesting those events that battered our eyes and ears day in and out through all the media of communication. Mr. White seems to have had a hundred eyes and ears of his own, been everywhere, and missed nothing. Yet the vast amount of information is unified by an intelligence that makes this book an extraordinarily illuminating comment on the whole anomalous electoral process that is, in fact, the heartbeat of our democracy.

While Mr. White enthusiastically identifies himself with the making of one President, R. G. TUGWELL's *HOW THEY BECAME PRESIDENT* (Simon and Schuster, \$8.95) casts a cold and jaundiced eye on the various maneuverings that made thirty-five of them.

His general thesis is that the process has been so haphazard that America's social life seems to have been shaped by blind forces. Yet when he comes to positive suggestions for improvement, he is much less specific than in his debunking profiles of the various Presidents. The blind forces may be a little more organic and directed than Mr. Tugwell allows; and at times he does acknowledge that even a mediocre President — and, God knows, we have had them — might fit in with his times very well. Perhaps the processes of democracy must always seem unduly disorganized, at least to an administrator's tidy mind.

Mr. Tugwell is blunt and un-

scathing in his judgments of most of our Presidents. Only George Washington emerges as a thoroughly heroic figure; the admiration of Lincoln and Jefferson is highly qualified, and the view of Truman seems to me outrageously unbalanced. Yet it is precisely its hard-hitting, controversial, and incisive tone that makes this very readable book both valuable and stimulating.

TRADITION OF THE SPY

Some works of art apparently aspire to bring about the destruction of their own form, as Ravel's *La Valse*, one of the most beautiful of waltzes, is said to celebrate the death of the waltz. JOHN LE CARRÉ's *THE LOOKING GLASS WAR* (Coward-McCann, \$4.95) almost consummates the demise of the spy novel, at least in its traditional cloak-and-dagger style.

Mr. Le Carré, it seems to me, has made more headway than Graham Greene in bringing the spy thriller into serious literature because his stories turn on characterization, the heart of the novel itself, while Greene depends on spellbinding rhetoric. It is time we recognized that the detective story and the spy story are more serious forms than snobbish readers will admit. The majority of thrillers are more competent in characterization, more fertile in plot, and more effectively written than the bulk of current novels that claim to be serious representations of life. The sheer fact of the competitive market has brought about this competence; the great number of thriller addicts, with their insatiable appetite, exact a higher level of proficiency from the writer if they are going to be able to find escape in his books.

Mr. Le Carré's characters, deprived of the traditional heroics of espionage, are mostly seedy and querulous civil servants, burdened by nagging wives and able to keep themselves going only by the illusory image of themselves as still carrying on their brave work of World War II. In fact, however, the cold war has changed all the rules of the game. In this looking-glass war our side begins to reflect the other; the corrupt means of the Communists engenders corruption in our attempts to meet it. The spy becomes merely a pawn of the bureaucracy, and therefore, just like the ordinary citi-



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zen in our society, a victim of excessive organization.

The victim here is Leiser, a wonderfully portrayed Middle European, the little man par excellence, a bit ridiculous in his small vanities and always humbly eager to be admired. All the suspense of the story gathers grimly around him as he is sent into East Germany on a foredoomed and fatal mission, which is promptly abandoned for political reasons by his superiors. It is his figure — paradoxical and human — that turns this superior thriller into a real and moving novel of pointless defeat.

ARTFUL DODGER

It is a nice question whether ILYA EHRENBURG's talents for survival are matched by his gifts as a writer, but certainly the two have always worked in frictionless co-operation. **THE WAR: 1941-1945** (World, \$5.95) is less interesting than the previous four volumes of his autobiography because during these years Ehrenburg was operating, with his usual almost inexhaustible energy, as a one-man propaganda factory for the soldiers at the front and had no time to work up his literary memoirs or even to report the ebb and flow of battle itself. Yet the book is fascinating as a revelation of the man as well as of Russian attitudes during the years that were to prepare for the cold war.

Ehrenburg rides the crosscurrents of history with the sure foot of a skilled surfer. He is sufficiently anti-Stalinist to have fit in with the Khrushchev period, but not so emphatically that he would be singled out as a target by the thousands of entrenched Stalinists if they were in a position again to make their weight felt. In one matter, however, he never varies: he is always the passionate partisan of the Soviet regime, whoever its temporary leaders are. Thus time and again he speaks, as if reporting simple fact, of the British and Americans rejoicing at Soviet losses and deliberately postponing a second front in order to bleed Russia white. He also cites one damning conversation with Alexander Werth, who shared this view — which may help to explain the coloration of the latter's monumental *Russia at War*.

All in all, one has to take Ehrenburg seriously as a literary archetype of our times. If not exactly a

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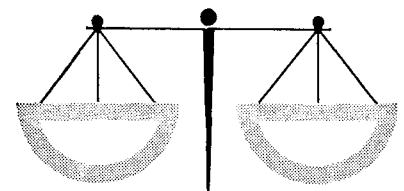
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Tolstoy, he is surely at least the Mikoyan of Russian letters — the clever, even brilliant, adaptable man who was always able to make himself indispensable in a pinch.

THE LONELY AND THE BITTER

Not since Muriel Spark's *Memento Mori* have the petty cruelty and blind obstinacy of older people been depicted with such authority as in **WILLIAM TREVOR'S THE BOARDING HOUSE** (Viking, \$4.50). But while Miss Spark crossed the border into poetry, Mr. Trevor relieves his tawdry material with comedy as biting as the early Evelyn Waugh.

The eccentrics here assembled live in a boardinghouse in a London suburb. The owner, Mr. Bird, who had collected them by careful screening, dies on the first page, but his spirit continues to haunt the boarders throughout, as if he were God presiding over their fortunes. What moved Mr. Bird to collect these people in the first place, and why, finally, did he will the boardinghouse to the two inmates most likely to disagree and bring ruin on the whole establishment? The answer is suggested to the wavering mind of one boarder, an unhappy Nigerian law clerk named Mr. Obd, who remembers that Mr. Bird once remarked to him that the solitary man is a bitter man and bitterness begets cruelty.

We usually think of English eccentrics as endearing old nannies. Mr. Trevor reveals the darker side. Eccentricity, after all, is a means in the struggle to preserve our identity, and when the world threatens too much, the struggle can become as ferociously self-centered as a rat's to remain alive in his trap. When the eccentric belongs to the world of the shabby genteel, like Mr. Bird's boarders, he has to be even more stubbornly selfish and petty to carry on the pretense of standards. The English novelist thus has an edge over his American confrere, since the eccentric egotist is a sharply defined character.

The shabby genteel have almost disappeared from our affluent society, and we tend to become either the faceless poor or the hearty and undifferentiated members of the middle class. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific one is not likely to find a boardinghouse to match Mr. Trevor's gallery of very odd but very real people.

Though only his second novel, the zany, gruesome, but also pathetic humor of this story establishes William Trevor as one of the most notable of the younger English writers.

MEDICAL SLEUTH

The triumphs of modern medicine have proceeded from elaborate organization and painstaking research, qualities that would seem to exclude the more capricious intrigues and excitements of storytelling. Yet **BERTON ROUECHÉ**, on the trail of assorted bacilli and viruses, is quite as fascinating as a fictional sleuth. In **A MAN NAMED HOFFMAN** (Little, Brown, \$4.95) the cases are not of such sensational and epidemic proportions as in his earlier works, but the detective work is just as thorough, and the reporting just as graceful and controlled.

The charm of the old-fashioned detective story was the reassurance it gave us that the world was orderly, that the sequence from effect to cause was inevitable if we but put the clues together properly, and that Sherlock Holmes at the end of the trail would collar the criminal. Mr. Roueché inspires us with the same sense of order. From clue to clue the path winds backward for doctors, health commissioners, and epidemiologists, until at last they come upon the villain cowering at the bottom of a test tube. A few individuals may have died in the process, but man himself has triumphed: he has found an order where more primitive minds would have seen only the inexplicable whim of the gods.

Mr. Roueché even knows how to build suspense by saving the last piece in the jigsaw for the end. In the title piece, the disease is anthrax, common enough among animals but now rare among humans. Hoffman, the afflicted man, was not a farmer working with animals but an industrial employee whose job was insulation. How could he have contracted this unlikely disease? By tracing the ingredients in one sample of felt, the doctors finally isolated some imported goat hair that carried the anthrax bacillus. The medical details were now complete, but why was it that Hoffman's assistant had not been infected? It turned out that Hoffman had been the one who actually handled the contaminated felt, lugging it around on his shoulder. Still, one mystery

remained: Why was the focus of infection so low on his neck? Mr. Roueché holds this final detail of the solution to the last sentence.

In one case here, however — the sad tale of the American elm disease — man does not master, but has to accept the inevitability of nature. True, the criminal agent is known, but our scientific police cannot bring it into custody. We can slow up the process by killing the insects that carry the dread virus, but in the end we shall have to bow to the extinction of the noblest of our native trees.

ANOTHER WORLD OF FORMS

Ever since French painters discovered Japanese prints toward the end of the nineteenth century, the art of Japan has had a growing influence upon Western taste. Though at times we have been superficially beguiled by the prettiness of cherry blossoms and flowered kimonos, we have gradually come to understand that the heart of the Japanese feeling for beauty lies in an austere simplicity that seeks not to dominate but to be united with nature. In no other book that I know is this impression brought out more strongly than in **FORMS IN JAPAN** (East-West Center Press, \$15.00), with photographs by Yukio Futagawa and text by Yuichiro Kojiro, a noted Japanese architectural critic.

The forms illustrated here run the gamut from natural objects (rocks and trees), to utensils (rakes, ropes, baskets), to more ambitious works of art (buildings and paintings). For the Japanese mind, no gulf separates the useful from the beautiful, the natural from the artificial. All forms are part of a vast natural language, whose inner and intricate grammar the text tries to spell out for us. One's eye turns again and again to these pages to be exhilarated and refreshed, the imagination to be freed from its habitual clutter. Now that Western technology has achieved such magnificent mastery of our environment that we shall all soon be living in the air-conditioned nightmare, it is good to have a reminder of an older culture that once sought only to make man live at exquisite peace with nature.

THE LIP

Though OSCAR LEVANT is the spiritual father of the sick comedians,

"The Holy Spirit Will Dwell With You"

These words from the Gospel should have a mighty effect on the heart and mind of all Christians.

Yet the nature, the power and the function of the Holy Spirit are not always clearly understood by many devout and sincere believers. Many, for example, disagree with the Catholic doctrine of three Persons in one God. And even though the Gospel says so, not all will agree that Christ departed this world promising the completion of His mission through the Holy Spirit.

But even if you cannot accept the Catholic belief, which dates back to the infancy of Christendom, the Gospel should impress you with its evidences of the power of the Holy Spirit to inspire and strengthen your Christian faith.

Every Christian is familiar, of course, with the words of the angel Gabriel foretelling Mary of the coming birth of Christ: "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee." And the same angelic promise to the Old Testament prophet Zachary, that he was to be blessed with a son named John (John the Baptist) and "he shall be filled with the Holy Spirit."

Later, in baptizing Jesus, John tells of seeing the Spirit coming down "as a dove from heaven" and descending upon our Lord, "and I saw, and I gave testimony, that this is the Son of God." And Jesus, in giving the baptismal formula His disciples were to use, in-

structed them to "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

The relationship of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit to one another is one of the great mysteries of the Christian religion. But there is no doubt about the important relationship of the Holy Spirit to ourselves.

In His instructions to the disciples, Jesus promised that the Father "will give you another Advocate to dwell with you forever." This Advocate, Whom our Lord specifically called the Holy Spirit, "will teach you all things, and bring to your mind whatever I have said to you."

The coming of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles is described in the Acts of the Apostles. It was upon this occasion, Catholics believe, that the Church was born and the Apostles confirmed in grace for their mission.

Christ promised that the Father and He Himself would come to the hearts of men through the Holy Spirit. It is imperative, therefore, to understand the relationship between the divine Persons, and between the Holy Spirit and ourselves. This is clearly explained in a pamphlet which we will send you free on request. It reveals how wondrously the Holy Spirit can influence your spiritual life. Write today...ask for Pamphlet No. B-60. It will be sent immediately; nobody will call on you.

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he has somehow managed, unlike his tiresome offspring, to remain likable. Perhaps, despite his appalling medical history, he is not so ill as he lets on; at any rate, there persists a quite healthy streak of self-depreciation.

If you can get through the first doleful self-absorbed chapter, which narrates his illnesses and symptoms in detail, **THE MEMOIRS OF AN AMNESIAC** (Putnam's, \$5.95) turns out to be a very lively, if rambling, account of life along Tin Pan Alley in the twenties and early thirties, and thereafter of the jungles of Hollywood, radio, and television. Levant seems to have known everyone — musicians, actors, rising stars before they had risen (Bing Crosby), as well as hoods and gangsters like Joe Adonis and Frank Costello. One of the saddest of the many anecdotes tells how Costello was under such strain in becoming respectable that he had to consult a psychoanalyst. There are also some very revealing — amusing but respectful — portraits of Schönberg, under whom Levant studied composition, and Toscanini, under whom he played as soloist.

The closest and most serious friendship was with George Gershwin, who achieved the success as a popular and serious composer that Levant wanted but could not reach. Perhaps he turned to performing as a public wit in compensation; or it may be that the incessant flow of talk drained off the musical inspiration.

The wit, indeed, is original, and there are enough gags and mots here to be quoted for years to come. Sometimes the wit is merely clever, as if he were mechanically turning on the tap. When he first met F.P.A. and could not stop talking, the noted columnist finally exclaimed, "He's reading!" But there is also genuine wit, the wayward but simple truth rising irrepressibly to the lips he could never keep buttoned.

When he first saw Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, he observed, "It's a right step in the wrong direction." That is cleverness. Years later, however, after remorse and reconsideration, he could not suppress the bare truth, and therefore the genuinely witty remark, about his best friend's work, "I now think it a glorious paean to American Jewish music."

Anybody that honest can't be all bad — or all that sick either.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

IS PARIS BURNING? (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) by LARRY COLLINS and DOMINIQUE LAPIERRE is more complicated than the usual Allies versus Axis war narrative. At Paris, everybody got into the act. The Allied command wanted to bypass the city, primarily to save gasoline for the push into Germany. De Gaulle wanted to take Paris in order to establish an unequivocally French government before the Communists could do so. The Communists wanted a quick and bloody rising to forestall De Gaulle. Hitler wanted the place blown flat, out of insane spite, which seems to have been what really saved it. Dietrich von Choltitz, a man with a record of dutiful brutality on the eastern front, was selected to command the hopeless defense and needless destruction of Paris, and treated to a personal interview with Hitler to establish the importance of the commission. The general left the interview with three new ideas impressed upon his proper Junker mind: 1) the Führer was mad, 2) the war was lost, 3) the Von Choltitz family honor simply would not survive the renown accruing to a man who blew up Paris. Mr. Collins and Mr. Lapierre have made a coherent, exciting story out of all the confusion and cross-purposes, neglecting nothing — not even a tank crew's dead duck.

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS (Atheneum, \$4.95) is a sad, subtle novel by GIORGIO BASSANI. The first-person narrator of this story appears to be simply recalling the now vanished world of his youth. In fact, the book depicts the Jewish community of Florence in the 1930s, at the point where Mussolini found it expedient to take up anti-Semitism, and explains how even the virtues of these withdrawn, scholarly people worked against them.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS, who wrote an excellent book about the Bushmen of the Kalahari several years ago, has since studied and lived among a tribe called the Dodoth, located in northern Uganda. She describes these people in THE WARRIOR HERDSMEN (Knopf, \$5.95). The Dodoth are short on clothing and

conveniences, passionately addicted to collecting cattle, and devoid of any formal government whatsoever, but they are by no means incomprehensible primitives. One of the many charms of Mrs. Thomas' lively, sympathetic book is the constant appearance, among exotic items like witch doctors, cattle raids, and blood sacrifices, of perfectly familiar human types acting in perfectly recognizable ways.

JOHN LENNON, the literate Beatle, has tossed off another book: A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). Mr. Lennon's style is promiscuously derived from dialect, Shavian phonetic spelling, the Jabberwock, Mrs. Malaprop, and Constable Dogberry, and his point of view, when one has penetrated the linguistic brush pile, is tolerant exasperation with practically everything. At his best, Mr. Lennon can achieve overtones of satire, parody, obscenity, political comment, and literary reminiscence in a single cannily distorted word.

ROBERT CANZONERI, a native of Mississippi, discusses the Southern mind in "I DO SO POLITELY" (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00). The title is a quotation from Mr. Canzoneri's cousin Ross Barnett, who was, when he said it, governor of the state and engaged in refusing James Meredith admission to the University of Mississippi. What riles Mr. Canzoneri is the hypocrisy, illusion, and inconsistency in segregationist thinking, and he exposes these absurdities with the ruefulness of a kinsman and the thoroughness of a lifelong acquaintance.

JOANNE GREENBERG'S THE MONDAY VOICES (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.95) is called a novel but hardly deserves even this flexible term. The book is, rather, a series of sketches, ingeniously interlocked in time and place but basically isolated studies of the clients of a state agency which tests and trains (or retrains) physically handicapped people in order to place them in suitable jobs. With the exception of an illiterate farmer who turns out, improbably, to be a genius with machinery, the characters and their troubles are plausible enough, but the impact of their problems on the official who supervises them is all that holds these disparate unfortunates together. The book thus becomes a scattering of shots directed at no identifiable target.



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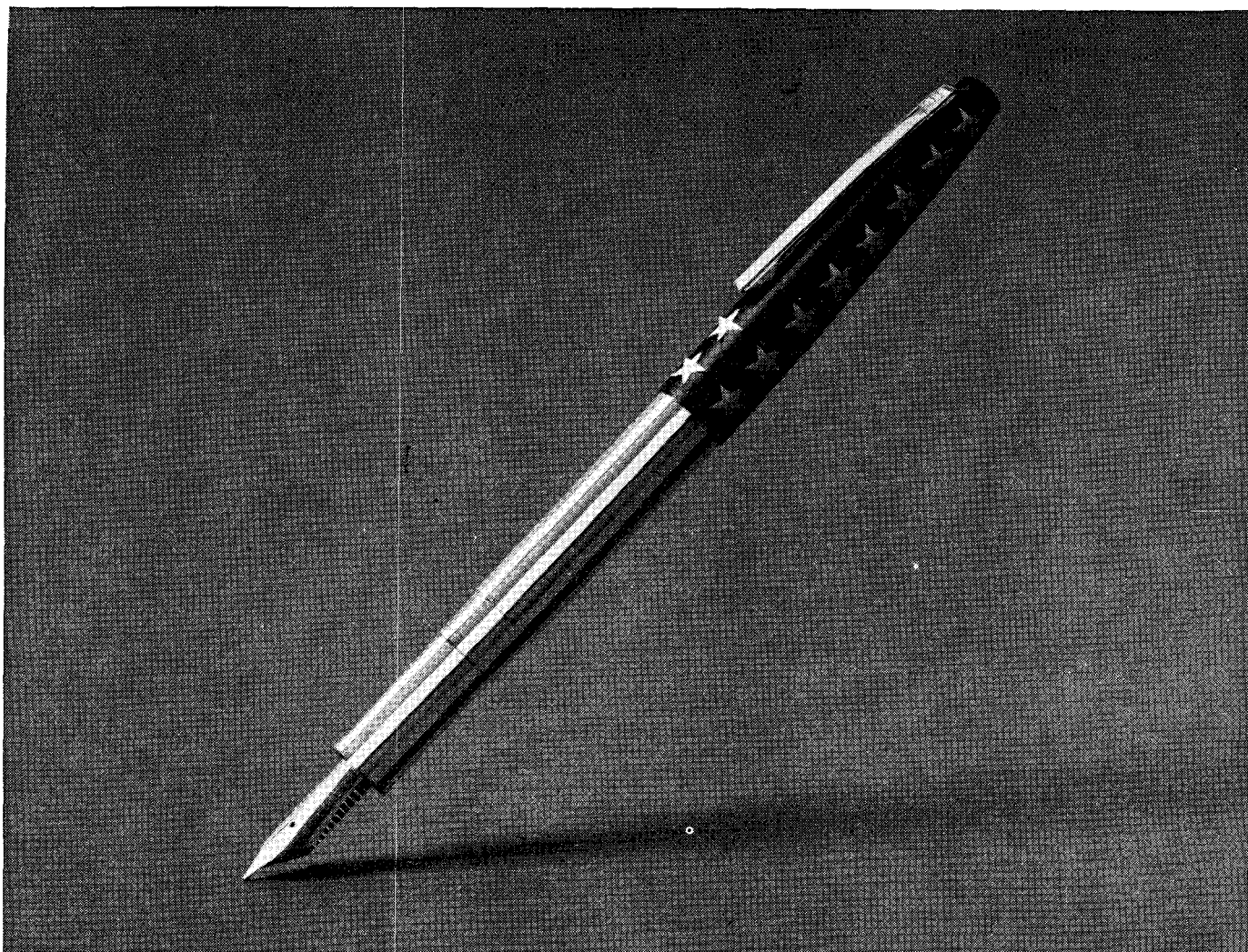
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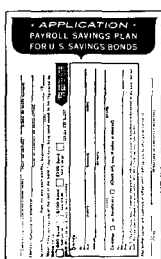
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